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Collier's

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MAY 31, 1941

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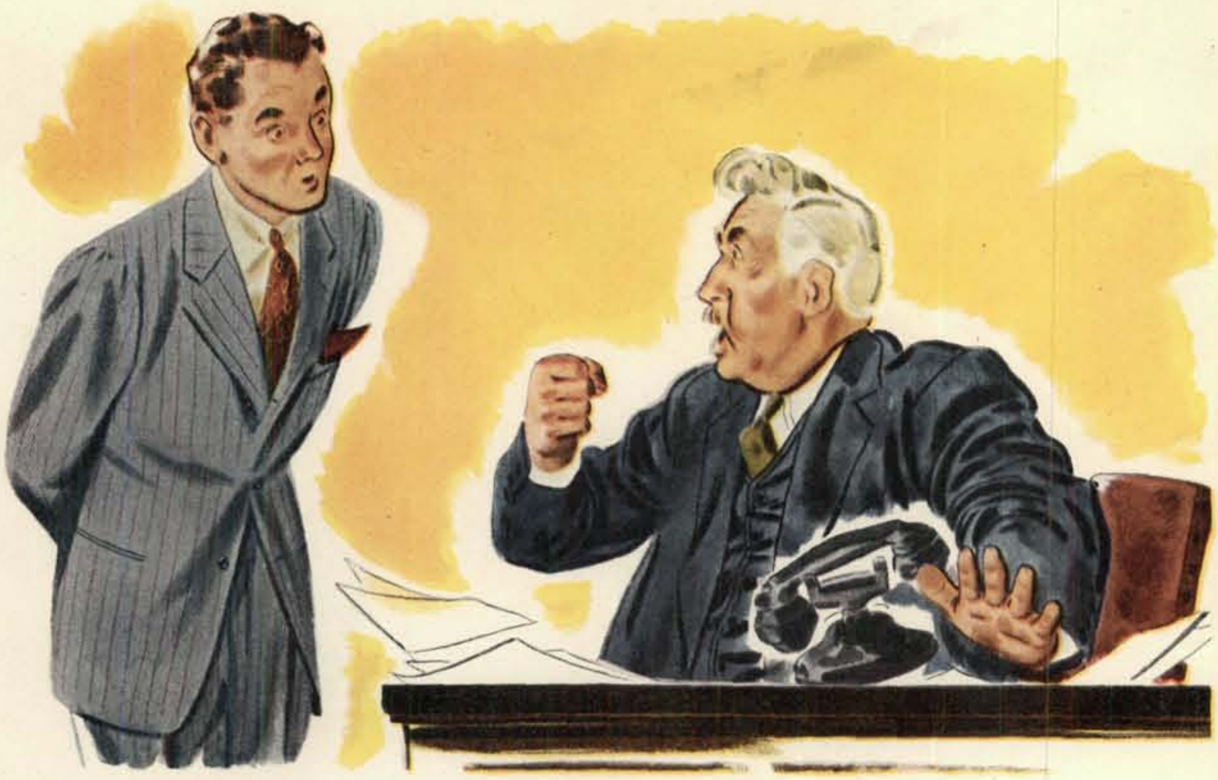
A HEART IN HER HANDS A Short Mystery Story

By SAX ROHMER

May 31, 1941

"I'm sticking to my regular weight suit," snapped the boss



....*and he sure was!*

1. "Summer suits are a lot of foolishness," he barked as he mopped his face. "And they're nothing but a bag of wrinkles five minutes after you put 'em on."

"How about mine, chief?" I ask. "I've been wearing this suit all day!"

2. "But dad rat it," he yells, "that doesn't look like a summer suit to me." . . . "No ordinary summer suit you mean," I said, "And it isn't! It's a Hart Schaffner & Marx Dixie Weave . . . a summer-weight suit that looks like a regular-weight but that's lighter than anything you've ever met up with. Here, feel it."

3. His mouth popped open. "Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun . . . that cloth sure did fool me." "Yeah," I said, "and it sure will *cool* you, too, chief . . . better get yourself a couple of Dixie Weaves, today!"

"Say, who's the boss around here?" he growls . . . but I can see he's plenty interested.

4. Sure enough next morning, he's all spruced up in a brand new Dixie. Looks cool as a cucumber, too, and I hear him lecturing the salesmen on how *they* ought to get themselves a flock of Dixies . . . just like the whole thing was *his* idea!

5. Later in the day I get a memo from him that says, "You gave me a cool tip—here's a hot one—buy Consolidated Widgets." I did, and it shot up seven points before the market closed. So did the thermometer—but I wasn't bothered . . . I had *two* good buys to be thankful for—Dixie Weave *and* Widgets!

Dixie Weave

. . . offers you coolness, smartness and inexpensiveness of upkeep. It gives you trim, year-round suit appearance yet it's as light as a feather in weight! It holds its shape and press, doesn't look like a bundle of wrinkles ten minutes after you slip it on—and best of all at Dixie's low price you can afford to own several of these marvelous suits and alternate them throughout the summer.

The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR... A BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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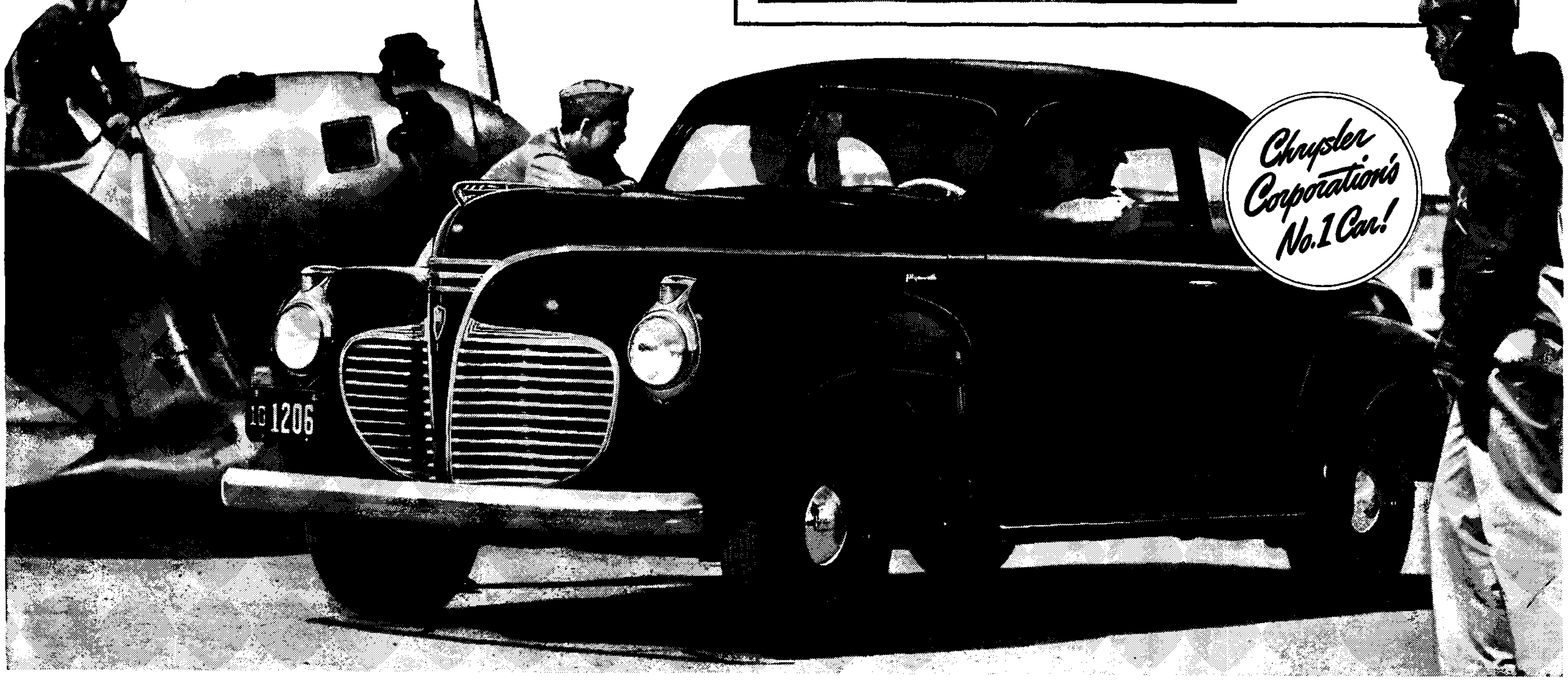

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THIS WEEK

MAY 31, 1941

SHORT STORIES

SAX ROHMER
A Heart in Her Hands. The surprising mystery of Ragstaff Hill. Page 11

KYLE CRICHTON
But on the Contrary. Ballplayers should leave psychology alone. Page 16

CURT RIESS
Time to Think. Escape doesn't always mean running away. Page 20

WILLIAM MacHARG
The Letter That Talked. Detective O'Malley, brilliant as usual. Page 27

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Lady in Armor. The fifth of nine parts. Page 18

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trail Town. The eighth of ten parts. Page 70

ARTICLES

HENRY F. PRINGLE
Ugly Duckling. Thelma Schnee, the actress who doesn't need beauty. Page 13

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
The Convoy Arrived Safely. Our correspondent goes to England by convoy and lives to tell you about it. Page 14

JAMES RORTY
Famine Fighter. Science finds the perfect food. Page 17

ARTHUR MANN
The Merits of Pauline. The Betz girl—next tennis champ? Page 19

MARTHA GELLHORN
Flight Into Peril. China's life line in the air. Page 21

DOUGLAS J. INGELLS
Deathless Bombs. Photography joins the blitzkrieg. Page 22

ARTHUR J. DALEY
He Throws Cannonballs. The extraordinary Al Blozis. Page 44

OUR NEW ARMY. Page 50

●

WING TALK. Page 6

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 8

EDITORIAL
Lindbergh vs. Willkie. Page 94

COVER RONALD McLEOD

ANY WEEK

WE ARE about to take what we hope is a dignified leave of a few of the United States island possessions in the Pacific. It is not so simple—the dignity. Almost invariably such occasions are melancholy affairs, attended by a great deal of mourning and tropical sobbing done by Chamber of Commerce wailers and friends who actually aren't very much concerned with whether you leave or stay on. Sad Polynesian songs are sung by sunburned whites and permanently tanned natives, accompanied by linked sweetness long-drawn-out from steel guitars. We've attended a few of these and have come to the decision that no lasting harm is done to the departing one. But we can't shake off a certain apprehension over what all this moaning mañana sentimentality is doing to our Pacific island defenses. We've been making inquiries, not trusting our own somewhat frosty judgment. The wife of a Navy officer shared our fears. Her husband is no youngster but an old sea dog of the Fighting Bob Evans school. And yet, she told us, he smolders around like Laurence Olivier and has to be watched closely. Another Navy wife gave us what we're determined to believe an exaggeration. For example, we refuse to believe that our Navy is hanging around with a sob in its throat, a tear in its eye, a dreamy look on what ought to be a weather-beaten face and humming snatches of such wretched songs as Aloha. We know that some of our Pacific admirals are putting up a stiff fight against this insidious lotus-eating menace. We arrived at Pearl Harbor just as one of the Fleet's bosses issued orders that, from that moment, ensigns and other young officers might not go native to the extent of wearing native cotton smocks, sandals or going hatless when leaving base in what they fondly believed to be mufti or civilian clothes.

Especially going hatless. Nine tenths of the young men had no civilian headpieces. Nor is there any merchant in the tropical and semitropical islands who is so silly as to lay in a considerable stock of hats. One might as well try to sell red flannel underwear, oil-burning home-heating plants or fleece-lined gloves. Nevertheless, it's always better to pay some attention to orders when they're issued by an admiral, and the lads proceeded to buy hats. The result was somewhat on the light side. Within two hours there wasn't a hat left in Honolulu's shops. The boys had bought up everything from linen caps and South Sea straw weaves to black Homburgs and silk toppers. Once they got them and still mindful of orders, the young fellows refused to take them off indoors or out. They wore them while they danced. They wore them at dinner, at cocktails, at tea, in swimming, removing them momentarily on certain occasions such as being introduced to ladies. Certain weaklings removed them in church. Of course, the merchants didn't have enough hats to meet the demand and some of us civilians sacrificed ours. The effect was pretty spectacular, several old British navy relics such as bosuns' varnished hats being dug up. It didn't last long. Somebody spread the rumor that the admiral wasn't pleased.

A CHINESE tried to sell us a chair which, he solemnly assured us, had been a favorite parking place of the late Queen Liliuokalani, the last of Hawaii's native rulers. But we didn't buy it in spite of his assurances that the queen was wont to sit in it while peering into her mirror "fluffing her feathers, adjusting her lei and declaring war." A lady near by, having become interested, added: "And probably laying an egg." The Chinese bowed to her. "Doubtless," said he.

WE'VE just helped to welcome one of our more powerful warships arriving in a port we are forbidden to name after a cruise of considerable duration from a port which the censor would prefer to have unmentioned. We may say, however, that the ship made the entire voyage by water. What we had intended to tell you is that the ship's two medical officers are heroes, both having remained on duty for ninety-six hours in a successful battle against what threatened to become an epidemic of measles. The measles were defeated, limited to six victims in a large enlisted personnel which lives in overcrowded quarters. And when the ship docked, all the patients were nicely convalescent. But she had no sooner tied up than the young junior medical officer came down with a beautiful case of mumps. We tried to interview him—from a safe distance—but he was in no humor to talk. "He's so sore," the senior medical officer told us, "that he wouldn't be civil to President Roosevelt himself."

HOWEVER, we did manage a few words with Mr. Jack Riley of Shanghai, who was snugly handcuffed to Mr. George Day, a United States marshal. Mr. Riley was the slot-machine boss of Shanghai's slot-machine racket and, at the moment, was being taken by Mr. Day to the McNiel's Island federal penitentiary, having been for years a fugitive from justice from the Oklahoma state prison. It's all pretty complicated: Mr. Riley had fled to Shanghai where he amassed wealth until the Japs took over. The authorities caught up with him in Hankow whither he had fled from Shanghai. He was returning to the United States sumptuously, in one of the liner's best suites. But he was rather low in the mind. "I'm washed up," sighed Mr. Riley. "But then so are most other Americans out there. So's Shanghai. But we had a hell of a time while it lasted." We asked Mr. Riley what he thought of the European situation. "Looks kinda washed up," he said. "But so is everything else over there." We asked him whether he thought it would do any good for the United States to get into it. He shook his head. "Nope," said Mr. Riley. "Too late. Wouldn't do any good. Things are too washed up."

ALL WASHED UP

WE LEFT Mr. Riley because it was almost time for us to go to the airport and join in singing sad songs of welcome to Colonel Jimmy Roosevelt, United States Marine Corps, who was westbound on a mission so secret that even Washington didn't know what its nature was. Anyway we weren't able to get any information from Washington. We hate to tell you that we're not permitted by the ever-hovering censor to tell you where we welcomed Colonel Roosevelt. Until only a few hours before we weren't quite sure whether it was Colonel Jimmy or his extremely distant cousin, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who was coming. In either case the singing would have been melancholy and heavy-legged brown girls would throw leis around his neck and reporters would have asked him to say what he thought of the war, what had become of Harold Ickes and the New Deal—questions like that. Then everybody would go back to the beach and forget who it was they'd just welcomed.

SOMEBODY has sent us a batch of newspapers. One of them, the Honolulu Advertiser, has a slightly virtuous item on the front page. It reads: "It was erroneously published yesterday (not in the Advertiser) that Miss Alberta Wilkinson had sailed for the coast. Miss Wilkinson says she's still here."

PROBABLY singing sadly. W. D.

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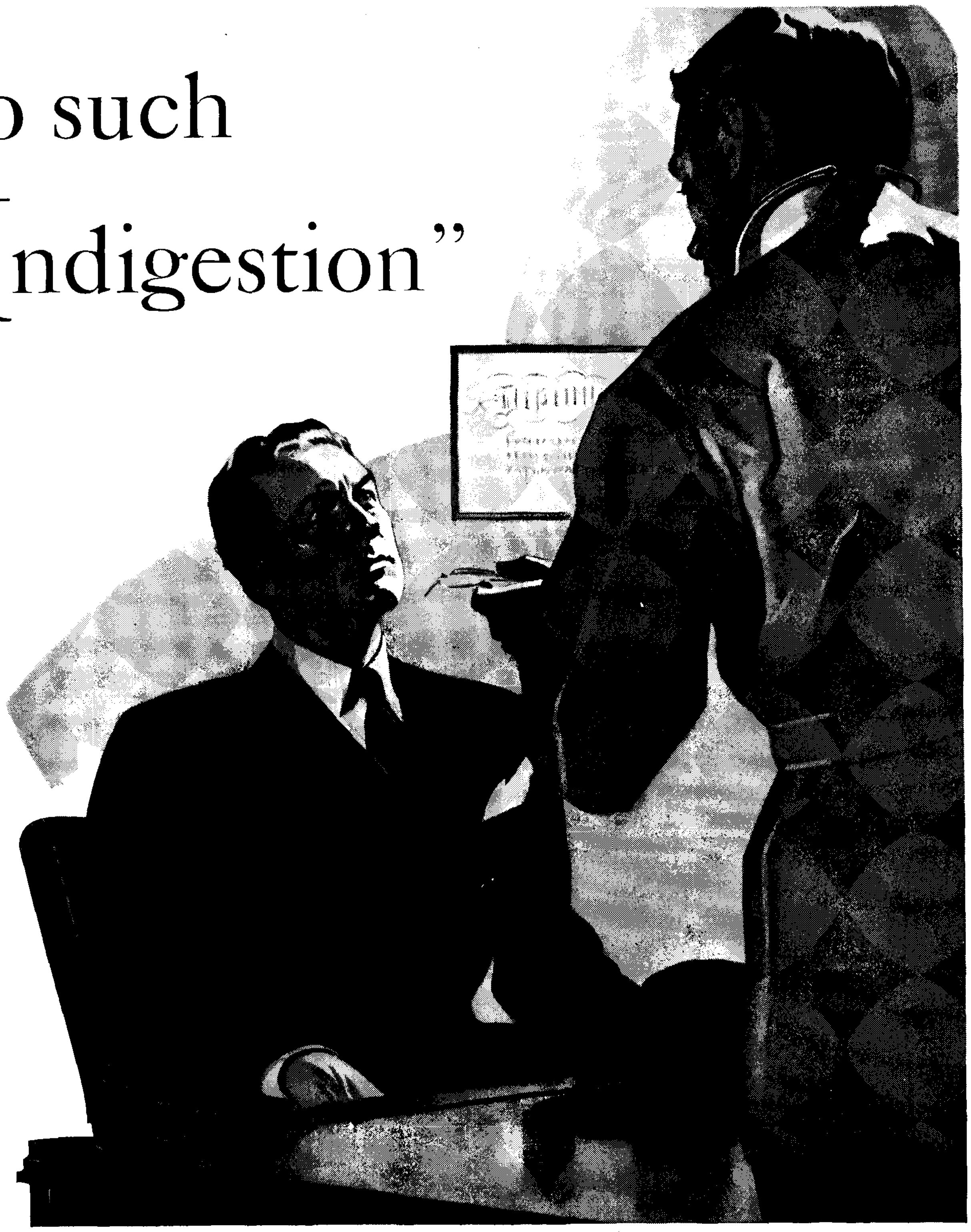
"There's no such 'disease' as Indigestion"



ONE OF THE MOST frequent causes of unhappiness is chronic indigestion, or dyspepsia.

►Contrary to an all-too-common misconception, indigestion should not be considered, in itself, a disease. It is, more accurately, a *result* of some physical trouble or possibly disease.

It is a symptom, an indication that something is wrong. That "something" often may be readily corrected when your distress is caused by faulty diet . . . bad eating or drinking habits . . . lack of exercise . . . excessive smoking . . . fatigue or excessive worry.

Persistent indigestion, however, may be the result of a truly serious disease. For instance:

> Disease of the gall bladder . . . of the kidneys . . . of the heart . . . chronic appendicitis . . . ulcer . . . cancer.

►In fact, the danger that cancer is at the bottom of persistent indigestion becomes an increasing possibility after one has reached the age of 45.

Yet it is also true that most of the serious diseases which cause indigestion—cancer included—can be treated with good chances of success when recognized in time.

►The *worst* way to try to correct indigestion is to indulge in self-treatment. If it *is* caused by disease, self-dosing may be really dangerous—as in appendicitis, for instance. Your medicine closet is not a substitute for the doctor.

Regardless of your age, your doctor should be consulted promptly when dyspeptic symptoms persist. To help him make a proper diagnosis and decide what treatment your case requires, he has at his disposal many modern, accurate methods of examination and analysis. He may use the fluoroscope, the X-ray, or other technical aids.

►But, with all these aids . . . the biggest help your doctor can get in setting you on the road to health is for you to see him *in time!* Then, if it *is* a disease . . . the earlier the diagnosis, the better the chance of complete cure.

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An interesting 10-minute technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"*—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

"I save a quarter every day by lunching at this counter. You could save even more on oil and gas if you'd put Sealed Power Rings in that car of ours."
SMOOTH
SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS
ROBERT O. REID

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

SMOOTH-RUNNING, thrifty on oil and gas, peppy, powerful—that's how you want your car to be. And that's how it can be if you install Sealed Power Piston Rings! These famous rings—used as original equipment in 12 of the 18 American makes of automobiles—restore new car oil economy, pep, power, performance. And they protect the big investment you have in your car. Sealed Power Rings are now available in sets engineered for your particular make of car. Ask for them. They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars!
Best in old cars!

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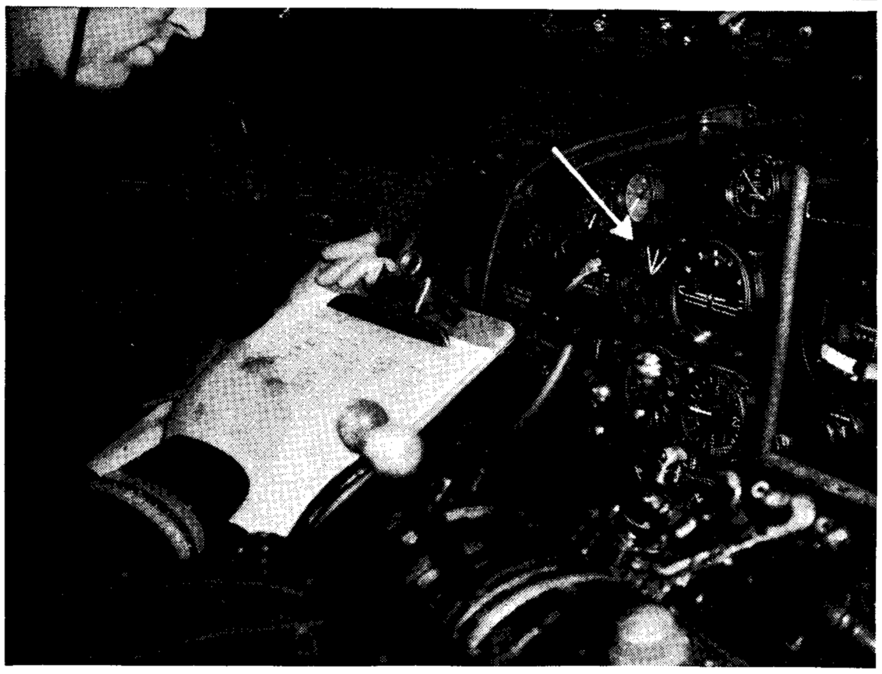
WING TALK


ANGUTI

White arrow indicates the NACA's Velocity-Gravity recorder. By charting rough-air bumps, it helps engineers to estimate stresses

REMEMBER that bump you hit over the Western mountains—or was it over the ocean—when you swear the plane dropped 500 feet and then came to a sudden stop? Chances are it is on record at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Langley Field, Virginia, because for the past decade the NACA has been riding with most scheduled airlines over land and sea just to record those bumps. Little 4x4x1-inch metal boxes of NACA design, firmly mounted in the planes of all domestic and over-ocean airlines, have been keeping a meticulous record of these bumps. They are technically known as V-G recorders (velocity-gravity) and they write down the intensity of air loads on the airplane and the speed at which they occur. Why?

Our engineers really never knew the intensity of the bumps to which their planes were submitted, but to be on the safe side they designed and built them strong enough to prevent the wings and tail surfaces from being torn off in normal level flight by atmospheric disturbances. Perhaps they have overbuilt, because there is no record of structural failure in our transport ships due to gusts. But now, after more than 110,000 hours of flying all over the Western Hemisphere and the Atlantic Ocean, these V-G recorders have presented a story that will enable engineers to build for the toughest bumps experienced in a decade of research.

Although the NACA feels it has exhausted the subject at normal operating altitudes, the higher levels are presenting fertile fields for study. No one knows just what goes on in the stratosphere, so NACA has built a G-A (gravity-altitude) recorder to measure the intensity of gusts at high altitudes. These studies are now being made in an Army stratosphere airplane and the instruments also are aboard commercial transports which may have occasion to go beyond the 20,000-foot level.

THE new federally owned and operated Washington National Airport aims to have the cleanest apron in the country.

Taking advantage of experience gained at other large airline terminals in the servicing of ships, the government has eliminated gasoline, air-conditioning and mail trucks from the loading plaza, and placed everything underground. The object is to speed up the arrival and departure of the 175 airliners which will be soon operating out of the national capital every 24 hours.

On the apron are 12 turntables. The airliner taxies up to one, rolls a wheel onto it, and swings into position. Trapdoors, flush with the surface, fly open. Gasoline, oil, air-conditioning, water and battery-charging facilities are located here. While the plane is being serviced, baggage, mail and express are going to and from the ship on little electric trucks through special gates. And a pneumatic-tube system speeds airline papers and airway weather reports direct to the pits from the terminal buildings.

No more mad running around, for which the old Washington Airport was so famous.

UNTIL a few years ago airplane engines and propellers were relatively simple things. The propeller was a big screw-shaped club bolted directly onto the engine's crankshaft. As the throttle was opened wider, the engine put out more horsepower and swung the propeller faster. The speed with which the propeller was turning—revolutions per minute—was then a direct measure of the horsepower being delivered by the engine and so pilots got into the habit of talking about r.p.m. when they really meant horsepower.

Then the engineers, in quest of more speed, developed the variable-pitch, or constant-speed propeller. When the throttle is opened the propeller blades automatically shift to take a bigger bite out of the air but keep on turning at the desired r.p.m. Consequently, something else had to be found to indicate to the pilot how much horsepower is being delivered by the engine, and "manifold pressure" was the answer.

Manifold pressure is the pressure of the gasoline-air mixture entering the engine; the higher the pressure, the

(Continued on page 92)

FLUID DRIVE...

A STATEMENT BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Gasoline and Diesel engines are making history. The very defense strength of nations is now measured in motor power. Combat plane, bomber, submarine, torpedo boat, oceanic freighter—tank, truck and military car—all are motor driven.

And in this vast field of mobile horsepower, Fluid Drive has revolutionized all previous conceptions of harnessing internal combustion engines. This new development of a time-tested basic principle provides smooth, vibrationless power transmission.

New applications of Fluid Drive are expanding its usefulness. It is indispensable wherever the flow of power calls for flexibility, instantaneous absorption of terrific impulses, peak engine torque and an absence of vibration.

An Aid To Defense

Where split-second timing is demanded, the Fluid Drive principle answers a vital need. A tiny Fluid Drive unit controls the speed of airplane superchargers—giving motors a regulated air supply at high altitudes and preventing disastrous vibration.

In submarines, Fluid Drive permits multiple Diesel Engine hook-ups—cushions volcanic power explosions—even disconnects the engines from propellers in three seconds—a necessity when submerging. Power-shovels now use it to absorb the shock of impact and prevent engine stall. It is solving countless other industrial and utility power problems.

Exclusive of automobiles, the Fluid Drive principle transmits over four million horsepower throughout the world today—energy equal to the combined installed capacity of Boulder and Coulee Dams. Already, Fluid Drive is transmitting over thirty million horsepower in cars produced by Chrysler Corporation.

A Basic Principle

Fluid Drive has taken its place as a basic principle of power transmission—along with the lever, the inclined plane, steam, electricity and hydraulics. Its principle is an established law of physics—kinetic energy—which is force through motion. Engine power is transmitted through spinning oil. There is no metal to metal contact between motor and drive shaft.

For 25 years, automotive engineers have sought a means of providing acceleration without the bother of gear shifting—to cushion ever-increasing horsepower with the smoothness of steam and the quiet of electricity. Fluid Drive is the final key to this accomplishment. After years of research by Chrysler Corporation engineers, Fluid Drive was introduced in 1938 on the Chrysler Custom Imperials—it since has been made available on all 1941 Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler models.

A Major Achievement

A new ease of car control—of distinct advantage under present-day traffic conditions—is provided by Fluid Drive. The motorist can stop, start again, speed up, slow down—drive all day without the continual effort of gear-shifting. Acceleration is smooth, vibrationless!

Fluid Drive adds new safety. The danger of engine stall is practically eliminated! On slippery, icy pavements Fluid Drive gives the car a more sure-footed action. Traction is obtained by the cushioned flow of power to rear wheels. Yet, with all these important advantages the motorist has nothing new to learn about driving.

Over 300,000 owners of Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler cars are enjoying the benefits of Fluid Drive. Like Hydraulic Brakes and Floating Power—two other Chrysler Corporation engineering achievements—Fluid Drive is a major, permanent contribution to motoring comfort and safety. It creates a new high standard of motor car performance and value. It is truly a modern miracle of power transmission!

* * * * *

PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

ARMY TANKS • ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS • AIRCRAFT PARTS • ARMY VEHICLES • PLYMOUTH, DODGE,
DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER CARS • DODGE TRUCKS • MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINES •
DIESEL ENGINES • OILITE BEARINGS • AIRTEMP HEATING AND AIR-CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT

YOU GET THE GOOD THINGS FIRST FROM CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

Hair losing lustre?

Don't let your hair get that lifeless, washed-out look! Begin today the simple 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatment that has brought hair loveliness to so many.

AVOID TIGHT DRY SCALP
SEE HAIR GROW LOVELY!

SHAMPOOING and permanents take the life and lustre out of your hair because they tend to rob it of its natural oils.

To keep your hair looking its best, give your scalp a 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage before each shampoo. This not only helps counteract the drying effect of the soap and water, but also adds an attractive sheen to your hair.

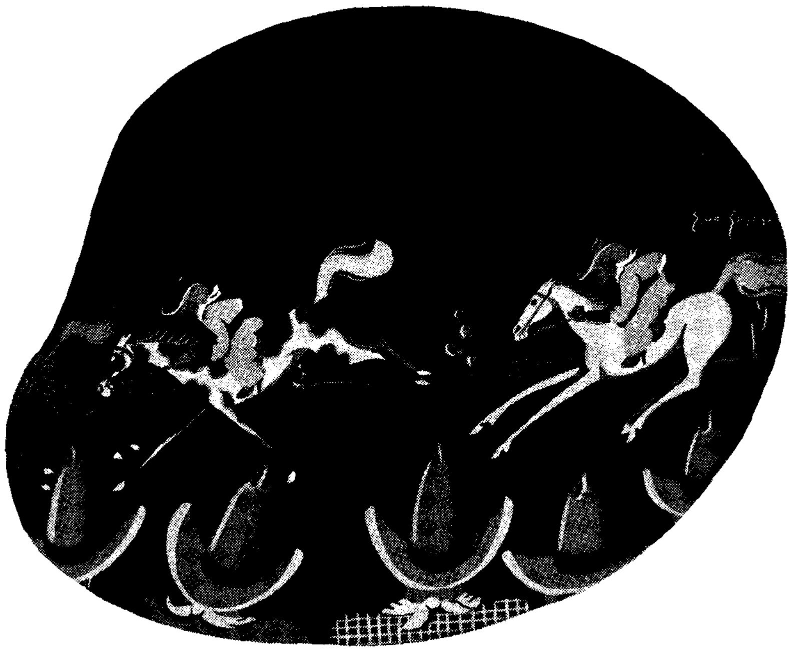
For excessively dry, stringy or hard-to-manage hair, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic *after* the shampoo when you set your wave. Don't neglect this simple proven way to keep hair lovely, lustrous and healthy-looking. Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today.

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

40¢ and 70¢

BEFORE EVERY SHAMPOO—massage the scalp well with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.
AFTER EVERY SHAMPOO—rub on a few drops to replenish the scalp oils; add lustre.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Copr. 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Many Western fairs and rodeos feature a horse race that cannot be fixed. Although the jockeys do not ride their own horses, being made to exchange mounts before the race, each man tries to finish first and, thereby, help his own horse win. The last one in is the winner.—*By Riley Miller, San Francisco, California.*

In the British Isles, where every city and town is within seventy-five miles of the sea, houses in the farthest inland places have been drenched and covered with salt by sea spray during terrific gales.

Of the four hundred members of the sixteen major-league baseball clubs, more than a third came from rural areas, or villages of less than 2,500 population. On the other hand, twelve were born in the city of San Francisco.

The British Red Cross sends weekly a ten-pound box of food to each of the 44,000 English soldiers confined in the prison camps of Germany.—*By Margarita Deschamps, New York, New York.*

The bat is the only mammal that is capable of true flight, the dingo is the only dog that is found in both wild and domesticated states and the snake is the only creature whose eggs, because of their soft shells, increase in size after they are laid.

The equipment of the American soldier, comprising his helmet, gas mask, canteen, cartridge belt, Garand semiautomatic rifle, overcoat and full marching pack, weighs about ninety pounds, or from fifteen to forty pounds more than that of the armor worn by the knights of the Middle Ages.—*By Howard Carlsen, Hillside, Long Island, New York.*

The tablecloths in many large Swedish households are so valuable and treasured that they have their own individual names. For instance, the mistress of the house might order luncheon served on "Countess Ingeborg" and dinner laid on "Baroness Palmstierna."

Because they receive little or no salary and are not under direct supervision, many American justices of the peace impose exorbitant costs and fines, omit docketing the cases and keep the money. Surveys made in many counties have revealed justices who had not docketed a case in a year, others who ran rackets such as speed traps and still others who found the defendants guilty in ninety-eight per cent of the cases.

The Witwatersrand Gold Mine near Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, is the largest underground "city" in the world. It employs 245,000 miners and has more than four thousand miles of subterranean shafts, streets and avenues, a distance nearly equivalent to the length of the African continent.

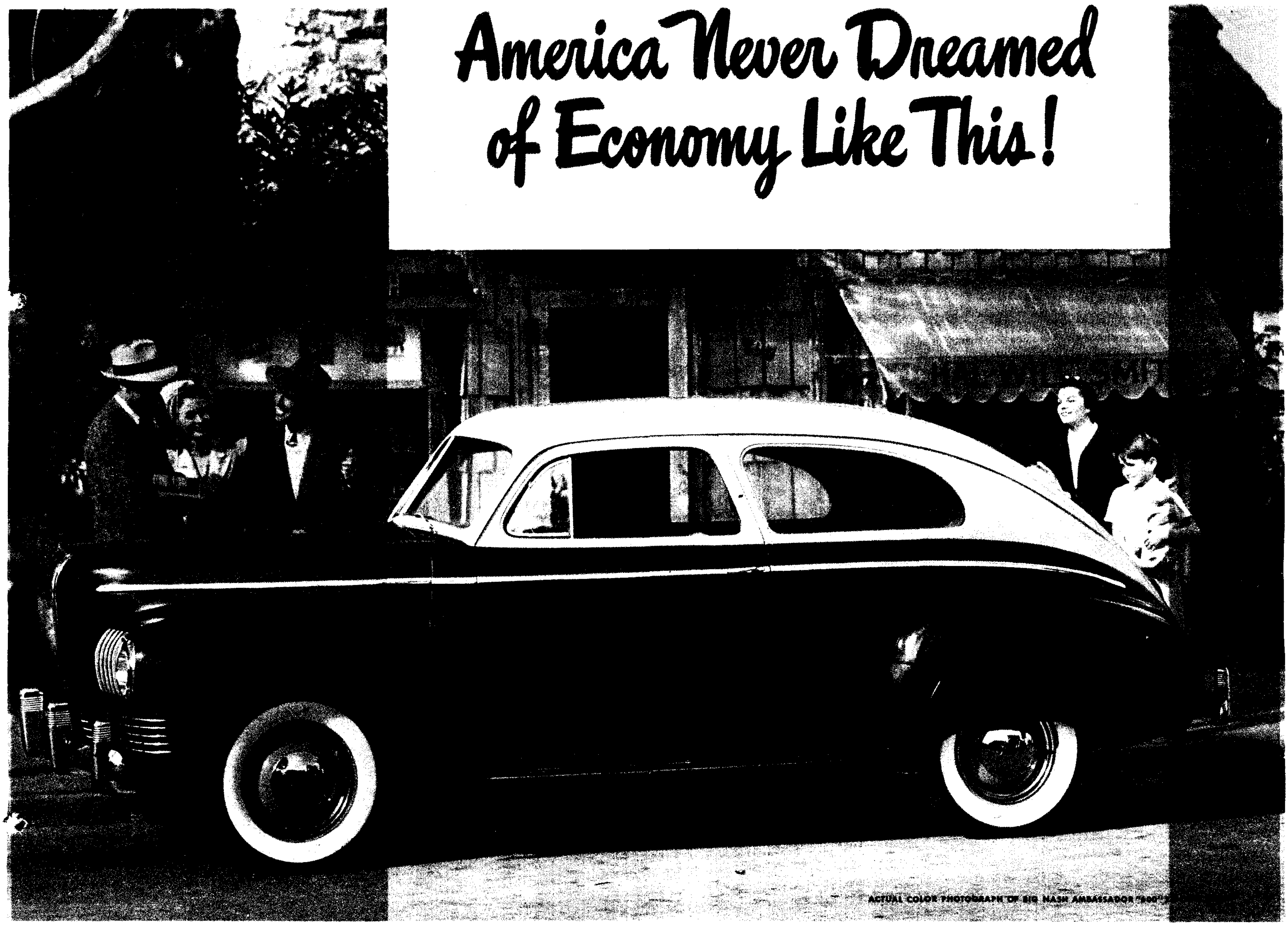
Naval vessels vary greatly in their ratio of size to horsepower because some require far more speed than others. For example, the engines of a battleship of the U. S. S. Maryland class, with a displacement of 32,600 tons, develop 28,900 horsepower, while those of a destroyer of the U. S. S. Porter class, with a displacement of 1,800 tons, develop 50,000 horsepower.—*By I. H. Jones, San Pedro, California.*

The church of Ethiopia owns one third of all the land in its country, while the church of Mexico owns nothing, all ecclesiastical buildings, lands and other property belonging to the nation. Even gifts made to Mexican churches automatically become the property of the state.—*By Sue Flowers, Jacksonville, Florida.*

For every $100 that American housewives spend for bread, the baker gets $55.42, the retailer $19.28, the wheat grower $13.25, the miller $7.23, transportation facilities $3.62 and the wheat broker $1.20.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

America Never Dreamed of Economy Like This!



This New Kind of Car—this Big Nash Sedan—costs only $755*—goes 25 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline at highway speed.

WHAT a kick you'll get out of choosing a new car this year!

Now there's a Nash to see in the lowest-price field—a new kind of car so far advanced, so excitingly different, it's almost unbelievable!

Could you possibly imagine this big, beautiful Nash going 25 to 30 miles a gallon at highway speed . . . 500 miles on a tankful?

It's true! Here's a sample of what owners say:

"*May I state my gasoline average over approximately 6,600 miles has been from 28 to 32 miles per gallon.*" —F. L. S., PORTLAND, OREGON

"*With 28 and 29 miles a gallon, I'm saving enough to make my payments.*" —E. L. C., OAKLAND, CALIF.

But that doesn't begin to tell you the news! Here's the first and only low-price car with *coil* springing on all four wheels . . . Two-way Roller Steering . . . a welded body-and-frame. And the result is the easiest car to handle and park, the *grandest* car to drive, you've ever laid hands on. As A. J. C., New York City, says:

"*I've owned many more expensive cars, but never one that can match this Nash. It rides better—just breezes through traffic—and conditioned air, alone, is worth the price of car.*"

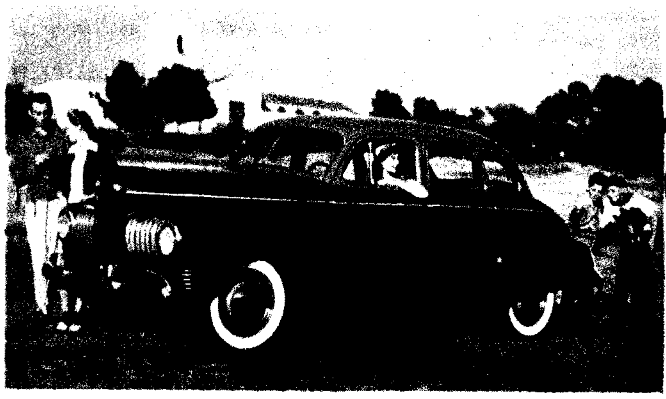
You've got a surprise coming to you. Take a tip from the thousands who have changed to Nash—*drive* this new kind of car today.

BIG BUSINESS COUPE ONLY $720

*All prices delivered at Factory include standard equipment and Federal tax. Two-tone paint, Weather Eye, Convertible Bed, Fourth Speed Forward, White Side Wall Tires, Deluxe Bumper Guards or Wing Bumpers are Optional Extras. Prices subject to change without notice.

Nash Gives You More

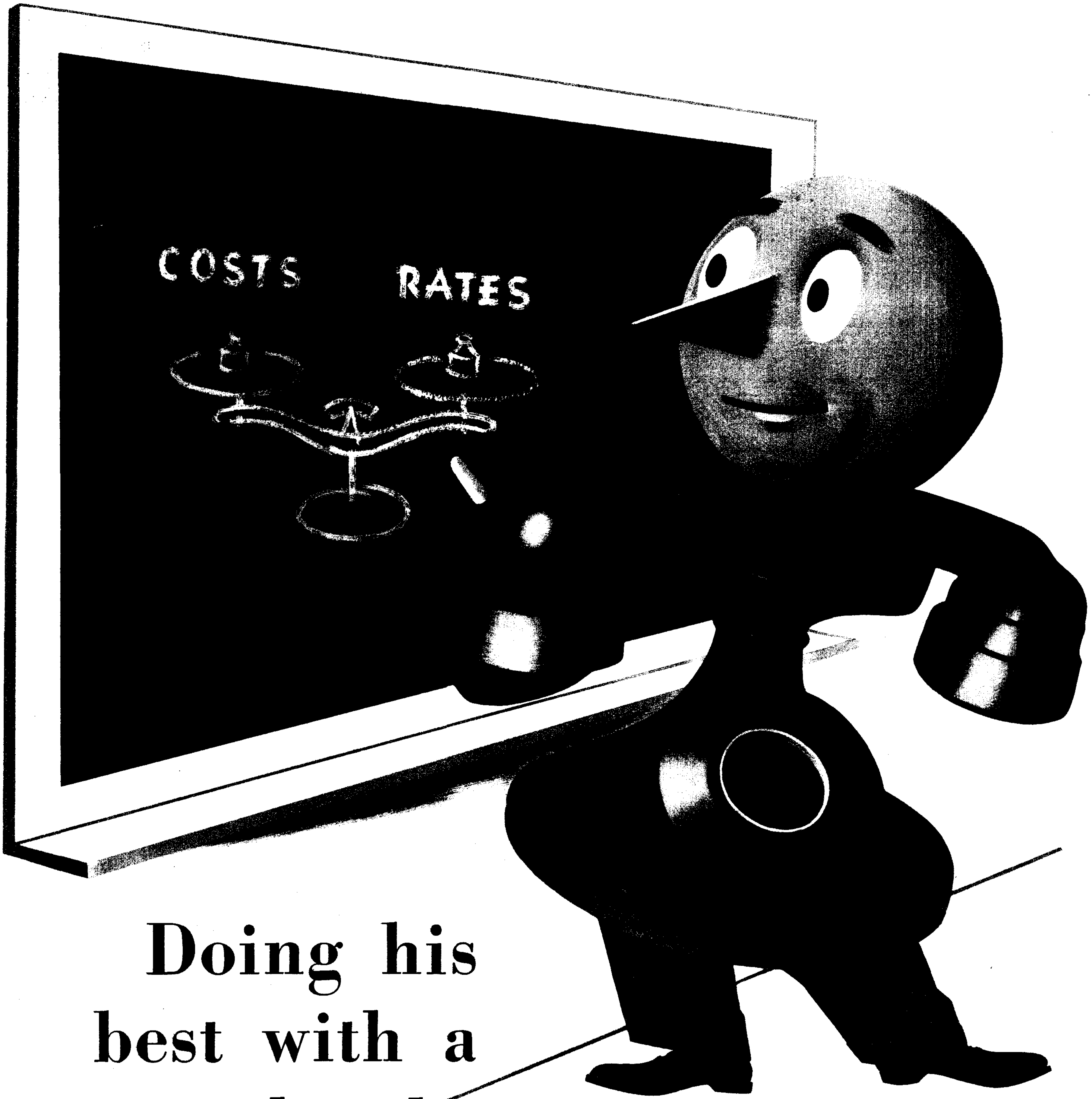
- ★ **Better Economy**... Up to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gas.
- ★ **Smoother Ride** . . . Only low-price car with Coil Springs on All Four Wheels.
- ★ **Easier to Steer and Park** . . . First low-price car with Two-way Roller Steering.
- ★ **Roomier** . . . Greater Seating Width. You can have a Convertible Bed.
- ★ **Safer** . . . Welded Body-and-Frame Construction . . . made twist-proof.



*This big deluxe Nash four-door, trunk model sedan—195 inches from bumper to bumper costs only $870.**

Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE



Doing his best with a tough job

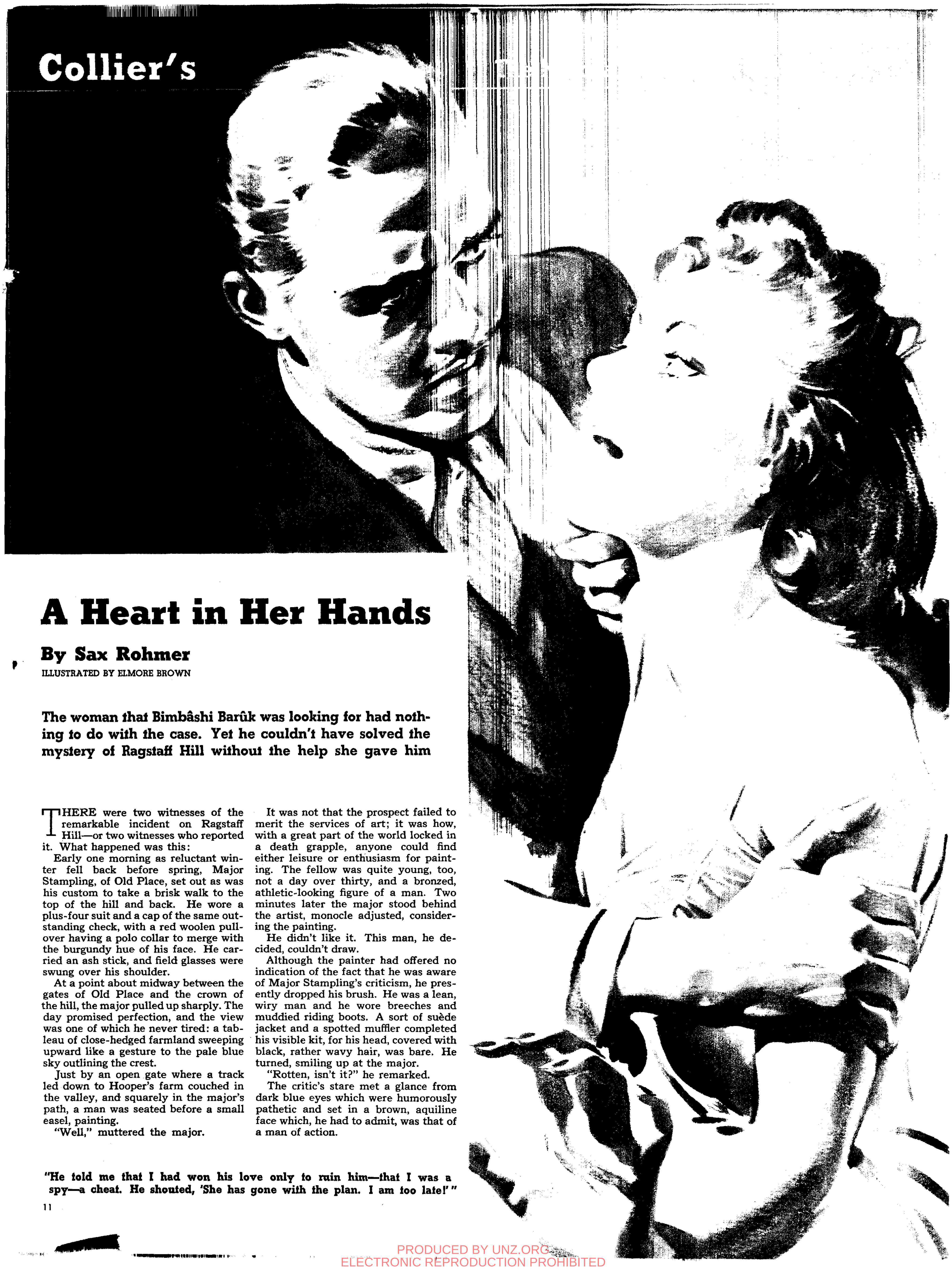
The hardest job of the Bell System is to give you more and better telephone service and yet keep rates low. It isn't easy to keep those two things in balance. Increasing costs and taxes make it difficult.

But there is no end to trying. There is never any letting up in the search for a better, more economical way. All along the line, the Bell System believes in economy in business housekeeping. That is part of its obligation to the public.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LISTEN TO "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
(N. B. C. RED NETWORK, 8 P. M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME.)

Collier's



A Heart in Her Hands

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The woman that Bimbâshi Barûk was looking for had nothing to do with the case. Yet he couldn't have solved the mystery of Ragstaff Hill without the help she gave him

THERE were two witnesses of the remarkable incident on Ragstaff Hill—or two witnesses who reported it. What happened was this:

Early one morning as reluctant winter fell back before spring, Major Stampling, of Old Place, set out as was his custom to take a brisk walk to the top of the hill and back. He wore a plus-four suit and a cap of the same outstanding check, with a red woolen pullover having a polo collar to merge with the burgundy hue of his face. He carried an ash stick, and field glasses were swung over his shoulder.

At a point about midway between the gates of Old Place and the crown of the hill, the major pulled up sharply. The day promised perfection, and the view was one of which he never tired: a tableau of close-hedged farmland sweeping upward like a gesture to the pale blue sky outlining the crest.

Just by an open gate where a track led down to Hooper's farm couched in the valley, and squarely in the major's path, a man was seated before a small easel, painting.

"Well," muttered the major.

It was not that the prospect failed to merit the services of art; it was how, with a great part of the world locked in a death grapple, anyone could find either leisure or enthusiasm for painting. The fellow was quite young, too, not a day over thirty, and a bronzed, athletic-looking figure of a man. Two minutes later the major stood behind the artist, monocle adjusted, considering the painting.

He didn't like it. This man, he decided, couldn't draw.

Although the painter had offered no indication of the fact that he was aware of Major Stampling's criticism, he presently dropped his brush. He was a lean, wiry man and he wore breeches and muddied riding boots. A sort of suède jacket and a spotted muffler completed his visible kit, for his head, covered with black, rather wavy hair, was bare. He turned, smiling up at the major.

"Rotten, isn't it?" he remarked.

The critic's stare met a glance from dark blue eyes which were humorously pathetic and set in a brown, aquiline face which, he had to admit, was that of a man of action.

"He told me that I had won his love only to ruin him—that I was a spy—a cheat. He shouted, 'She has gone with the plan. I am too late!'"

"I would not go so far as that, sir," he replied; "but I confess I have seen better."

"So have I," murmured the painter, relighting a brier pipe—"lots."

His accent and manner were those of a cultured Englishman, and his blue eyes were English, too, or perhaps Irish; but in repose there was something Oriental about the drooping lids, and his slow smile was not a Western product. Major Stampling scented a wandering Jew and wondered where the refugee was billeted.

"You see, these mother-o'-pearl effects of early morning fascinate me," the painter began . . . and at this very moment, it happened.

Heralded by a coughing and spitting of asthmatic cylinders, a car reached the top of Ragstaff Hill. The painter watched it idly; Major Stampling swung his binoculars forward, raised and focused them. On the crown of the hill the car seemed almost to pause for a moment. Then, at ever-gathering speed, it raced down the slope past a clump of firs—and was gone.

As if petrified, the major stood, glasses raised, still watching the stretch of now empty road. Some explanation of his attitude must have come to the artist, for he sprang up. He had realized the fact that Major Stampling was listening—listening so intently that he had forgotten to move.

And now, the other listened also. He heard the drone of the engine become a distant roar—a shriek—and finally a sound so like that of a heavy bomb falling that, unconsciously, he grasped the major's arm.

Following that shrill wail complete momentary silence had fallen. Battalions of rooks, disturbed, rose from the woods; their discord filled the morning. Major Stampling lowered the glasses and turned to the painter: his florid complexion was slightly modified.

"Good Lord!" he said. "That rattrap has done for her at last. Always knew it would. Brakes failed or something—"

"You speak to a stranger, sir," the painter interrupted, and his crisp, almost peremptory change of manner did not escape the soldier. "You know the owner of that car?"

"Polly Anstruther. Everybody knows her. Old bus of hers was literally tied together with string. But that's Ragstaff, sir, the steepest hill in the county."

"Well?"

"Well—there's a right-angle bend halfway down, slap on the cliff's edge, with nothing but some old hurdles marking the verge. Three hundred feet below is Cobham Cove. . . . That's where the car lies now."

"IT'S all very well, Stampling," said the chief constable, "for you to philosophize, but to my way of thinking this business has a bad smell."

Colonel Brown-Maple and Major Stampling were old friends—neighbors now in this forgotten corner of the West Country. They were alone in the colonel's library; the hour was close to midnight. Three days had elapsed since that remarkable incident had occurred on Ragstaff Hill, and these had been three days of bother and mystification for the chief constable.

In the first place, at about the time that Major Stampling and the painter had witnessed the death ride of Miss Anstruther's car, Miss Anstruther herself was phoning the Moreton Harbor police to report that it had just been stolen from outside her garage. The major was already doubling back to Old Place to notify the same authority of what he assumed to be a tragedy. He held Miss Anstruther in high esteem. As commander of the local Home Guard, he was pleased with his performance; he made the mile in something under eleven minutes. The painter, who had a bicycle lying in a ditch, had set out pedaling furiously down to Cobham Cove.

Major Stampling's prediction was proved correct. Fragments of wreckage marked the spot where the car lay, four fathoms deep. Not until a diver and salvage outfit had been sent round from Poole (an interval of an entire day) did it become possible to raise the car.

A man was pinned inside, crumpled up over the broken driving wheel.

Dr. Whittington, who acted for the police, certified that the victim had sustained a number of injuries any one of which might have proved fatal, but that the actual cause of death was a bullet which had passed through his brain!

His age the doctor set at twenty-five to twenty-seven. He was slight but strongly built and had recently been in hard training: a fair man, well groomed and wearing a brief military mustache. He was fully dressed and his clothing was of excellent quality. The name of a George Street tailor was found in the pocket lining of his dark suit and that of a Picadilly firm on his underwear. Otherwise there was nothing in his possession—no wallet, no money, no watch, key or identification disk. But on the left side of his breast, the work of a master of tattoo, appeared two slender feminine hands clasping a heart. On the heart the initial C was imprinted.

IT WAS at this phase of the inquiry that Colonel Brown-Maple had remarked to somebody, "It simply doesn't add up. A dead man can't pinch a car—and if he shot himself *in* the car, where's the gun?"

But the colonel's troubles were far from being ended. Inspector Horley of the Moreton Harbor police interrogated Miss Anstruther at some length, but gleaned nothing of value.

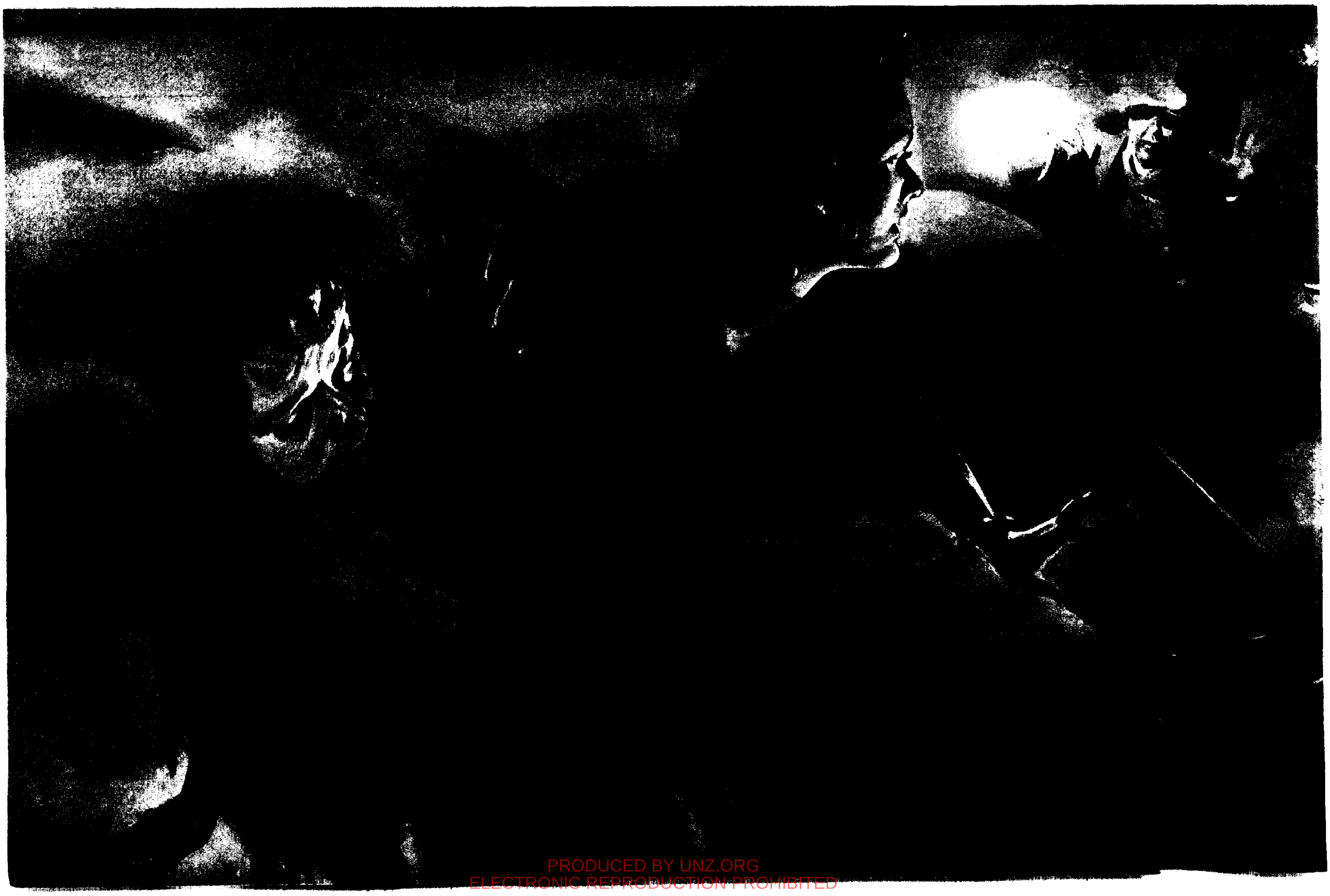
Miss Anstruther, a reduced lady of good family, occupied a cottage on the eastward approach to Ragstaff Hill. She had a small local connection, and sold eggs, honey and, occasionally, cut flowers. Her car, a very old one, was used for the delivery of produce. It was a feature of the landscape.

She lived alone: a spinster sister had formerly shared the cottage. An elderly man acted as daily help in the chicken and bee business, but Miss Anstruther did her own housework and also drove and looked after the car. To casual observation Miss Anstruther offered the pungent sweetness of a lemon drop, but there were some—Major Stampling was one—who had discovered that this lonely old maid possessed a high, fine courage and the heart of a rather obstinate child.

Her story of the event was a simple one: She rose early—an hour before Pomfret, the daily man, arrived. On Wednesday morning, having driven the

(Continued on page 55)

"There's this dead parachuter a-layin' in my van! Shot, he was. Dropped him over the wall, she had"



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Ugly Duckli

By Henry F.

You can [illegible] g[illegible]at things from Thelma Schnee, [illegible] tran[illegible]formed herself from an unknown ugly d[illegible]ckling to a pretty girl, introduc[illegible] herself to a Broadway producer through [illegible] apar[illegible]ment-house doorman and [illegible]ends [illegible]ime [illegible]ndoing the good works of the bla[illegible]ess people in The Corn is Green

THE night of November 26, 1940, marked the opening of another Ethel Barrymore play. Miss Barrymore had been a star for close to forty years and the interest of the critics centered on whether the current offering, a play about Welsh miners called The Corn is Green, would be good or bad or indifferent. They would hail Ethel Barrymore's performance, according to the custom of four decades, and would more or less ignore the rest of the cast. So they thought.

The critics were wrong, though. The Corn is Green turned out to be a hit. Miss Barrymore gave her usual talented performance. But the main news of the evening was the emergence of a girl of whom nobody had heard. For in The Corn is Green is a troublesome Cockney slut called Bessy Watty who raises the devil with all the good works of the other characters in the show. She thwarts, in particular, the benevolent conspiracies of Miss Moffat, a schoolteacher played by Ethel Barrymore. The role of Bessy Watty, rashly entrusted to an unknown young actress, is difficult, subtle and one that would have wrecked the evening but for rare talent. Thelma Schnee has that talent, and she came close to stealing the evening away from Miss Barrymore. The harried and surprised critics, as they hurried to their typewriters, ordered their assistants to get all available data on the newcomer.

The critics' deadlines were hard upon them and they discovered only a few routine facts; that Miss Schnee had gone to dramatic school, had played in summer theaters and had been in one Broadway flop. Undisclosed were more interesting items; that Miss Schnee had crashed Broadway through a conspiracy with an apartment-house doorman, that as a child she had been fat and ugly, that at six she was so strong that she could support a man standing on her stomach, that she was so bright that she had entered Wellesley College when she was only fourteen. Nor did they learn what may be the most remarkable detail of all, that her father, although a prosperous businessman, was delighted at the notion of an actress in the family and did everything possible to encourage her.

"Go on the stage or never darken my door again," he told her harshly—thus reversing the usual pattern of the father with a brat who yearns for the footlights.

All of which requires a little explanation. Now that Thelma is in her very early twenties and is tasting the first sweet wines of success, she is extremely pretty—in a piquant and intelligent rather than in a glamor-girl way. The glamor touch will be added if and when she goes to Hollywood, to the siren song of which she is, unfortunately, listening. Miss Schnee is small, blond and fragile but the most unusual thing about her is the mobility of her face, and the Hollywood technicians will be able to do what they like with it. Photographs have been taken that make her a younger edition of Ina Claire. She can look like an ingénue, a fancy lady, a sophisticated woman, a Shakespearean heroine or, as in The Corn is Green, a Cockney trull. Maybe the horrid fate that awaits her is to be billed, some future day, as "The Girl with a Thousand Faces."

The story of Thelma Schnee begins on the night of January 6th, about twenty-two years ago, when a daughter, their second child, was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Schnee of Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Schnee was in the real-estate business.

(Continued on page 68)

The Convoy Arrived Safely

By Quentin Reynolds

Collier's correspondent returns to his beat the hard way—on a munitions ship in the largest armed convoy that ever crossed an ocean—and sends back a dramatic word picture to show you how this war is going to be won

THEY'D been swinging cargo aboard for three days. The huge winches had been screaming and grunting and now the holds were nearly filled. It was a big freighter, 10,000 tons of her, but we already had seventeen thousand tons of cargo aboard. There wasn't much we didn't have. There were camouflaged tractors, four airplanes, tons of agricultural equipment and hundreds of crates of food.

There was a momentary slackening of work on the dock and then the winches and the derricks began again. A large crate was being hoisted carefully and the men on deck muttered, "Easy! Easy!" It was lowered into the hold. Another came and from the gentle way the men treated it one might have thought it was filled with eggs. Actually these crates were filled with something more precious than eggs. They were filled with dynamite and other high explosives. One crate after another came aboard.

"Five hundred tons of it," the mate laughed. "A nice cargo."

We were part of a convoy heading for England—part of the life line feeding England with munitions and food. For three days we had been tied to a dock being loaded. Then we had to wait in the harbor another two days while other ships gathered and were loaded.

Now, finally, we are on our way. We are a rather imposing aggregation as we file out of the harbor. There are small freighters carrying the flags of Greece and Norway. Others fly the Dutch, the Danish and even the Swedish flag. At present we are in single column, our ship, because of its size perhaps, in second place. The others stretch out for miles astern of us. As soon as we get out a way we'll form in a fanlike formation or perhaps in parallel lines of ships. Only the captain knows what the procedure will be from here on. In an hour we drop our pilot and he has promised to give this to the Canadian censor to be forwarded to Collier's. Just how much one is allowed to say about a convoy I don't know.

My ship is the 10,000 ton Talbot, of the Blue Funnel Line. She has been in the Far Eastern trade for many years. She still has her Pacific crew, numbering one hundred; seventy-eight of them are Chinese.

There are only four passengers aboard: There is Berensen, a Danish technical adviser; there is Gandle, an English engineer; Hobson, who is with the Ministry of Food, and myself. There are only two cabins available for passengers so we double up. Berensen is in with me. He goes to bed early and gets up early. I go to bed late and get up late. This makes it fine. We never get in each other's way although our cabin is only about six by eight.

Our ship is plowing along steadily now with her face toward England. Her decks are only ten feet above the water. The seventeen thousand tons of cargo we carry doesn't make for high riding. We are perhaps the fastest ship in the convoy (apart from the war vessels which are due to pick us up shortly) yet we must regulate our speed to that of the slowest ship.

Like all freighters we, too, are armed. We have five guns aboard. Two naval gunners man the four-inch antisubmarine gun aft while four Army privates in charge of a corporal have charge of the antiaircraft guns.

The crew has nothing but contempt for the submarines. They laugh at the "submarine menace." They don't laugh at the bombers, though. They present a problem. But the chances of being hit are very small. Lloyd's will insure you

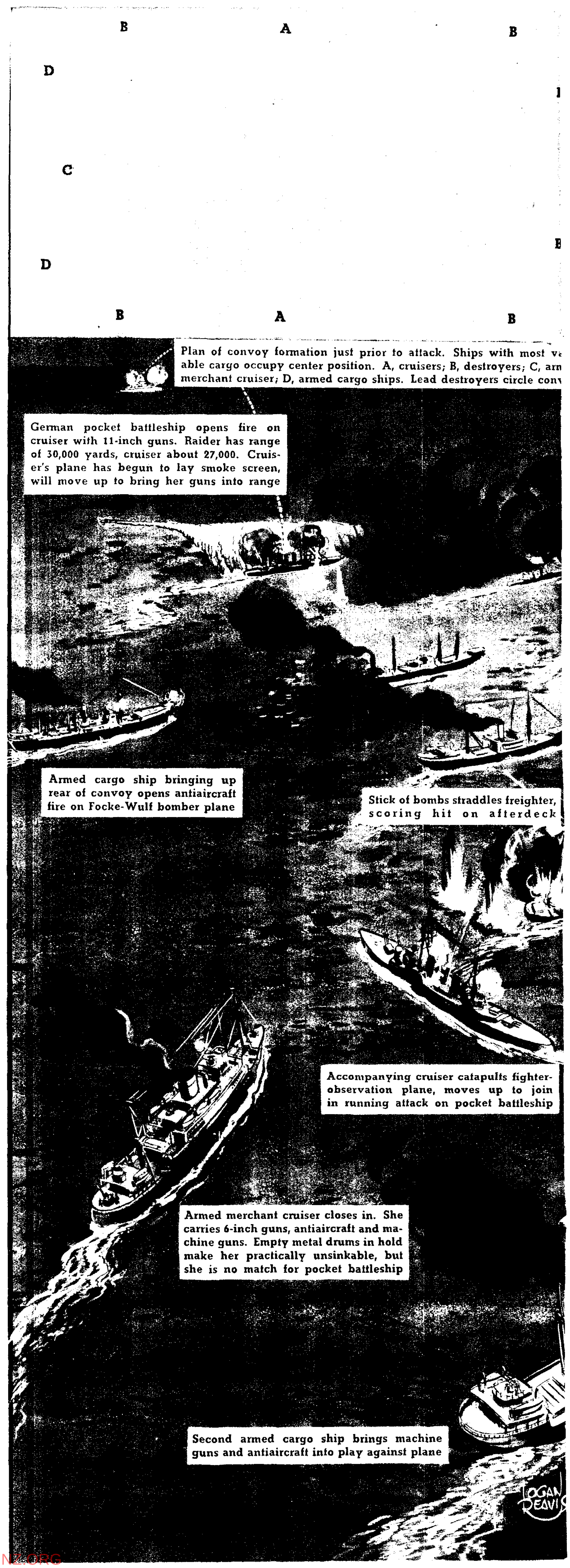
(Continued on page 82)

Richest prizes of the Battle of the Atlantic are the long, deep-laden convoys that carry vital war materials from Canada and the United States to England. Chief menace to convoys are Germany's surface raiders, land-based bombing planes and the ubiquitous submarines. The accompanying illustration shows a typical convoy—34 cargo ships loaded in American and Canadian ports and assembled at Halifax, N. S., well protected by 2 naval cruisers, 6 destroyers, 1 converted merchant cruiser and two armed cargo vessels—as it might appear at the moment of coming under all three types of attack—not too remote a hazard.

A German plane or sub has spotted the convoy, radioed back its position, course and speed to enable the enemy to plan and co-ordinate the attack, which is taking place probably within 500 miles of the English coast (note Sunderland flying boat that has come out to meet the convoy, a routine procedure).

As the attack opens, convoy is traveling with most valuable cargoes (aviation gasoline, oil, planes, munitions, etc.) in center of formation where they are safest from torpedoes. (See convoy plan, upper right of illustration.) Dispersal according to prearranged plan has already been begun by lead ships; convoy will later reassemble at predetermined spot. Stragglers or slow ships may make port independently but when unprotected they are push-overs for subs and bombers.

It was in such a convoy (one of 50 ships) that Collier's *Quentin Reynolds* made the dangerous Atlantic crossing described in the accompanying article.



Plan of convoy formation just prior to attack. Ships with most va able cargo occupy center position. A, cruisers; B, destroyers; C, arm merchant cruiser; D, armed cargo ships. Lead destroyers circle conv

German pocket battleship opens fire on cruiser with 11-inch guns. Raider has range of 30,000 yards, cruiser about 27,000. Cruiser's plane has begun to lay smoke screen, will move up to bring her guns into range

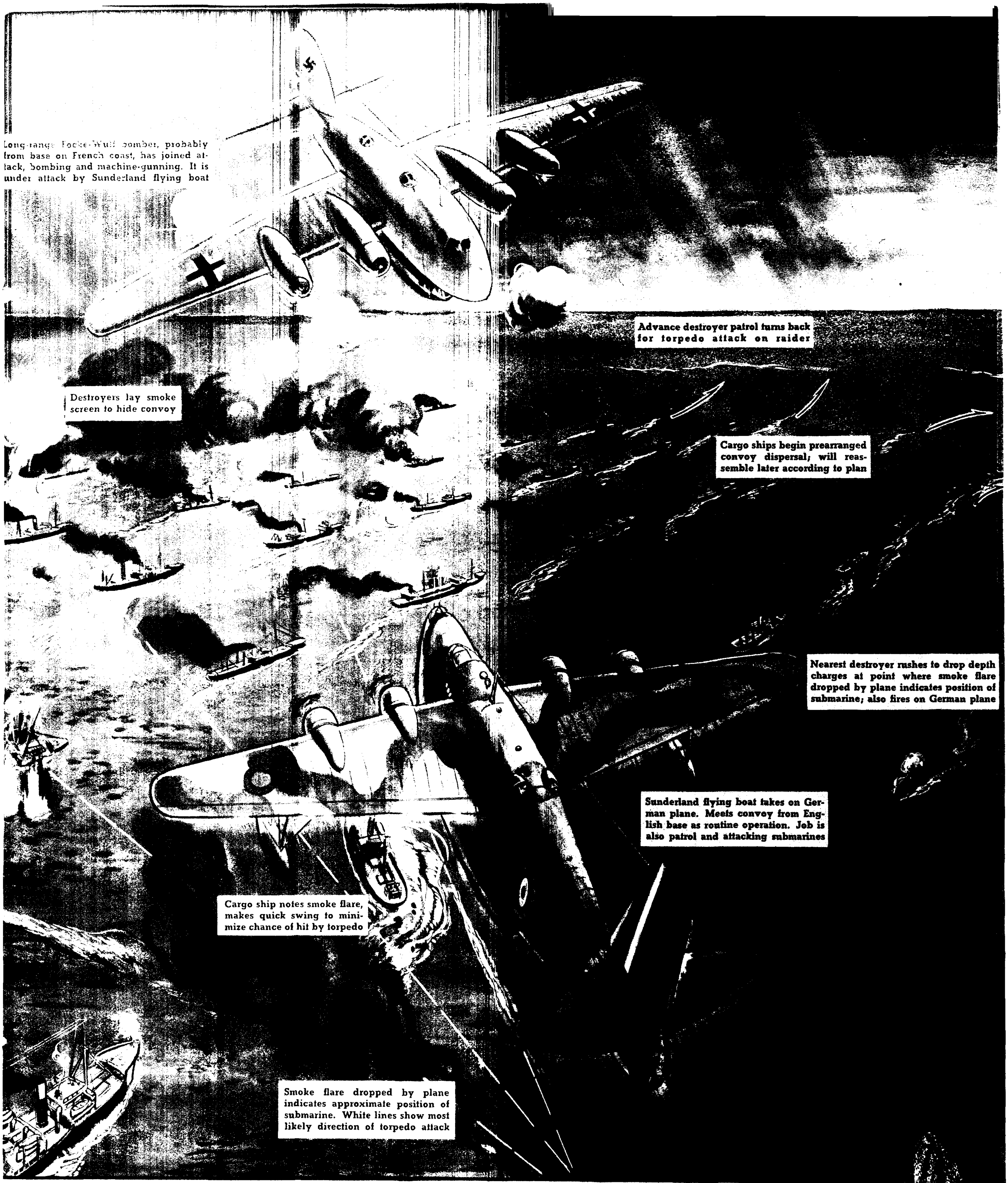
Armed cargo ship bringing up rear of convoy opens antiaircraft fire on Focke-Wulf bomber plane

Stick of bombs straddles freighter, scoring hit on afterdeck

Accompanying cruiser catapults fighter-observation plane, moves up to join in running attack on pocket battleship

Armed merchant cruiser closes in. She carries 6-inch guns, antiaircraft and machine guns. Empty metal drums in hold make her practically unsinkable, but she is no match for pocket battleship

Second armed cargo ship brings machine guns and antiaircraft into play against plane



Long-range Focke-Wulf bomber, probably from base on French coast, has joined attack, bombing and machine-gunning. It is under attack by Sunderland flying boat

Destroyers lay smoke screen to hide convoy

Advance destroyer patrol turns back for torpedo attack on raider

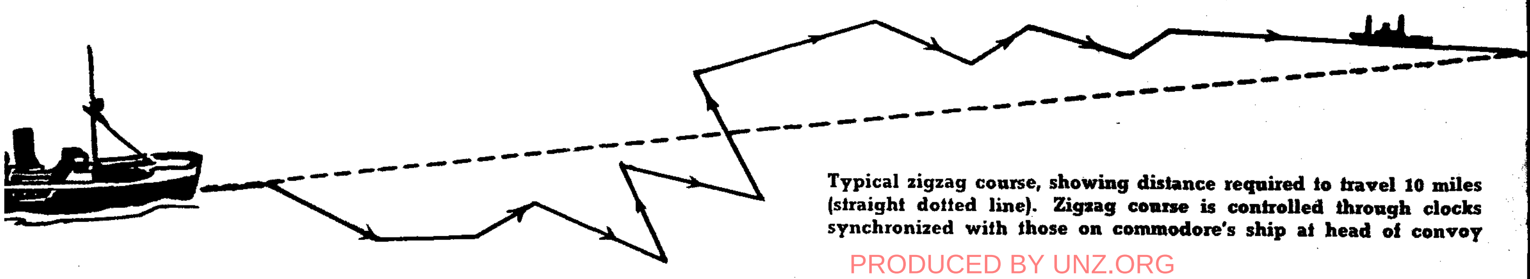
Cargo ships begin prearranged convoy dispersal; will reassemble later according to plan

Nearest destroyer rushes to drop depth charges at point where smoke flare dropped by plane indicates position of submarine; also fires on German plane

Sunderland flying boat takes on German plane. Meets convoy from English base as routine operation. Job is also patrol and attacking submarines

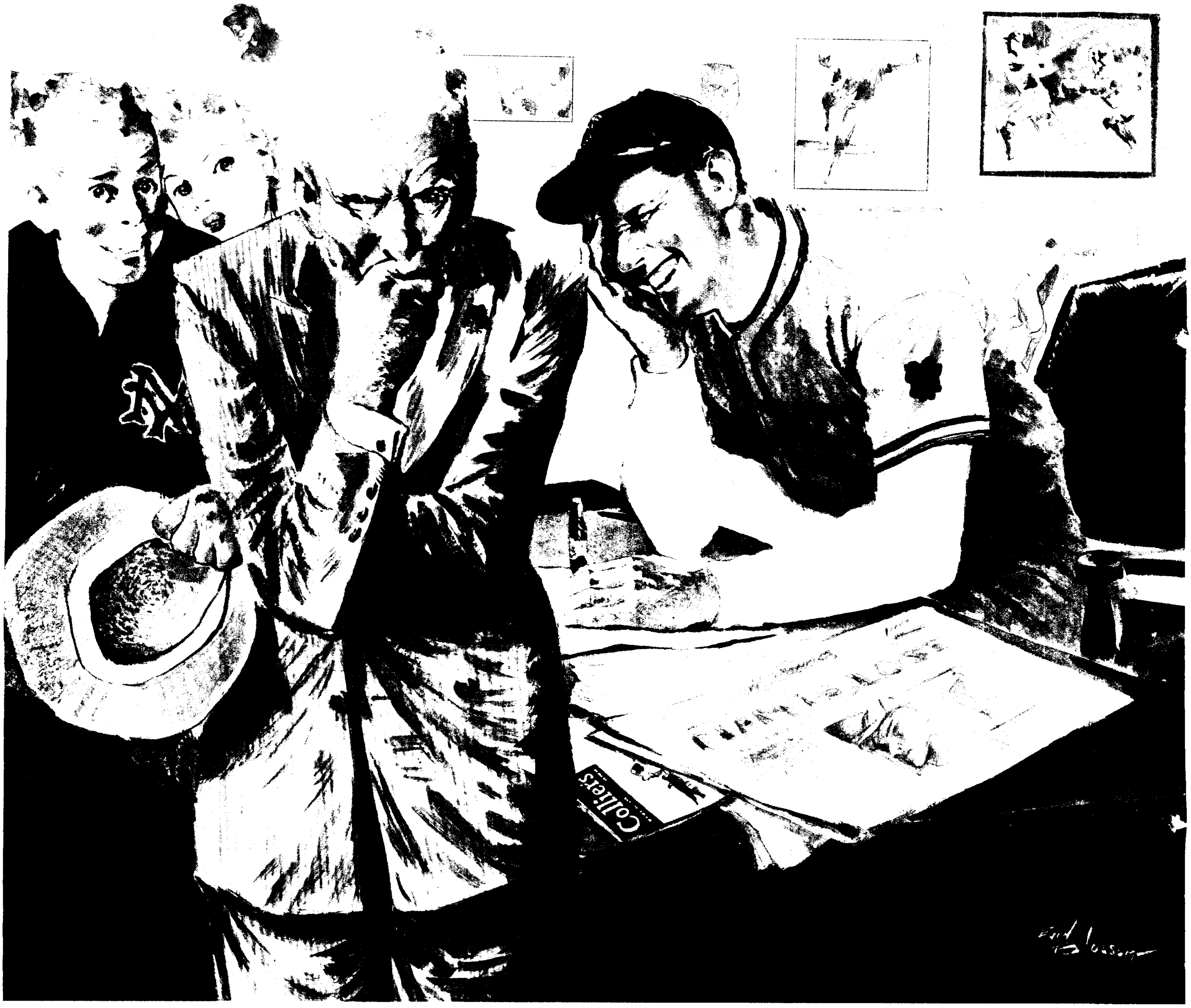
Cargo ship notes smoke flare, makes quick swing to minimize chance of hit by torpedo

Smoke flare dropped by plane indicates approximate position of submarine. White lines show most likely direction of torpedo attack



Typical zigzag course, showing distance required to travel 10 miles (straight dotted line). Zigzag course is controlled through clocks synchronized with those on commodore's ship at head of convoy

Convoys black-out at night—freighter tows barrel to stir up phosphorescence in water as guide to following ship's lookout



"Psychology," explained Ducky. "Puttin' Your Personality Across. You gotta know how to do it"

But on the Contrary

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The job looked simple—just to get a ballplayer hot and bothered. How was she to know that he'd read a book?

AT 4:27 of an afternoon in August at the Polo Grounds in New York, Ducky Brandon came up to the plate for the third time in a game against the Chicago Cubs. Mr. Brandon had struck out on his first trip to the plate; he had struck out on his second trip. He now proceeded to strike out again.

He missed the first pitch by a foot. He swung at the second pitch, a wide curve, and missed it by two feet. By this time the boos were ringing beautifully clear through the Polo Grounds, but this seemed to worry Mr. Brandon not at all. In fact he was in the gayest of moods. He stepped out of the batter's box, smiled ingratiatingly at the umpire, exchanged a few jolly words with the opposing catcher—and then struck out on a third strike for which the catcher had to jump three feet in the air.

As Mr. Brandon returned to the dugout with his bat swung nonchalantly on his shoulder, he was humming a tune to himself. Fortunately, Mr. Bill Terry, *manager of the New York Giants*, did not also have a bat in his hands. The laws of the state of New York are very strict in the matter of assault, even when assault is committed by an overly tried manager who has just seen his best hitter strike out three times in a row, with a song on his lips after each offense.

"What the heck do you think you were doing up there!" cried Mr. Terry, feeling in his own heart that the query was purely rhetorical. He knew very well what Mr. Brandon had been doing up there.

Mr. Brandon merely looked at Mr. Terry and smiled engagingly. He gave the bat a careful swipe with the sleeve of his uniform and slipped it into its slot in the bat rack.

"You take a cut at a ball a mile over your head and then you come in here singing!" cried the tortured Mr. Terry.

"Well, Mr. Terry," said Ducky consolingly. "You wouldn't want me to let those Chicago people think we were worried about anything, would you?"

THE crowd had long been gone and the *last of the players had left the club*house, but Mr. Terry still sat in his office with his uniform on. He was in conversation with a large gentleman known as Poodles O'Hara, scout for the New York Giants.

"You brought him up here and you're responsible for him," said Mr. Terry hotly. "Three weeks ago he was hitting .382 and now he is down to .235. In the last nine games he hasn't got a foul tip. If we take him out, you say it'll break his spirit. I say to you that if he strikes out one more time and comes back to the bench singing Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar, I'll brain him."

"Maybe he's in love," said Poodles.

"Love, my eye," replied Mr. Terry. "He sits in the lobby of that hotel every night smoking a three-for-a-nickel stogie. When that's done, he goes up to bed and sleeps twelve hours. In the morning he comes down, has his breakfast, smokes another stogie and goes out to the ball park. That's what he does

(Continued on page 88)

Famine Fighter

By James Rorty

Food for a year for $22—that's what's promised by No. OOXX. No one is going to make you eat it, but it may prove to be one of the weapons that will win the war for England

ONE of the nightmares thought up by fiction writers is food in capsule form. That nightmare hasn't come true. Probably it never will. But the demands of war have produced something that will remind you of it—a streamlined nutritional weapon known for the moment as Food Mixture OOXX.

It is a complete food, containing everything necessary to sustain life at a "buoyant" level of health and energy. Being dehydrated and concentrated, a pound and a half of it constitutes a day's rations as against an average of four and one quarter pounds of ordinary foods. It is, in short, the last word in the science of nutrition, designed with engineering precision to meet the requirements of the present emergency.

It looks like any ordinary precooked cereal; a bit on the oily side, perhaps, and heavier than most. Its taste is nothing special—though there *are* people who claim they like it.

Being precooked, it requires only the addition of water, thereby eliminating the time and expense of refrigeration, cooking and dishwashing. Being balanced and checked at the source to assure a full complement of vitamins, minerals, proteins and calories, it guards against morale-sapping deficiency diseases.

The immediate purpose of Food Mixture OOXX is to supply England with food in the most compact and easily transportable form. The long-range purpose is to raise the level of nourishment among the ill-fed third of our own population.

But the most important advantage of this nutritional weapon remains to be stated. It is cheap—incredibly so. Its base is a scientifically proportioned mixture of cereals—oats, corn and wheat, which are our cheapest foods and of which we have huge surpluses. Other ingredients are soybeans and peanuts, production of which may readily be stimulated, especially in the South.

It is estimated that a day's ration of Food Mixture No. OOXX, once volume production is attained, will cost about six cents per person. Compare this with the findings of government studies, based on the use of ordinary foods, which show that each person must spend 24 cents daily for food to assure himself of a passable dietary. (This means, incidentally, that today about 27 per cent of the nation's families would have to spend more than their total income for food if they were to be fed properly.)

By this time you are perhaps asking: "Where do I get some of this remarkable food?" The answer is: Nowhere, at present. Food Mixture OOXX is neither patented nor trade-marked and won't be, as far as its creator is concerned. He is Robert S. Harris, Associate Professor of Nutritional Biochemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he is definitely not interested in the commercial exploitation of what he calls simply "this type of feeding." Food Mixture OOXX is still in the experimental stage, but it may be said without breach of confidence that the Army and the Department of Agriculture are both keenly interested, and that Dr. Harris is by no means the only research nutritionist working along this line.

A Side Dish of Health

Food Mixture No. OOXX is one of a series which includes not only concentrated food *rations*, but also food *supplements*. The latter are designed not to provide complete meals, as do the food rations, but merely the essential nutrients required to bring up to par the inadequate diets of beleaguered or destitute people. These supplements, all of which are prepared from the same cereal and legume materials as the food ration, supply not only the essential minerals and vitamins, but also a scientifically balanced mixture of proteins. The cost of the constituents is estimated at one-half cent for a day's supply, consisting of two thirds of an ounce, or $1.80 per person per year. Nutritionally they are deficient only in Vitamin C—this because of the extreme difficulty of embodying this most fragile of vitamins in a dehydrated concentrate. But this lack can easily be supplied by the consumption of a few ounces of orange or tomato juice daily in addition to the supplement and the miscellaneous calories required to satisfy "hollow hunger," as distinguished from what Paul DeKruif calls "hidden" or nutritional hunger, which causes deficiency diseases.

Because people's food habits are extraordinarily inflexible it may be necessary to camouflage the nutritional weapons now being fashioned in the laboratories by giving them the outward forms to which the British are accustomed: crackers, for example, which they call biscuit, and sausages, which they eat universally.

Purely from the nutritional point of view, of course, such compromises with popular taste are open to more than one objection. They are relatively expensive; they reintroduce the time-and-space-wasting factors of cooking and refrigeration and since the strenuous steam processing to which sausages are subjected destroys a part of the vitamin content, added fortification of the food mixture is necessary.

During the last war the fat shortage was fatal to Germany and, during the height of the U-boat campaign, endangered Britain. This, however, was not because fats in themselves were necessary to nutrition, but because they contain certain fat-soluble vitamins (A, D, E and K) which are necessary to health.

During the last war it was necessary to consume natural fats containing these vitamins in order to retain health. This is no longer essential, since these vitamins can and are being synthesized by the chemist, and artificially incorporated in the diet. Human beings have lived for a year on diets devoid of fats without any damaging effect.

Another nutritional discovery, of equal or greater strategic importance for the Germans, was that although the protein of meat is much superior to that of cereals or vegetables, it is not indispensable; by carefully mixing cereal and legume proteins, it is possible to produce a vegetable dietary that is equal to a meat dietary.

This is the secret of Food Mixture OOXX and its companion formulae. In these food mixtures the essential elements are not so much the vitamins and minerals, of which the lay public has recently heard so much, but the proteins, or more specifically the amino acids of which the protein molecules are composed.

Of the twenty-two or more amino acids, the majority can be manufactured by the body, but ten must be obtained in food. Eliminate any one of these from the diet and protein-deficiency disease results.

You Needn't Worry

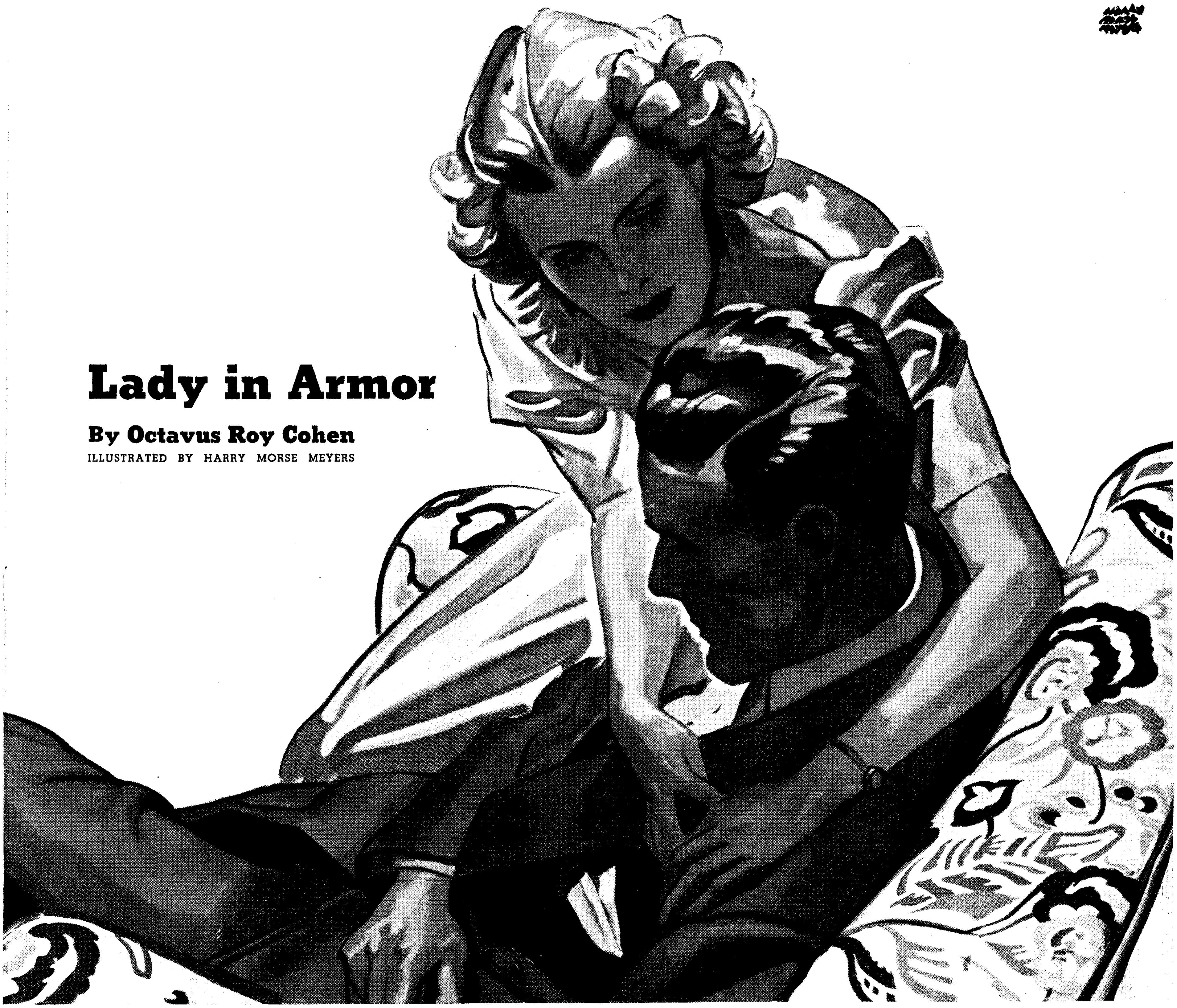
This does not mean, however, that at the end of the day you have to ask yourself agitatedly: "Have I had my quota of phenylalanine?" Protein-deficiency disease ordinarily afflicts only impoverished peoples, or those whose dietaries are restricted to one or two types of foodstuff. If you eat a varied diet, including plenty of animal proteins (meats, eggs and dairy products such as cheese and skim milk) you can be sure that you are getting a fine mixture of the necessary amino acids. Cereal and vegetable proteins, on the other hand, are commonly deficient in one or several of these essential amino acids. The proteins of the peanut and soybean are unusual in that these legume proteins are almost as good as animal proteins.

In the feeding of distressed populations, therefore, care must be taken to furnish all of the amino acids required and in proper quantities. This can best be done by supplying sixty grams or more of meat, egg, milk or cheese protein. Should these foodstuffs not be available, peanut and soybean protein would rank next in importance. If these cannot be obtained, then the proteins of

(Continued on page 46)

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Creator of the remarkable new food that provides a low-cost balanced diet is Dr. Robert S. Harris of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology



Lady in Armor

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"It's all right now, Peter," she whispered. "Joyce is fine. You've got nothing to worry about"

The Story Thus Far:

A BRIDGE near the little Southern city of Karnak collapses, and thirty-nine persons die. Then, while the whole region rages, looks for a scapegoat, Tom Garrison, who had been supervising engineer of the weak structure, disappears.

Several months later, the voters of the county elect a girl sheriff—Dale Meredith. The election had started as a joke but Neil Berkeley, head of a crooked political machine, soon learns that Dale is incorruptible and intent on cleaning up the county. So, feeling sure that he can force her to resign, he starts a crime wave. . . .

Some three years before the story opens, Dale Meredith and Jerry Hamilton, owner of Chinquapin plantation, had been in love. Then, for some mysterious reason, Jerry had begun to avoid Dale. *Why?*

Karnak learns the answer shortly after Dale is elected sheriff, when *Jerry's wife,* Rita Hamilton, suddenly appears on the scene and ensconces her flamboyantly beautiful self in Chinquapin plantation. Jerry, it appears, had married her in a weak moment in New York City. He does not love her; nor, most emphatically, does she love him. But, because she is Jerry Hamilton's wife, Karnak accepts her; and within a remarkably short time, she and Neil Berkeley are deep in a none too secret affair. . . .

Dale receives a letter from Tom Garrison. He accuses the county engineer and Berkeley of forcing him to substitute poor material for good in the building of the bridge. . . . A stranger—Paul Campbell, of New York City—reaches Karnak. Seeing him on the street, Rita (who is with Berkeley) is terrified. After refusing to explain her terror, she goes to the home of Martha Clarendon—whose husband, while working as a deputy sheriff, had been killed, on Berkeley's orders—and prepares to spend the night there.

Berkeley, in his car, picks up Campbell, who—charmed by the Southerner's courteous demeanor—tells him a secret: He, Paul Campbell, had married Rita Fenton (Rita Hamilton) in New York. She had left him, and he had learned (in Karnak) that, at the time of their marriage, she had been Hamilton's wife for many months. He has, he says, told the girl sheriff the whole ugly story and intends to see that Rita is prosecuted.

Berkeley, listening, does some rapid thinking. Then, deep in a lonely swamp, he deliberately shoots the newcomer to death. The following morning, after the body is found, Dale questions Rita. Having spent the night with Martha Clarendon, she has a good alibi. Dale then interrogates Jerry. Apparently, he knows nothing of the crime. "That," she thinks, when she leaves Jerry, "narrows it down to Neil Berkeley. But I'm still up against the fact *that Jerry Hamilton hasn't the ghost of an alibi.*"

V

NEIL BERKELEY'S car pulled up at the curb in the shadow of a huge oak A few minutes later Rita Hamilton turned the corner, hurried to the car and climbed in.

No one saw her, nor noticed the car. As Neil drove toward the sandy uplands out beyond Pineville, Rita let herself relax—mentally and physically. It wasn't easy—after the terrific strain she'd been under.

It was Neil who broke the long silence: "Paul Campbell met with quite an accident last night."

She drew in her breath sharply and said, "Park somewhere, Neil."

He selected a bare stretch of ground just off the concrete and at the edge of a palmetto thicket. He swung into it, cut off the motor and switched off the lights. He turned slowly and drew her into his arms. A few minutes later she pulled away. She said, shakily, "Oh, Neil! I've been so frightened. But I feel better now. . . ."

She tried to keep her jagged nerves under control—tried to speak calmly: "You don't have to admit anything, Neil. I'm no dope, and I know just what happened. What's more important, I know *why* it happened."

His arm tightened briefly, and then he looked off toward the cornfield across the road. It was a huge field and the dry, broken stalks stood gaunt and gray in the light of the half-moon.

"Things aren't as simple as I'd like to have them," he said. "That's why I wanted to talk to you."

"Something wrong?"

"Not yet. But there may be."

"What?"

"I had a long talk with a friend of yours late this evening. With Dale Meredith."

Rita said, "Oh!" and waited.

"The girl isn't stupid . . . not a bit of it. I went into her father's place for some cigarettes. She drifted in. I have a hunch she was watchin' all the time from the window of her office . . . so that

(Continued on page 34)

It's a long jump from a West Coast lunchroom to the snooty realms of top-flight tennis, but Pauline Betz made it in a single spectacular swoop

WATCHING her dish it off the arm in a Beverly Hills sandwich shoppe three years ago, you never would have suspected Pauline Betz of being a future tennis queen. Watching her service today, you might not suspect it either. But Wayne Sabin, a great player with a sense of vision and humor, saw it all so clearly back in 1938 that the blond cyclone is heading straight for the throne of amateur tennis vacated by the professional, Alice Marble.

But for Sabin, the little waitress might have been no more than a cashier or hostess today, for who else would have schemed to foist an unranked public parks performer upon the cloistered players of organized tennis? Who could have enjoyed more than Sabin the leap from sandwich shoppe to Park Avenue in one swell swoop?

It was his innate yearning for social justice. Sabin reeks with it and because of it he has run afoul of the tennis fathers in the past. It immersed him completely when first he saw the energetic Pauline Betz shuttling over the concrete courts of the California public parks.

She was just a tennis maverick with barely enough coaching from a benevolent professional, Dick Skeen, to give her one standard stroke, a perfect backhand. Beyond that she was a shot-making opportunist who followed a single rule: No matter how, get the ball back. She had sun-bleached bobbed hair, made faces when she walloped a ball and hit a reckless pace in her play.

But she showed unquenchable enthusiasm for the game, a savage type of competitive spirit and all the courage of a true fighter. She refused to be discouraged by the Southern California Association's deliberate failure to notice her, even though she could beat any girl in the section except Barbara Winslow. Southern California has a unique institution known as the Tennis Patrons' Association, formed to foster and finance young players and thus circumvent the national governing body's limitation of official tournament subsidy. Betz was a worthy candidate for such sponsorship, for here was a waitress who hoarded her salary and tips to finance participation in California tournaments. But California didn't even rank her!

And so Sabin became obsessed with the thought of seeing her in the swank tournaments.

You can well imagine the consternation at Eastern tennis headquarters upon receipt of Sabin's reply to an invitation to compete in the 1939 national indoor championships. They were to be held in New York City at the Seventh Regiment Armory, which is on Park Avenue. Sabin suggested that the association bring East one Pauline Betz, the latest tennis marvel of the Pacific Coast.

Betz? The name reverberated through the council rooms. Why, she wasn't even ranked. It was impossible. Sabin replied that he wouldn't compete unless they sponsored this new California sensation in the women's indoor championship. Well, the entries for the men's tournament were pretty sparse and they needed Sabin so they gave in.

When all the foot faults and lets had been tallied, Pauline Betz was the women's national indoor champion for 1939. She had jumped from the public courts to a genuine tennis title in a single leap, aided, of course, by Sabin's hoist. It might be noted here that he won the men's indoor singles championship, and also that he was runner-up to Frank Kovacs in the same event last March.

As a result, many faces on the coast were red without benefit of California sunshine, but that usually happens when a game professes democratic virtues and practices something else. Pauline Betz had been playing tennis publicly for five years, or since she was fifteen. She played it at Los Angeles High School, where her mother was and still is a teacher of athletics and gymnastics.

Pauline's fervor and tireless practice created a technique that no coach could completely subordinate. Dick Skeen discovered her on the high-school courts and devoted some of his limited time to harnessing her unbridled methods. But he had a living to make. By the time he gave her another lesson, she had shaken off the effects of the last teaching. Yet, Skeen is responsible for whatever form and control she has on the court.

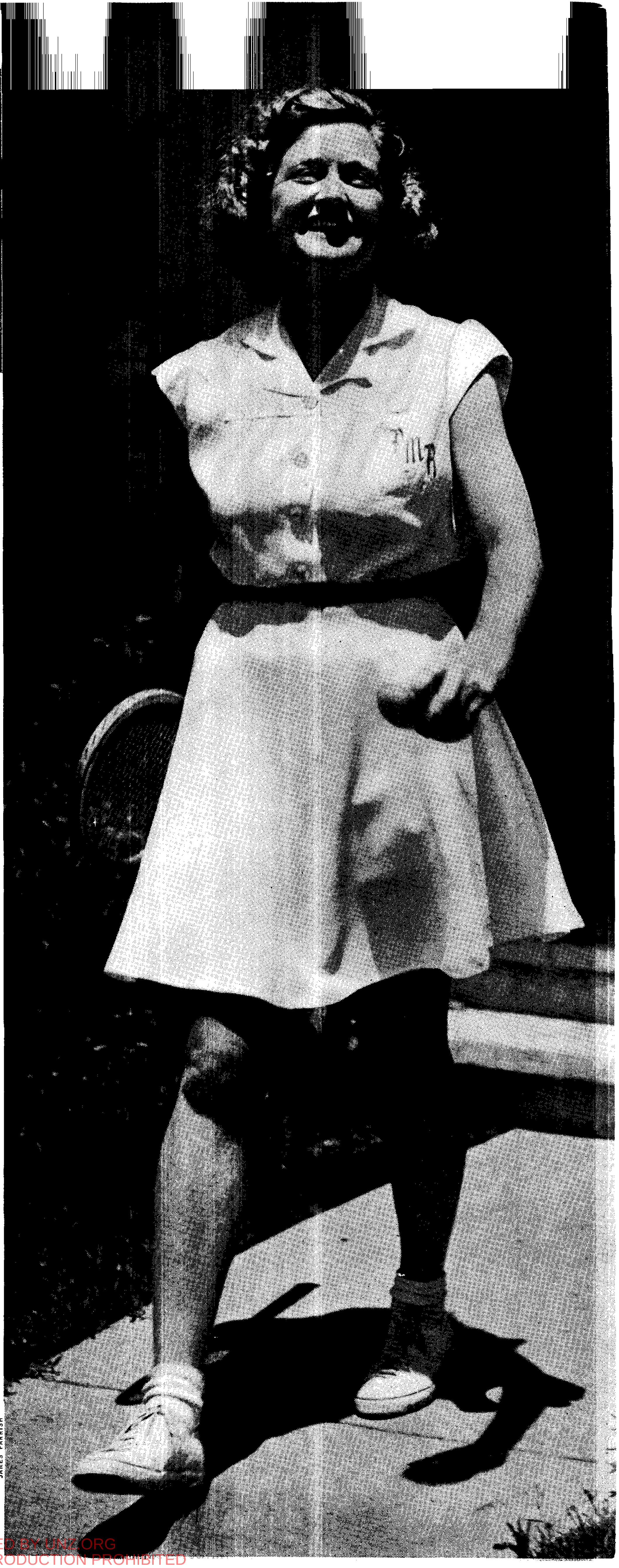
The One Weak Spot

"If I could spare the time between now and the nationals," Skeen said during his recent professional tour with Fred Perry, "I'd try to salvage something from her forehand stroking. She has less forehand stroke than Frankie Parker. If they attack it too well, she'll suffer. But before they get around to peppering that, Pauline usually has them on the ropes with her running game."

After the indoor triumph, Svengali Sabin was positive that he had come upon a superplayer, and Betz became his prize pupil, though his only one. He was a tennis stylist, had gained Number Six in ranking and had much to teach. But before the maestro could progress far with his project, the tennis fathers decided that he was the equivalent of a professional coach. They ordered him to cease and desist, or sacrifice his amateur status.

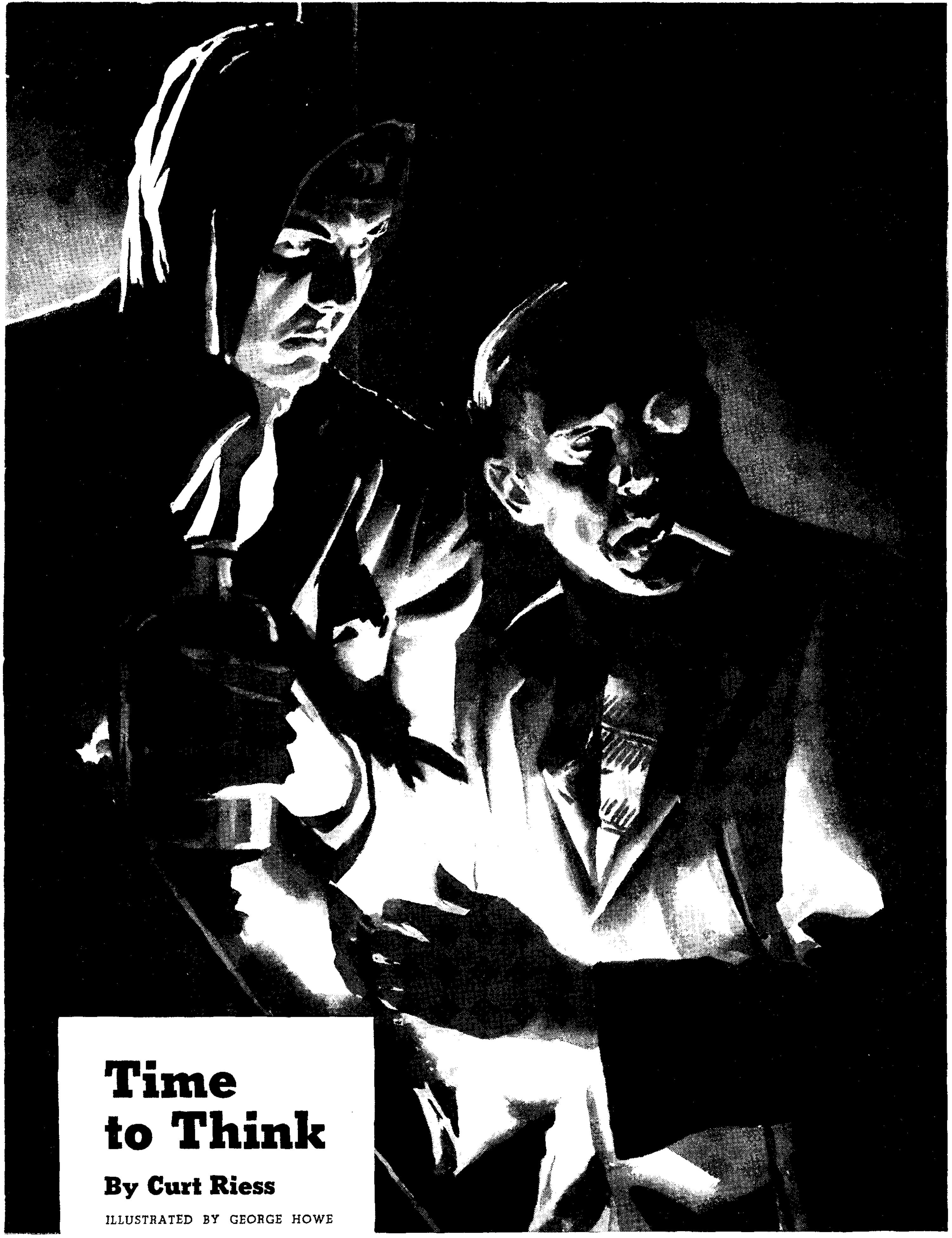
With no more experience than this, Pauline Betz, accompanied by Virginia Sabin, Wayne's wife, set out to conquer the women of the tennis world in 1939. She was a formless player, artificial and almost awkward in comparison with the carefully tutored stylists of California, such as Virginia Wolfenden, taught by the teacher of Frank Kovacs; Dorothy

(Continued on page 24)



Second in women's ranking after only two years of big-time competition, husky Pauline Betz is beginning to look like a champ

JAMES PARRISH



"Two-fifty-nine," Hans said. And now the three men covering the windows began to call to one another, softly

Time to Think

By Curt Riess

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Major Erich Schubert sees himself in the face of his enemy and, for the first time in his life, is afraid

ERICH was awake the moment Hans touched him. He knew this was the time. "It's two-forty-five," Hans said. "Everything's ready."

Erich got out of bed. It was pitch-dark. Only when the searchlight beam swept past the three windows at regular intervals did the outlines of the hut become visible. It wasn't a very large hut; of the twelve beds, only six were now occupied. But the men in them were not sleeping. They were sitting up, waiting. Of the others, one was outside, in front of the door, just to make sure. Three others were covering the windows; and then there were Erich and Hans.

Erich dressed quickly, but not hastily. All his things lay where he had put them a few hours ago: Two pairs of woolen socks, two suits of woolen underwear, a gray shirt belonging to Lieutenant Wormser—Erich himself had only white shirts. Dark gray flannel trousers, a dark sweater belonging to Hans, a gray tweed jacket, and a woolen hood over his head—it belonged to Lieutenant Albrecht. Now he was ready.

"It's two-fifty-five," Hans whispered. Erich nodded. Hans went on: "Your baggage, sir." He laughed softly and handed him a bundle. "Your hat for the city. White shirt and necktie. Soap. Comb, whiskbroom. Safety razor. You must shave not later than two o'clock in the afternoon." Erich nodded again in the darkness. Hans continued: "And here's the money. Twenty-one dollars. And here is—you know what." He gave him the blackjack.

Erich went to one of the windows. Lieutenant Albrecht, who was guarding it, stepped back. Erich looked out. It was the ideal night. Black as pitch, and no moon. Best of all, there was a heavy fog. He stepped back. "Here," said Hans, giving him the bottle. He gulped two long swigs of the brandy. Hans put a cigarette into his mouth. A match flared. Erich took two puffs and thrust it back into his friend's hand. Then Hans said, "All ready now."

Lieutenant Albrecht had opened the window already. "Two - fifty - nine," Hans said. And now the three men covering the windows began to call to one another softly. Lieutenant Wormser at the north window said, "One." Then the man at the east window said, "Two." There was a brief pause, and then Lieutenant Albrecht at the west window said, "Four."

"One . . . two . . . four . . ." They spoke the numbers whenever the beam of the searchlight swept past their window. There was no three because there was no window in the south wall. If anybody had approached the hut from the south side the man in front of the door would have given a knock for signal. If one of the men at the windows had seen anybody approaching, in the split second that his territory was illuminated, he would not have called out his number, but would have said, "No."

However, there was no interference. "One . . . two . . . four . . . One . . . two . . . four . . ." Erich memorized the rhythm. Softly he began to count with the others, putting in the three: "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . One . . . two . . . three . . ."

"Three o'clock," Hans said.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." Erich counted, nodding, "One . . . two . . . three . . ." He jumped at four. He came to the ground at two. He crouched there, let the searchlight pass over him twice, and when he had counted four for the third time, he crawled one step forward.

THIS was the beginning of the escape of Major Erich Schubert, Messerschmitt squadron leader. His name had been in the papers, of course. There had been pictures, too. Erich Schubert was a tall, slim boy with blond hair and a pensive face with large, almost dreamy eyes. He really didn't look as you would imagine a successful ace would look. But he was one. Though he was only twenty-three, he already had the Iron Cross with Oak Leaves—the Fuehrer himself had pinned it on him. He had flown over Poland, Norway, Flanders and England. Officially, he was credited with bringing down fifty-six enemy planes. He himself had counted only forty-eight, though.

In December, two days before Christmas, they had got him. He had had to bail out somewhere over Wales, and he was sent to a prison camp. But that didn't mean that the war was over for him. Not for him. He had not tried to escape as some of his comrades did. They were foolish. There was no chance to get out of England, even if you got out of the camp. Furthermore, he was dead-sure that he would be freed soon by the invading German army. He had expected it daily. Late in January he was sent, with eleven hundred other prisoners, over to Canada. If this was a blow to his hopes, he didn't show it. On the contrary, he seemed to be in good spirits: He talked a lot, he made jokes, he always seemed cheerful, perhaps a little too cheerful.

It was only when the boat docked in Canada that he became more sober and thoughtful. Now, for the first time, he saw a real chance to escape. The war was not over for him yet, not for him. He looked at the people crowding the pier. While the prisoners were being herded off the boat, he stared with such concentration that it seemed as though everything depended on his being able to remember every one of their faces. Either you or me, he thought. How he hated them. They were all enemies. He would never forget the Fuehrer's words. Either you or me, he knew.

During the first days in camp, he became more and more thoughtful. Perhaps that somehow had to do with his

(Continued on page 63)

Flight Into Peril

By Martha Gellhorn

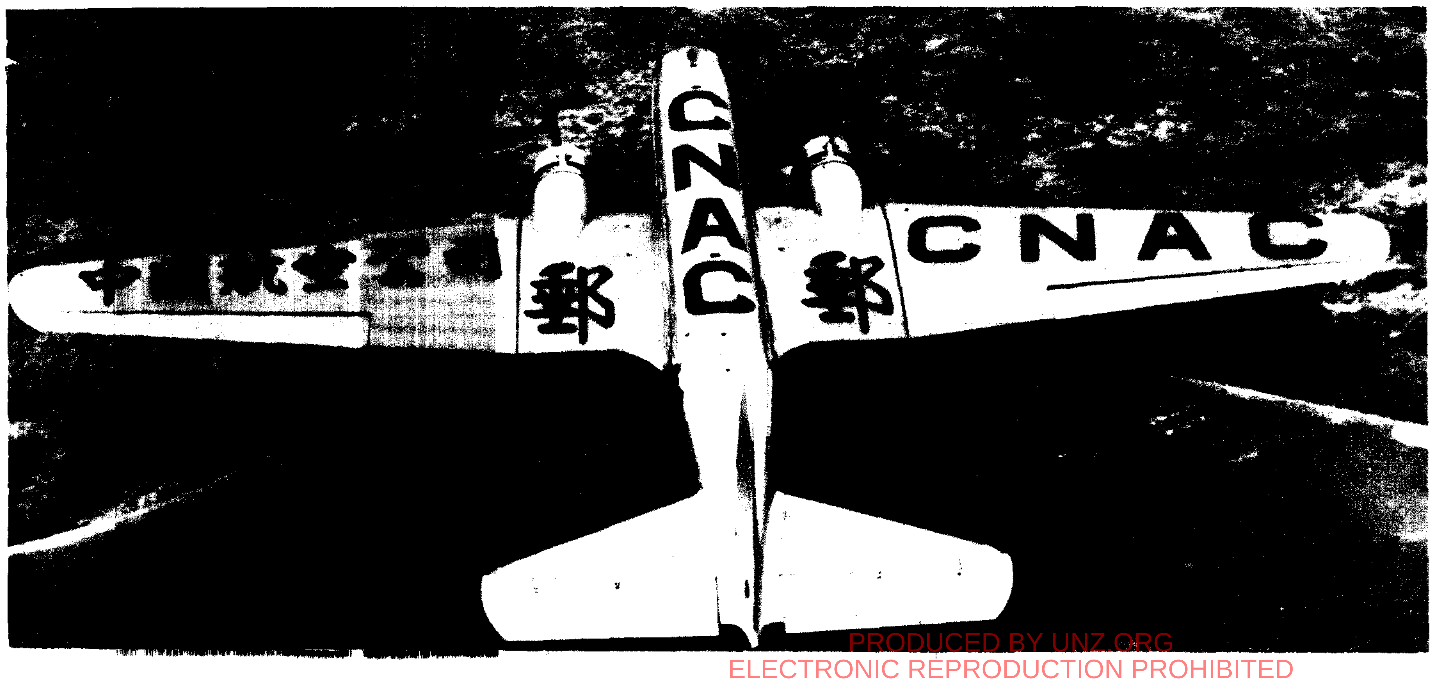
There's one airline that prays for bad weather—China National—which ties the capital of China to the outside world. Collier's Orient staff writer takes the round trip to show you what it's like. Tighten your seat belt, please

AIRPORT GENERAL NOTICE BOARD

NORMAN SOONG

NAC's only stewardess. She is the first employed on the line since October, 1940, when Japanese bombers shot up a transort at Kunming, killing the American pilot, the stewardess and 11 passengers. Photograph was made by Norman Soong

Poor condition of emergency field near Kmeilin caused this landing accident. Coolies are airport laborers. Below, CNAC planes are marked in Chinese and English as protection against Japs. Characters behind motors mean "Mail"



IT WAS four-thirty in the morning and cold and a heavy wind blew through the dark hangar and blew against the passengers as they crossed the Kowloon field to the plane. Lights went on at the edge of the field, and you saw the Douglas DC-2, huge and silver-colored, with great black letters on the wings: CNAC in English letters on the right wing; five-foot-high Chinese characters on the left wing. You could not see the humped green mountains that rise 3,000 feet to border the field. The eight passengers found seats in the unlighted cabin and fastened their safety belts.

The weather report said ceiling 500 feet, visibility two miles, storms ahead. It was perfect flying weather for the China National Aviation Corporation. No U. S. transport line would allow its planes to leave that mountain-girded field in that weather. We took off, sliding and swaying into the wind. We were going to fly at night over the Japanese lines, and over sharp, unbroken mountain ranges with peaks 9,200 feet high, and no plateaus for forced landings. It was 770 miles to Chungking.

The plane circled up, higher and higher above the safe territory of Hong Kong. The city looked small and crescent-shaped below us. The hills around the harbor were beaded with light. There were bright-lighted ships, and floating points of light on the sampans. The city lights and the lights on the water jumped and slanted as the DC-2 climbed. Then the city was gone and a white furry cloud wrapped the plane. The Chinese passengers pulled up their blankets and looked very small and quiet in their chairs, and slept. You could feel the forward pull of the plane, and you could feel the wind. We climbed to 13,000 feet above Hong Kong. The red and green wing lights went off.

Now at this great height and flying blind, we were ready to head north across the Japanese lines. The flash from the exhausts flickered against the propellers and over the wings, and lit up the drifting cloud. Then the shape of the cloud changed. It was no longer loose and soft; it had a texture like stone and it rose in a wall before the plane, and it was like flying against the side of a sandstone mountain. The wing letters blurred and finally you could see nothing. The plane moved, with sharp side drops and down plunges, in absolute darkness.

At five, we entered a storm. The Chinese passengers still slept. It was very cold. The American officer who was making this trip for the first time, too, looked at me and we both laughed because there was nothing else to do. You naturally did not believe anything could

(Continued on page 85)

Deathless Bombs

By Douglas J. Ingells

Major George W. Goddard, the Army's pioneer aerial photographer. Telephoto camera he is using has special filter for making infrared shots

High above cities, the Army aerial camera records what's happening below, and does it more accurately than any eye. Camouflage doesn't fool it, and it can see in the dark

ABOVE Rochester, New York, a big twin-engined bomber circled in the darkness. Below, where tiny lights gleamed, the citizens were unaware that a bomber hovered over their heads. Most of them were asleep. But they were soon to be rudely awakened.

In its fuselage, the big plane carried a strange load. Its cargo was a closely guarded military secret. It was a bomb of sorts, but its purpose was not for destruction. The plane and its crew were part of an experiment that, if successful, would have far-reaching effects on the strategy of all warfare in the future.

Suddenly, one of the crew leaned far out over the bomber's side and dropped a projectile that went spinning dizzily earthward. Six seconds elapsed, then, in mid-air, there was a terrific detonation. It drowned out the roar of the motors; it shook the houses below; it shattered windows; it startled thousands of people, and nearly caused a panic when inhabitants of the city thought that they were being bombed.

Only those in the plane knew the truth: That a photograph of the lighted city had been taken at night from an airplane flying three thousand feet in the air.

This happened sixteen years ago, the night of November 25, 1925. The picture was the first night photograph ever taken from the air, made by Major George W. Goddard (then a lieutenant), who is now chief of the aerial photographic laboratory at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, the Army's $20,000,000 aeronautical research center.

Similar tests have been carried out many times since, using improved methods over the original process and producing better results. Now photographs can be made from an airplane at night that compare favorably with those taken in daylight.

Army officials recently revealed they were releasing Major Goddard's newest type of photographic equipment to the British, and Royal Air Force pilots are now dropping powerful magnesium bombs on the Nazis, turning night into day. Under cover of darkness R.A.F. reconnaissance planes are taking pictures of important military objectives, while on the ground commanders accurately chart on finished prints and mosaic maps the courses heavy bombers will follow on their nightly raids.

The Army's flash bomb resembles a small demolition bomb of the type carried by attack bombers. Shaped like a fish, it has tiny fins protruding from its metal shell near the tapered end which guide it in an arclike path toward the earth. But this bomb never hits anything. It bursts in mid-air by means of an intricate timing device.

Various sizes of bombs are used, weighing anywhere from seven to one hundred pounds, depending upon the altitude at which they are timed to explode. The higher the plane flies, the heavier is the bomb since a larger area must be illuminated, necessitating more flash-powder content. The biggest bomb ever used in tests weighed 100 pounds, but soon greater weights are to be tried.

For peacetime tests the bombs are constructed of lightweight materials which disintegrate harmlessly in the air. For actual warfare the materials used are the same as those in regulation high explosives and when the bomb explodes it scatters shrapnel on the enemy.

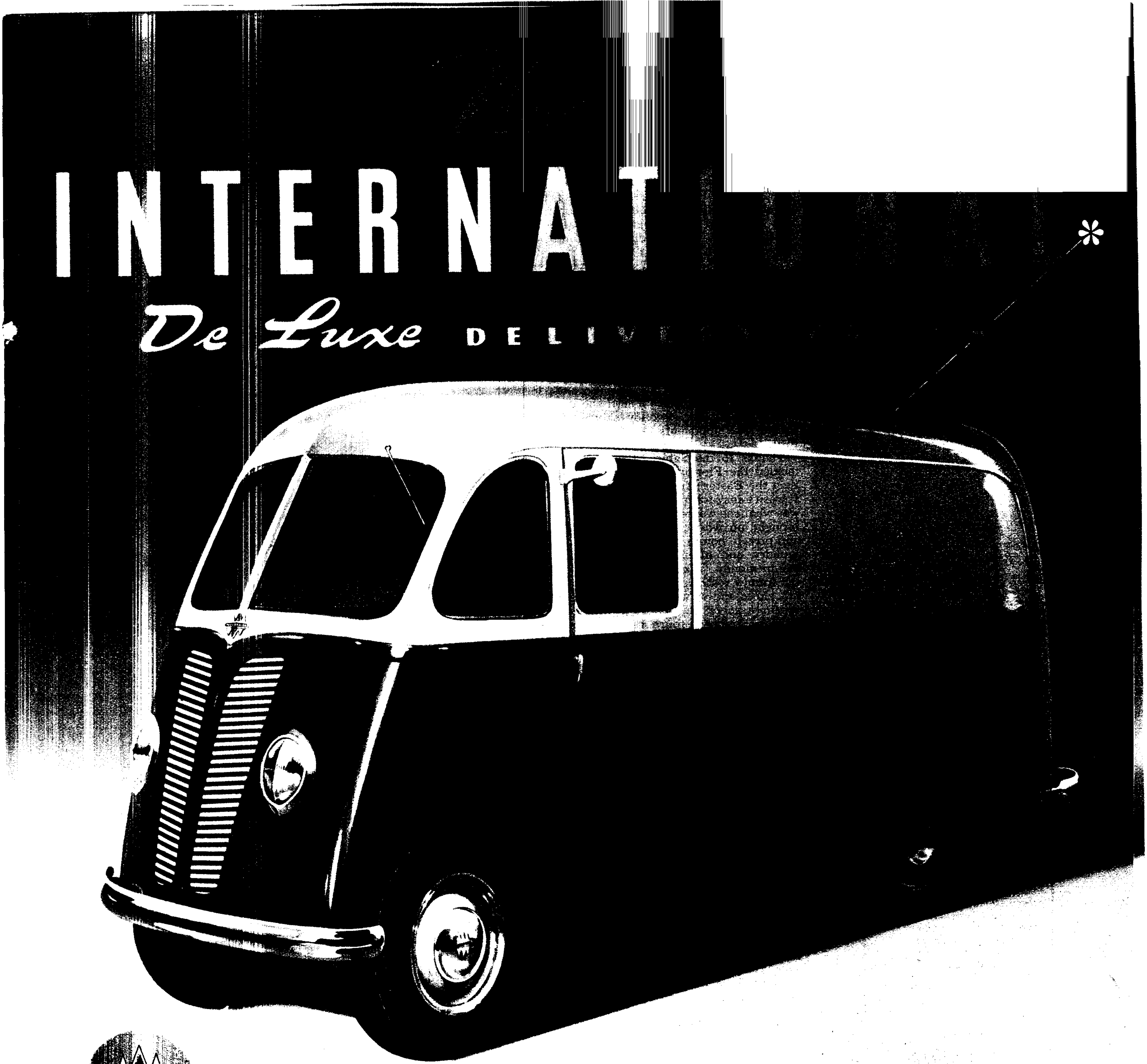
Instead of being filled with TNT the flash bomb is loaded with an intensive charge of light-producing flash powder made from special formulas known only to Army chemists. Tests made by some of the nation's leading authorities have revealed that the powder is as highly explosive and just as dangerous to work with as TNT or nitroglycerin.

The secret of the whole modern photographic process, according to its inventor, lies in the delicate timing device attached to a camera which works in perfect synchronization with a photoelectric cell. About this device very little can be said, for it is regarded as confidential by the War Department. One interesting point about it can be told however:

The automatic timing device is adjusted so that the explosion can be made to occur at any desired altitude and at a specified distance from the plane. When

(Continued on page 73)

Despite her modern dull-gray camouflage, the liner Queen Mary (third ship from bottom) stands out clearly in this aerial color photograph made just before she left New York



INTERNATIONAL

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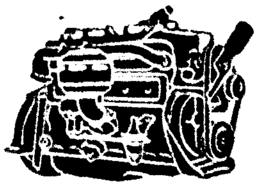

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TWO MODELS: The K-1-M, ½-ton chassis, and K-3-M, 1-ton chassis. Both built in 102-inch wheelbase for the 7½-foot body; and 113-inch wheelbase for the 9½-foot body.

The Merits of Pauline

Continued from page 19

Bundy, schooled from infanthood by her celebrated mother, May Sutton Bundy; and the steady output of Tom Stow, coach at the University of California at Berkeley, who discovered and developed Don Budge.

Betz's lack of forehand stroke invited base-line attack, but they couldn't keep her at the base line. Unfettered by do's and don'ts and rules, she was uninhibited and swung her racket with the abandon you employ in beating a rug. She stuck to the one rule: No matter how, get the ball back. This she did with tireless legs and a natural skill at volleying that made her dynamite in the forecourt and formidable at the net. There she developed sharp-angle volley shots that caught her opponents flat-footed and futile.

Thanks to the Sabins, Pauline Betz tackled the Florida winter resorts and then the Eastern summer tournaments. It wasn't easy for many reasons, but this was what she wanted. Room and board brought no worry, because the hotels and private homes supplied sustenance, laundry and often a bit of postage-stamp money. Racket-makers handed out frames, restringing privileges, sweaters, shoes and sundry items, which did much to solve the wardrobe problem, because today's tournament players practically sleep in their tennis clothes.

The Old Brush-Off

The year-long tennis junket yielded Pauline Betz victories in twenty-eight matches played in ranking tournaments, against a loss of twelve matches. Her biggest triumph was over the playing surfaces. Accustomed to the California concrete courts, she had mastered clay in Florida and the Bahamas. In the North she had encountered grass and still could win. Her chief stumbling block was the girls' champion, Helen Bernhard, to whom she lost in Bermuda and Longwood in straight sets. But she scored a victory over Helen Jacobs and it took a lot of good tennis to keep her out of all finals.

So the unranked waitress of 1938 became the Number Eight woman player of the nation when the rankings for 1939 were published. It was enough to make every California tennis person jump for joy, but there was no official jumping, because California tennis people had nothing to do with the progress. And they saw no reason for a change of attitude. No one spoke about her future or whether she should be sponsored by the Tennis Patrons' Association. In fact, Pauline received a resounding brush-off.

It required courage to think of going on with tennis against the select of the game, because ability is only one of the essentials. Another is an early start. She had already reached her twenties. Yet she headed East again, embittered by the treatment and vowing to make them regret it somehow. She reached Florida just in time to start the year 1940 with a victory in the Dixie championship at Tampa, and the Florida State title at Orlando, where she trimmed the English girl, Mary Hardwick, now a professional.

That seemed to solidify her name and tournament invitations came in a stream. Thereafter she was beaten by Hardwick in the Florida West Coast tournament, by Sarah Palfrey in Bermuda and again by Palfrey in a fight for the indoor title. She lost to Marble in New Jersey and again at Wilmington. They were defeats, yes, but observe that she was a consistent runner-up. At the end of last season Mary Hardwick eliminated her from the national singles at Forest Hills, but no other player, except Marble, could match her persistence in reaching finals.

The ranking committee rewarded her toil with an altitudinous placement, giving her Number Three spot behind Marble and Helen Jacobs. With no Marble to worry about, Betz is actually the Number Two player of the country after only two years of big-time competition.

There followed a rare opportunity to square things with California, and Pauline took advantage of it. Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, offers sanctuary to assorted talents and last year decided to specialize in tennis players. The net result was Pauline Betz and Dorothy Bundy, Eddie Alloo, Gardnar Mulloy and a few lesser names.

It was manna from Florida for Pauline, because she might have been obliged to take up waitressing again. It answered her need of board and keep until the winter tennis circuit started, at which time she would be within motoring distance of all the resort tournaments. She and Bundy, known as "Bobby" and "Dodo," became a familiar sight as they scurried to and from classes and competition. They had to take a whole week off to make the indoor championships at Brookline, Massachusetts, where Pauline regained her title by taking her own roommate, Dodo Bundy, in straight sets.

College life, of course, is hard at times, but not particularly so at Rollins, which is constantly thinking up innovations. The most celebrated is the annual "living magazine," wherein authors read their manuscripts to an audience. There is no advertising. And Pauline likes the method of teaching. There is no lecture system, nor a rigid adherence to curriculum. Each class, limited to twenty students, gathers for study, but not at desks. They sit on either side of a long table, at the head of which is the professor, who is not a professor in the popular sense of the word, but a philosopher, guide and friend. The lesson consists of talking over things in a two-hour conference.

Pauline had enjoyed her winter of college and tennis, as you can understand, and now she looks forward to a pleasant summer in the big tournaments because of the high ranking, which dictates the seeding, a practice of so placing top-flight players that they will not meet until the later rounds. Just twenty years ago the luck of the draw brought together Suzanne Lenglen and Molla Mallory in the opening round. Lenglen got headachy in the second act, defaulted and robbed the national championship of interest. Seeding has been used ever since.

Shooting for September

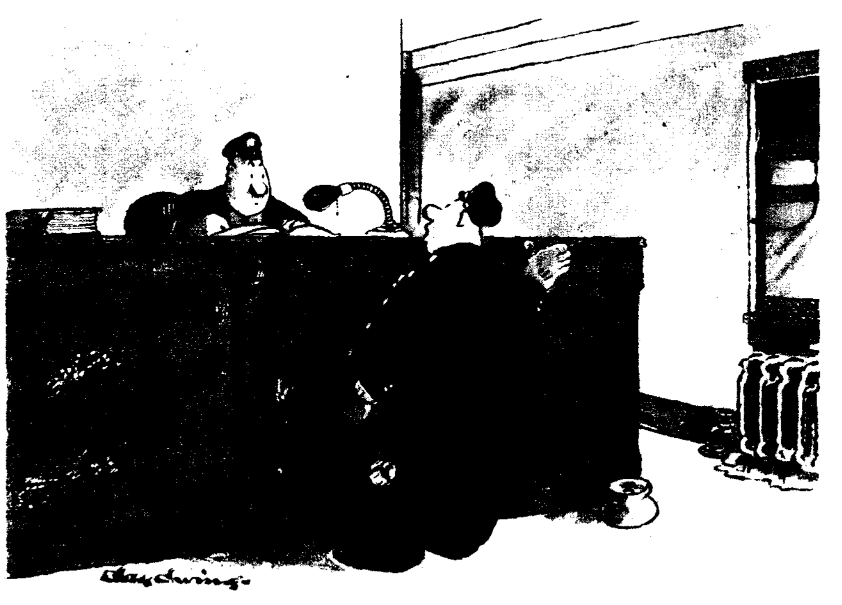
On the basis of current rankings, Jacobs will be placed at the top of the upper half, with Betz at the top of the lower half. Only an upset can prevent them from meeting in the finals, but they cannot play each other before the final match. The Number Three player, Bundy, will be placed at the bottom of the upper half to bring her against Jacobs in the semifinal. The Number Four player, Gracyn Wheeler Kelleher, goes at the bottom of the lower half to be a semifinalist against Betz, and so on down through the list: Sarah Palfrey Cooke, Virginia Wolfenden, Helen Bernhard, etc.

Thus, Betz will play Jacobs only in the finals of tournaments, and will meet Bundy when Jacobs loses. This is an important factor in calculating Pauline's chances of taking over the vacated Marble throne during the first week of September. Not everyone believes she will do it. Virginia Wolfenden has a heavy following. Sarah Palfrey Cooke has been taking lessons to put some masculine savagery into her otherwise faultless stroking. And Helen Jacobs will not be playing in a wheelchair. Yet, Betz is the heavy favorite, and only upsets can stop her now.

She is far from immune to upsets, as was proved during the winter when she dabbled in some strenuous extracurricular activities at the expense of her Florida State title, defended at Orlando in January. She took a 6-1 first set from Mrs. Mark Keller, an unranked matron, and then astonished all beholders by dropping the next two sets, 6-2, 6-2.

"Well, I'm glad that's over," she exclaimed and slammed her racket to the court. "Now, where's a doctor to take care of this hand?"

A physician came on the run and went to work on a swollen hand and a discolored finger that proved to be broken. Pauline had injured the thing in a recent effort to gain immortality for the Rollins College basketball varsity!



"I guess my mistake was I shoulda snapped 'em on his wrist first . . ."

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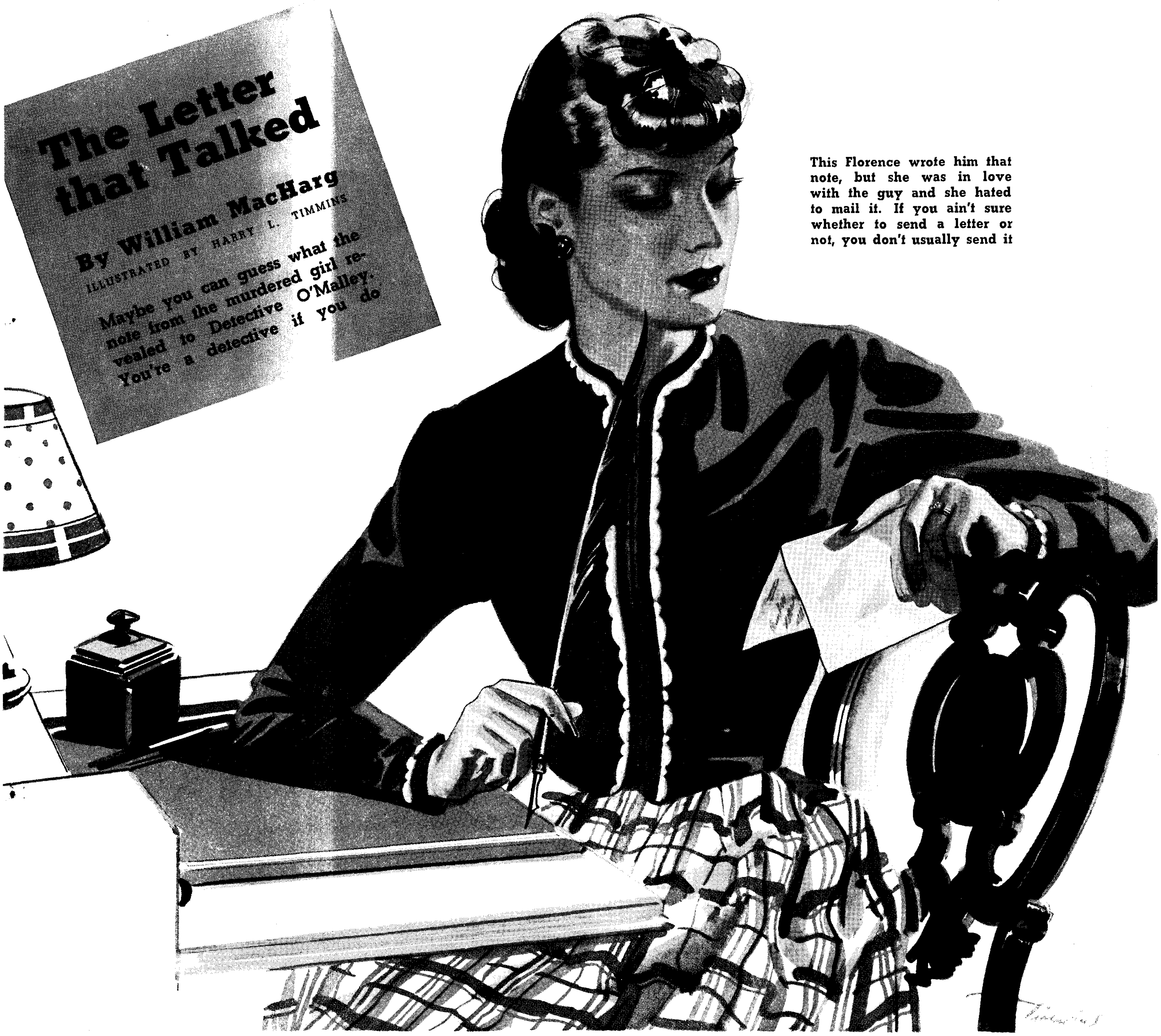
The Letter that Talked

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Maybe you can guess what the note from the murdered girl revealed to Detective O'Malley. You're a detective if you do



This Florence wrote him that note, but she was in love with the guy and she hated to mail it. If you ain't sure whether to send a letter or not, you don't usually send it

"WE GOT a mystery," O'Malley said. "It ain't in the newspapers yet, but it's going to be plenty. It's society people. A girl named Miss Gayly went shopping and she didn't come home. It wasn't reported and she was gone for three days. Now the kid got found dead in a place on the West Side. Except she got choked, we got no line on what happened to her."

We went and looked at the girl. She had been really beautiful. She was twenty-one years old. The property clerk had her things. Her expensive clothing was soiled, her handbag had money in it and her jewelry was there. O'Malley smelled of the handbag.

"Where's this kid's other earring?" he inquired of the clerk.

"She wasn't wearing only the one."

"Well, some ladies do that. This kid and her sister," he explained to me, "lived with their stepmother. The father is dead. He left his wife and the two girls all kinds of money, and they didn't know nobody except the best people. The dead kid was named Florence. They say she was popular and had been engaged different times to several different guys, and right now she was engaged to a guy named Willice, but she hadn't been going with him but with a guy named Haden."

"Do you connect Willice with her murder?" I asked.

"We ain't got that far yet."

We went where the girl had been found. It was a vacant loft building. The doors were open or had been carried away and the windows were broken. The street was full of children.

"Kids found her," O'Malley said.

We examined the spot. We didn't learn anything. O'Malley scraped up some dust from the floor and put it in an envelope.

"It's going to be a lot of trouble," he remarked, "but I guess we got to go around and talk to the people in this business. We can get their names at headquarters."

When we got to headquarters, we found we didn't have to go around because the people had been brought there. I didn't like the stepmother very well; she was a youthful and flighty-seeming sort of person. A man named Perly was with her, who had been her husband's business partner. The dead girl's sister was named Jane Gayly. She was pretty and nineteen years old. A young man named McAndres, who was with her, appeared attentive to her. The youth Willice, who had been engaged to the dead girl, was there, and the young man named Haden.

"HOW come you didn't report your daughter missing?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Gayly.

"It seemed terrible to go to the police. We thought she'd come home."

"That mean you figured you knew where she was?"

"No; it does not."

"Tell us about your sister," O'Malley invited Jane Gayly.

"She went shopping. She told me she was going to meet Mr. Haden for luncheon. Then between five and five-thirty we all were going to meet for cocktails."

"Who's all?"

"Mother and Mr. Perly and Florence and Mr. Haden and Mr. McAndres and myself. I got there about a quarter after five and Mr. McAndres and Mr. Haden were waiting, and Mother and Mr. Perly came in a little while later, but Florence didn't come."

"You seen her for lunch?" O'Malley said to Haden.

"No; I didn't. She phoned me before one o'clock and said she couldn't keep the date."

"Yeah? She say why she couldn't?"

"No."

"She say where she was?"

"She didn't."

There were some cops there. "Is this all we got?" O'Malley asked one of the cops.

"No, we got a few things. Some plain-clothes guys went to look for this Willice—the kid that was engaged to her. It's a big house on the East Side. He claimed he didn't know anything but he let them look around. They found a note."

The police had the note. It wasn't dated. It was from Florence Gayly and said: "Bob: If you act like this I don't

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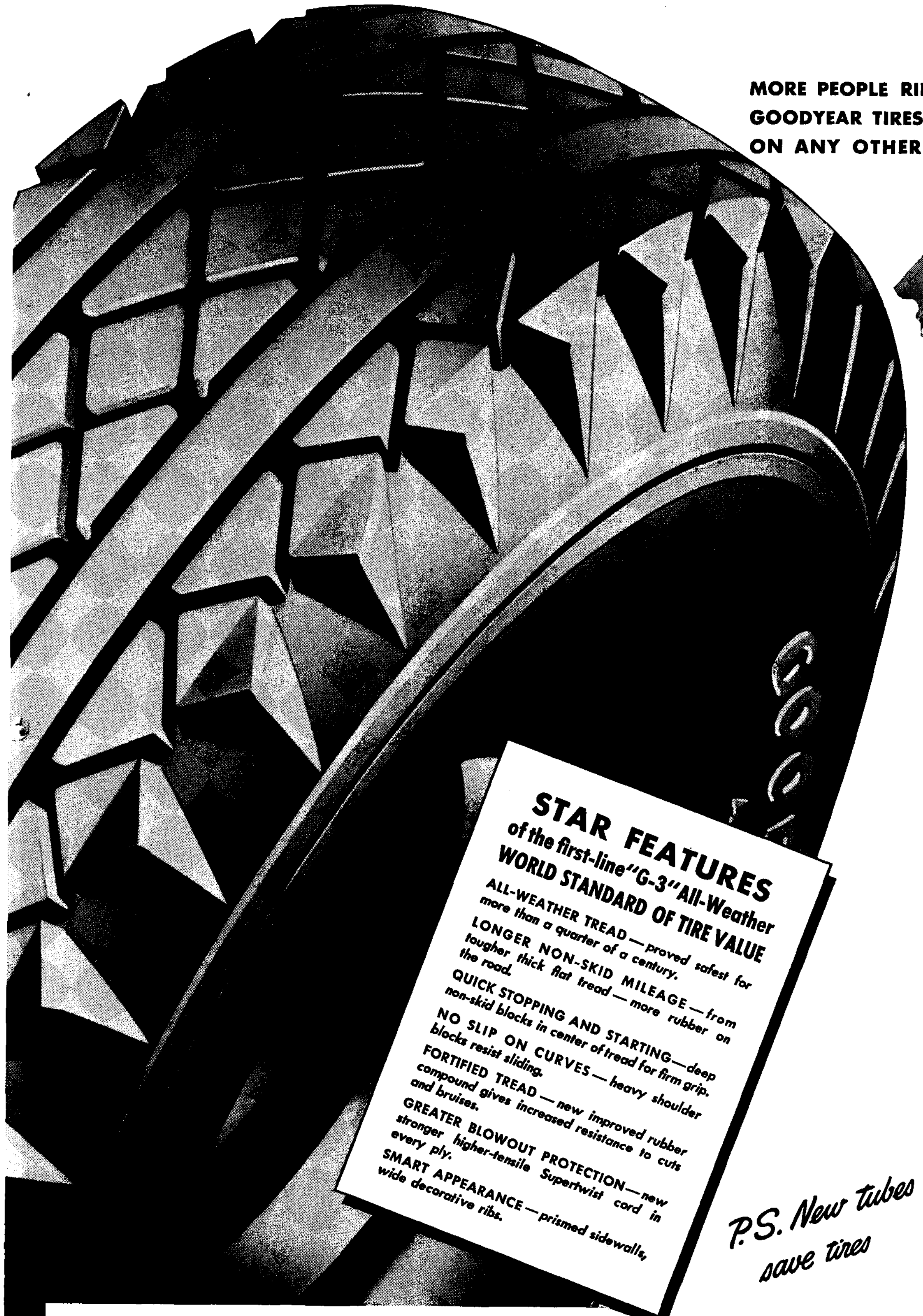

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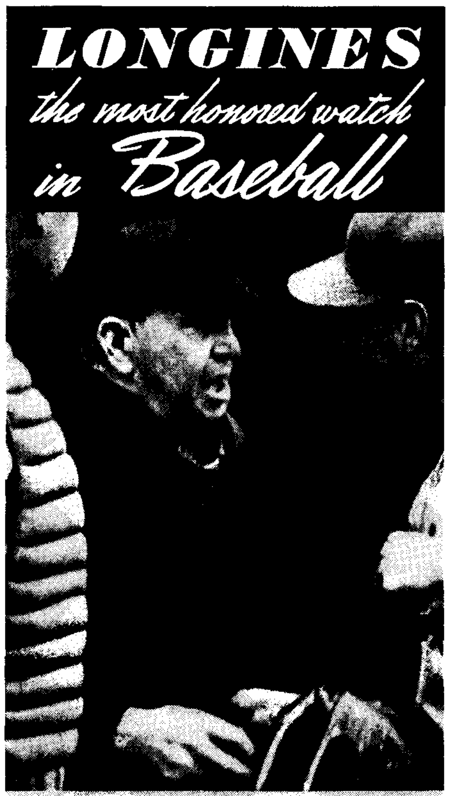

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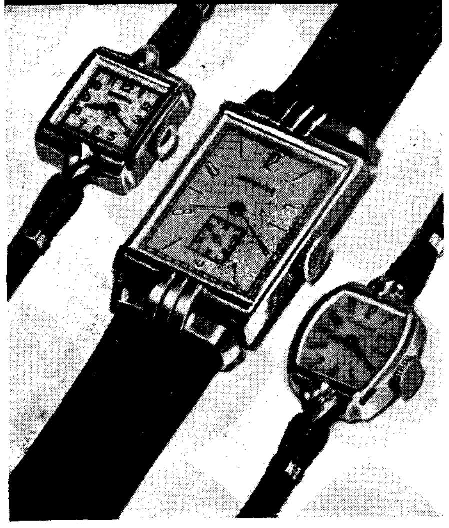


want to see you. Please don't phone me or try to date me. I mean this. Flo."

"How about this?" O'Malley asked Willice.

Willice was a good-looking boy. He seemed a lot troubled. "I don't know," he declared. "Florence and I had gone together since we were kids. I knew some day she'd marry me and she knew it too. Maybe she didn't like me to be too sure about it. Anyhow, lately she'd been seeing Haden. I didn't like it and I said so. Then, I guess, she wrote me that note."

"You see her the day she disappeared?"

"I didn't."

O'Malley smelled of the note.

"What do you think of it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"Boy! I got no idea!"

The afternoon papers were full of the case. The morning papers had more of it. I got hold of O'Malley.

"It looks like a tough one," he informed me. "Cops got where that dead kid phoned from when she broke her lunch date with Haden. It's a Park Avenue hotel. The employees there knew her. So did the doorman. He seen her go out and she walked toward Fifth Avenue. We don't know what happened after that. She wore two of them little round earrings but we only found one of 'em. We checked up on these people:

"That Mrs. Gayly was on the stage before she got married to Gayly. Perly ain't a New Yorker; he come from the West before he was Gayly's partner. Then Gayly died and Perly managed Mrs. Gayly's affairs for her. They're going to get married. Haden, that the girl had been going with, works in Perly's office. He comes of good people. Willice, who claims the girl was engaged to him, is in a commission company that has offices on the West Side not very far from where they found the kid dead. He belongs to an old-time New York family. McAndres, who Jane Gayly has been going with, is in a broker's firm in Wall Street."

"DOES any of that mean anything?" I asked.

"I guess not. Well, this dead kid was supposed to be shopping, but nobody saw her. The medical office says she'd been dead about the three days she'd been missing; they can't tell exactly. Well, she wasn't in that place on the West Side for three days. She wasn't there one day. Kids are in and out of that empty building twenty times a day. She couldn't be there but a few hours before she'd be found. You remember what kind of weather it was the day the kid disappeared?"

I didn't definitely.

"It rained between one and two o'clock but the rest of the day the sun shined. She might have went in somewhere to get out of the rain."

"You amuse me," I told him. "Unquestionably you police are very clever, but you're neglecting your most important clue. I mean the note she mailed Willice."

"Come again."

"To know when the girl died is your most important point in learning who killed her. It's plain she didn't die during the afternoon of the day she disappeared. She must have died sometime that evening. Apparently you didn't notice the postmark on her note. It was postmarked 6:30. In that midtown postal district the mail is collected every hour in the afternoon and it is postmarked within a half-hour of when it reaches the substation. When the girl mailed the note, Haden and McAndres and Jane Gayly all were waiting for her to have cocktails, and Perly and Mrs. Gayly were on the way to meet them. I suppose there is no doubt a man killed the girl, because a woman could hardly have strangled her in that fashion. The man who did it will have no alibi after 5:30 that evening."

"You're good! Cops seen that postmark as quick as you did. Well, Willice is the only one of these guys that's got no alibi after the note was mailed."

I saw in the next day's newspapers that Willice was being held.

"So that's that!" I said triumphantly, when I found O'Malley at headquarters.

"Sure. You're a great guy. So are them police officers. Well, I got no business in this case now, because it's turned into one of them pieces of scientific investigation. The laboratory went over the dead lady's clothes and found two kinds of dirt on 'em. One kind come from the building and is the same as I put in that envelope, but the other kind come from somewhere else, and they think from a car, because it's got rubber in it. All these people got cars and some of 'em have half a dozen of 'em, but the laboratory is looking for the car with the same kind of dirt. So it ain't a case for a plain cop any more. Still, I got one thing: I got some of the dead kid's letter paper."

He smelled of the notepaper, so I smelled of it too. I couldn't smell anything. It was the same paper as the note to Willice had been written on. Then a phone rang and O'Malley answered it.

"They claim they found the right car," he remarked to me.

"Whose?" I asked.

"This guy says it's Haden's. . . . You go ahead and do what I told you," he instructed the man at the other end of the phone.

We went to the police garage. There were a lot of cops there and they had Willice there and Haden and McAndres and Perly. They were around a small car.

"Your car?" O'Malley asked Haden.

"Yes." Haden appeared bewildered.

O'Malley lifted the rubber mat in the luggage compartment and under it he found a small, round earring. I was watching Haden, but I made a mistake, because it was Perly I should have been looking at. They arrested Perly.

"I don't understand it," I said to O'Malley when I met him that evening. "Why did Perly kill her?"

"It's a queer business. These girls' father had a lot of money and had interests out West and Perly represented him out there. Perly come to New York and, after Gayly died, he took charge of Mrs. Gayly's and the girls' affairs. They trusted him entirely. Well, this Perly's a gambler in business and he took a lot of the money to use for himself and he lost the most part of it. When that murdered kid Florence got to be twenty-one, she was supposed to get her share of the money and Perly didn't have it for her. Perly was figuring if he married Mrs. Gayly, he could hush the thing up without getting prosecuted, and Mrs. Gayly fell for him. He'd have got away with it, I guess, except only for Haden.

"Haden had worked for Gayly and he thought a lot of him, and, after Gayly died, he kept on working for Perly. Haden had an idea something was wrong and he told that to Florence. The reason Florence was seeing so much of Haden was because they was trying to find out about it, but she wouldn't tell Willice because they wasn't yet sure of it."

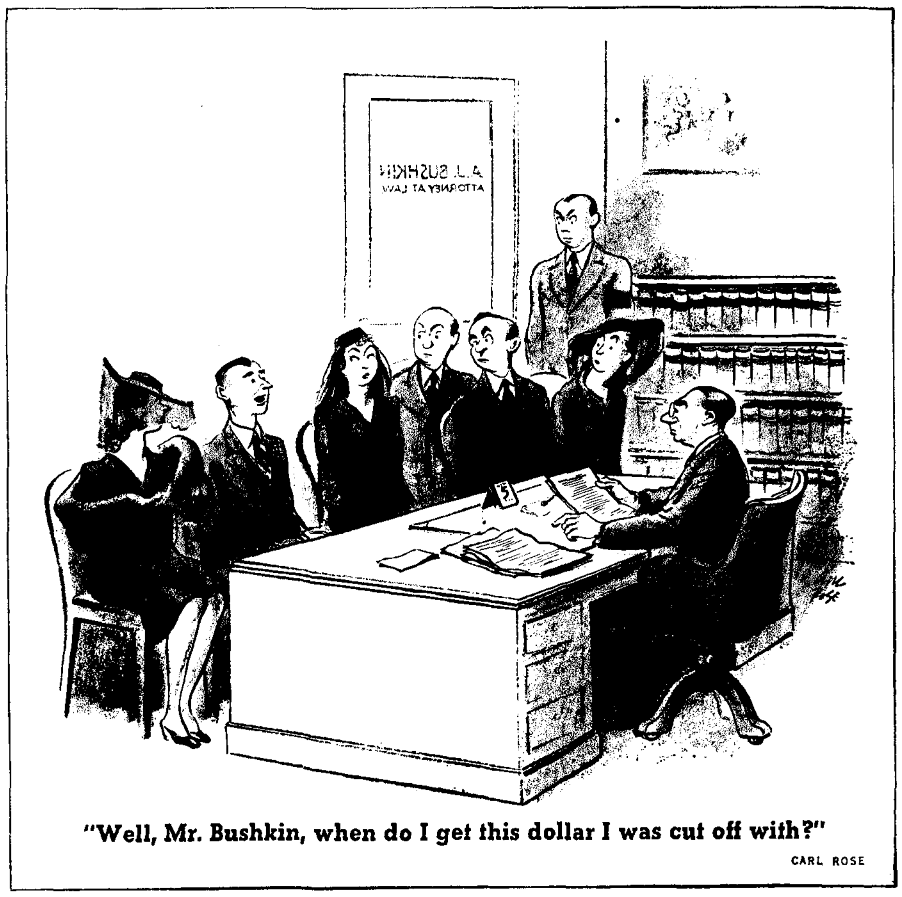
"THEN what?" I inquired.

"The day Florence got killed she was going to meet Haden for lunch. Haden had been copying some things out of Perly's account books that he promised to give her. Well, Perly got onto that. He figured to stop it. Haden had a small car that he drove to the office and kept in a garage near there, and Perly sometimes had used it. Perly had several cars, but a chauffeur always drove 'em and Perly didn't always want a chauffeur along, and so sometimes Haden had let him use his car."

"That seems funny," I said.

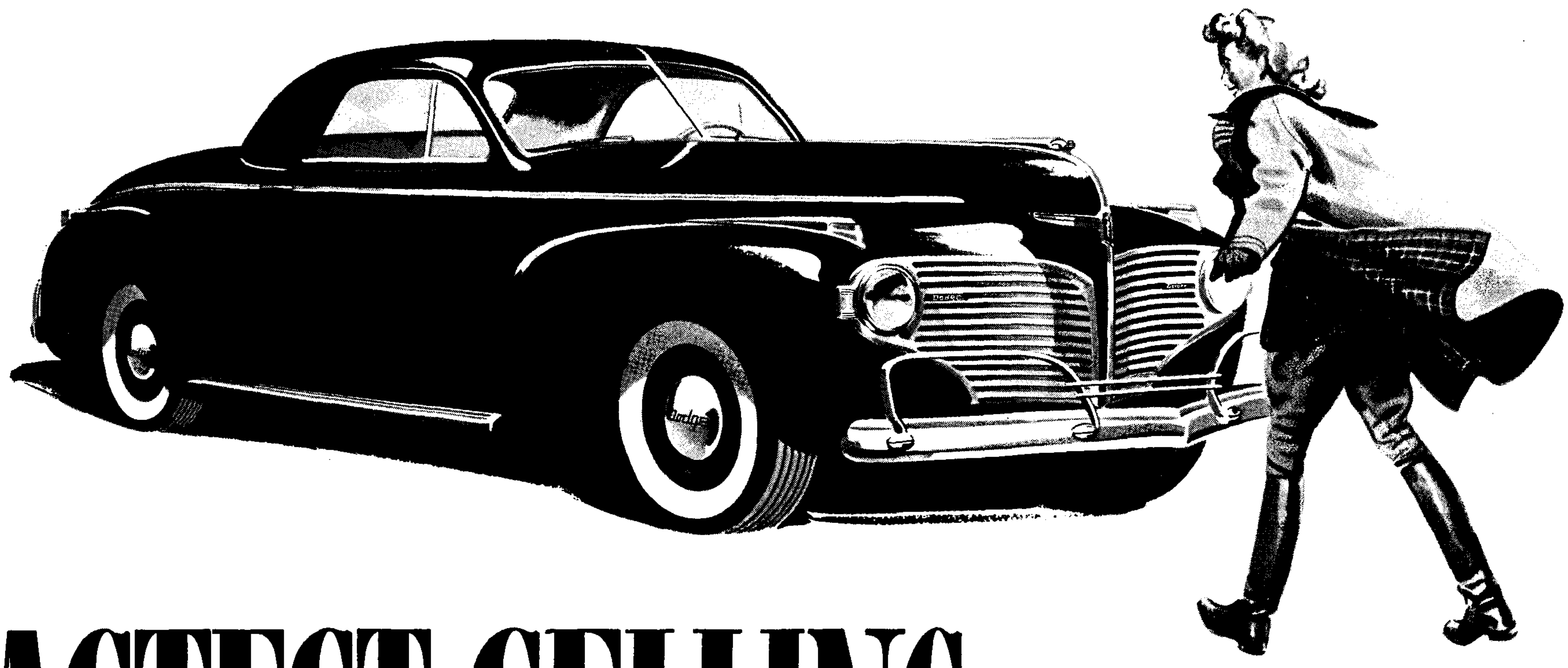
"Yeah? Wait till I finish! Perly got Haden's car keys and went in the car to the Gaylys' and waited till Florence come out. She had a cab waiting and Perly followed it, and when she got out of it he drove up and spoke to her. He said he knew what was going on between her and Haden and they was mistaken about him, and would she have lunch with him and he'd explain it all. He said where he'd meet her. Well, Florence phoned Haden she couldn't have lunch with him, and Perly picked her up afterward with the car the way he had said at the corner of Fifth Avenue. But they didn't go for no lunch: they drove around in the park.

"What Perly was doing was trying to persuade the girl to hold off till he'd married her mother. They both was



"Well, Mr. Bushkin, when do I get this dollar I was cut off with?"

CARL ROSE



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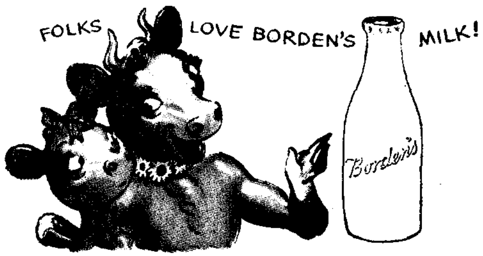
"Haven't I told you never to trust a horse?" snapped Elsie

"BUT HE TOLD ME that hanging up his shoe would make me *lucky,* mama," wailed Beulah, rubbing the rising bump on her little head.

"Darling," comforted Elsie, the Borden Cow, "no baby of *mine* needs any old horseshoes. How could you be luckier than to have Borden experts watching over your health from the minute you were born? How could you be luckier than to know that when you grow up a brilliant career is waiting for you—producing wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk?"*


FOLKS LOVE BORDEN'S MILK!
Borden's

"I could be luckier than to get bumps on my head *before* I grow up," sniffed Beulah, nevertheless listening.

"Your head is quite likely to swell in a different way," chuckled Elsie, "when you realize how many grand foods will depend on the milk you produce. *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk,* for instance, helps to make some of the best-loved cake frostings and cookies and candies in the land—because Borden is always taking such tip-top care of lucky cows like us."

It pleased Beulah to be referred to as a cow at so tender an age. "I think I may like that, mama," she said. "It's so tiresome being just a baby."

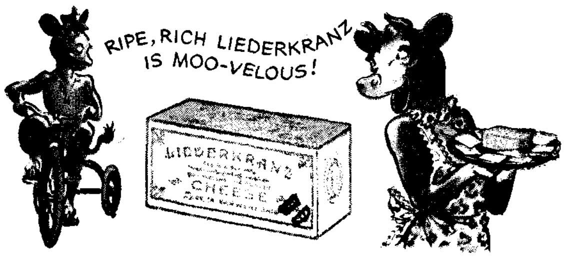
MAGIC RECIPES WITH EVERY CAN OF EAGLE BRAND!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND

"Oh, some babies I know do very well," smiled Elsie. "Particularly those heaps of thriving babies whose doctors approve *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* for their feeding. It's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D, you know. And that's not all—it helps the rest of the family to enjoy the loveliest cream soups and mashed potatoes, too."

FOR CREAMED DISHES AND SOUPS, TRY BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

"Goodness," Beulah asked eagerly, "and will everybody know that *I'm* helping to bring them all those nice things?"

"Yes, and they'll know that about lots of *other* nice things, besides," Elsie assured the little calf. "Why, take cheese alone. There's a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* folks are going to be grateful to you for. One great favorite is *Borden's Liederkranz*—the creamy, golden-crusted dessert cheese that's as truly American-born as corn on the cob."


RIPE, RICH LIEDERKRANZ IS MOO-VELOUS!
LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE

"Gee, I must have lots to learn, if I've got to make so many wonderful foods," said Beulah, a bit worried.

"All you'll have to do," Elsie assured her, "is keep turning out the finest milk and cream there is—and Borden will see that they get made into treats like smooth, luscious *Borden's Ice Cream."*

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS CREAMIER, SMOOTHER!

"Ice cream!" exclaimed the excited youngster. "What fun to be in on the making of a *special* treat like ice cream!"

"Yes," agreed Elsie, "but good things like that aren't only *treats.* For instance, although *Borden's Malted Milk* is just dandy *fun to drink,* it's also so wholesome that it's a regular, helpful part of the lives of the sturdy little Dionne Quintuplets. Its goodness is due to the Borden skill and care that make *all* our family's products so fine. And that's what's teaching so many folks a little phrase which means mighty good luck in every home that knows it."

THE MALTED MILK THE QUINTS DRINK!
Borden's
CHOCOLATE FLAVORED MALTED MILK

"Am I old enough yet to know it, too, mama?" begged little Beulah.

"Of course you are, my dear," beamed Elsie. "Just listen: *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

* * *

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden . . . and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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quick-tempered, and the end was he choked her.

"It was raining by then and there wasn't hardly nobody in the park; so nobody seen him. He took her out of the car and locked her in the luggage compartment. Then he took the car to a public garage, and he give 'em the ignition key but kept the key to the luggage compartment himself. He went back to the office and told Haden he'd had an accident with the car and it was being repaired. Two nights later, he got the car and went and left the girl on the West Side where the kids found her."

"I don't get it," I said. "Why didn't Haden suspect him?"

"That was what was tough in this case. These wasn't the kind of people you'd suspect of murder. Haden simply couldn't figure Perly as killing the girl."

"But you suspected him," I insisted.

"Sure. Suspecting people is my business. A cop suspects everybody and the note the dead kid wrote to Willice told me the story. You smell that note?"

"No," I said, "but I saw you smell of it."

"Sure. And I'd first smelled of her handbag. It had a strong perfume to it. Then cops showed me the note. Well, it had the same perfume. Then I got some of her letter paper and there wasn't no smell to it. So the note got the smell from the handbag. Well, the note had been through the mail, and Willice had had it, and the cops had it after and, if it still had that smell, it would have had to be in the handbag for quite a long while. I figured it this way: This Florence didn't want Willice interfering and she wrote him that note, but she was in love with the guy and she hated to mail it. You know how that is: if you ain't sure whether to send a letter or not, you don't usually send it. So the note could have been in her handbag when the girl had got killed. So, then, who had mailed it? I figured the killer had mailed it, to show by the postmark the girl was alive at a time after which he couldn't have been with her."

"I see!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah; and now we know how that was. After Perly had knocked the girl off, he looked in her handbag to see if there was anything there that would be evidence against him. The note wasn't sealed and he read it. Then he met Mrs. Gayly. While he was with her he mailed the note with some other letters he'd put in his pocket."

"Very neat," I declared.

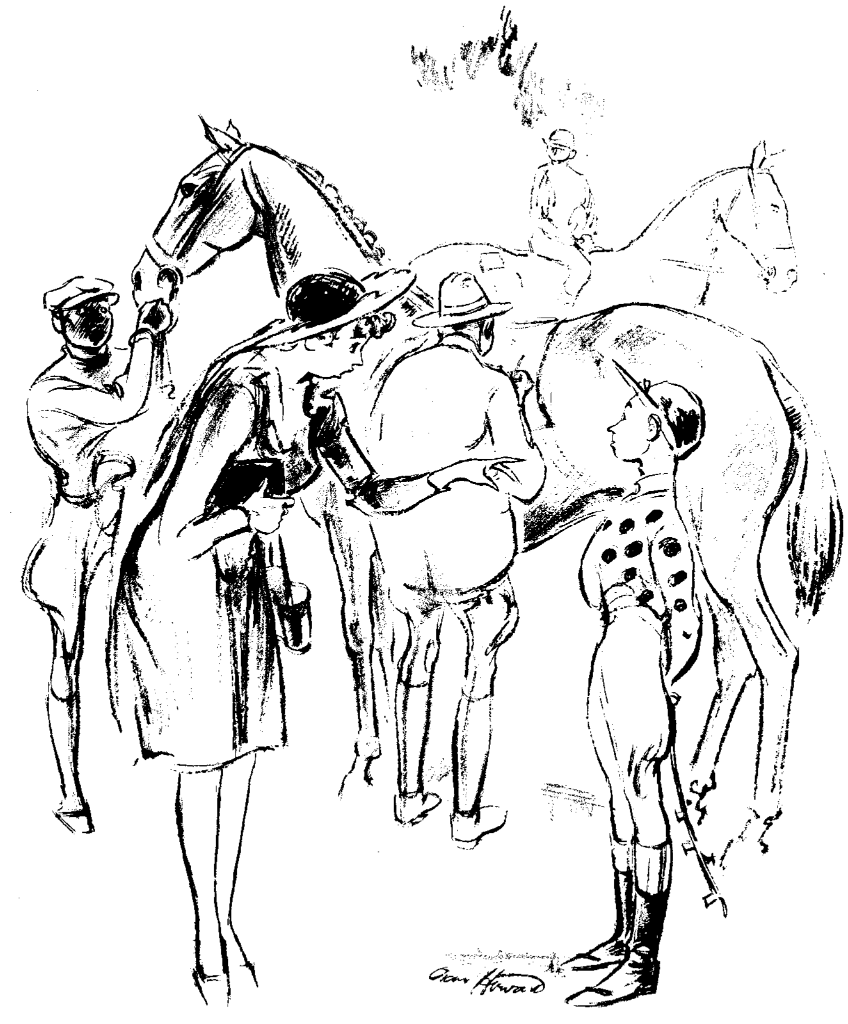
"Say, when a guy gets that smart, his own smartness gives him away. Cops figured the postmark showed the girl was alive at 5:30; so they looked for some guy that hadn't no alibi after that hour. Well, I didn't do that way. I was looking for some guy that could have mailed the note, and I found only one of 'em. Perly was the only one of these guys who had been in that postal district at the time the note was mailed. It didn't mean nothing that Mrs. Gayly was with him, because she wouldn't know what he was mailing."

"CLEVER reasoning," I complimented him. "Then the police found the car, which made them think it was Haden. But you had learned Perly had been using Haden's car, and by good luck you found the other earring in the luggage compartment."

"Say! we never had but one earring. We never found the second one. But I'd told them cops, if they found the right car, to get the girl's earring from the property clerk and put it into the car. Then we went there and found it. Well, that ended Perly. He knew we could prove he'd been using the car."

"A nice case," I decided.

"Yeah; for them laboratory cops. You won't hear about me in it. When experts get through telling how Perly got caught, you'll think there ain't no such thing as a plain cop any longer."



"Now remember, don't hit him unless he's not way out in the lead"

OSCAR HOWARD

Bringing Up Gran'ma

YOU SHOULD KNOW MY GRAN'MA! She's really a sweetheart! And just busting with personality. But don't ever try to change some of her strong-minded ways. "Puss," she says to me, "nothing, absolutely nothing in the world, can do you as much good as a real *old-fashioned purge!*"

"BUT, GRAN'MA," says I, "we're not living in the Covered Wagon days. Things have changed a lot. Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? You come down to breakfast; I have something swell to show you."

"ALL RIGHT, MISS SMARTER-THAN-I," says Gran'ma, "what's this modern marvel?" "Just a delicious breakfast cereal," says I. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause of it. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL
MADE BY KELLOGG COMPANY, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

"HOLD YOUR HOSSES!" says Gran'ma. "This is downright delicious! Young woman, if a cereal as tasty as this can do the trick you spoke of, I'll put you down for another thousand in my will!" And, bless her heart, *she did!*

Join the "Regulars"
with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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1. JACK NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but he's leaving within an hour on a through express run. Even though he feels uncomfortable, he's scared to risk taking anything . . . decides he'll put it off till tonight.

2. MACK NEEDS A LAXATIVE; he's making an express run, too; but Mack never puts off till tonight the laxative he should take this morning. He knows that sparkling Sal Hepatica works fast.

3. JACK SAYS a grouchy hello when he gets home after one of the toughest trips of his life. Constipation symptoms sure can hinder a man!

4. MACK IS FEELING swell, as anyone can tell when he greets his daughter. Sal Hepatica worked quickly, gently; helped turn his sour stomach sweet again, too.

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

PUT OFF TAKING a needed laxative and you can ruin an entire day.

Take Sal Hepatica at 7 and by 8 you're usually *relieved, beginning to feel more* like yourself. Sal Hepatica acts gently, thoroughly, by attracting needed water to the intestinal tract without discomfort or griping.

Sal Hepatica—besides being a speedy, gentle laxative—is decidedly helpful in

reducing excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica!

Next time you need a laxative, try this speedy, sparkling saline preferred by so many physicians.

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., D. S. T.

Lady in Armor

Continued from page 18

when she did meet me, it would look casual."

"You mean she's suspicious?"

"I wouldn't be awfully surprised. Anyway, she was mighty interested in what I was doin' last night."

Rita said tensely, "She came to see me today."

"I figured she would. What did she say?"

"She asked about last night." The green eyes were dark with fear. "I told her I went straight to Martha's house after the picture and stayed there. Martha checked it for her."

"A pretty good alibi," Neil observed dryly. "And most fortunate for you."

"Yes. . . . Oh, darling, I wish you could know how grateful I am."

"Skip it! But there are angles . . ." He was silent for a moment. Then: "This thing seems to be running under its own power. Plenty of power, too. I haven't always played pretty, and Dale Meredith is doing a lot of snooping."

"She can't prove anything."

"Who knows? How can I be sure that nobody saw a certain car late last night . . . my car, for instance? You see . . . when a person is guilty of something—*when*, I say—he'll never feel safe so long as he knows he's under suspicion . . . which I most definitely am."

"But she hasn't any right—"

"Be yourself, Rita. Don't forget that Paul Campbell spilled all the beans into Dale's shell-like and official ear. It's dollars to daffodils that she knows everything Campbell knew."

"But he's dead . . . and I . . ."

"He told me the whole story," said Neil, pretending not to notice the sudden tensing of Rita's figure. "No, you're not technically a bigamist any longer, my dear. You're still guilty of the crime . . . but it's one of those things that wouldn't ordinarily be followed up by a D. A. What isn't dead, however, is Dale Meredith's knowledge of motive."

"What are you going to do?"

Neil hesitated for a moment, and then placed his arm lightly about her shoulders. "What I'm going to do," he said, "is something you won't like."

She looked up, startled. "You're not going to tell—?"

"No. I'm not going to do anything that will react on you. That is, it won't hurt if you're a smart girl."

He drew her a little closer into the curve of his arm. "You know, Rita," he went on, "we mean a lot to each other in our own selfish ways. I'm being honest, because this is the time for honesty. You know that I'm overboard about you. You're a woman with plenty of appeal—with plenty of everything I like. You mean a great deal to me, and there's no reason why you shouldn't keep on meaning the same thing."

SHE caught the serious undertone, and it frightened her. She asked, "What are you trying to say, Neil? I don't understand any of it."

"I'll explain as much as I can. I'm planning to do something drastic because I've got to protect myself. I'm being pushed around, Rita—and hard. There's a certain something that gives promise of rising up and causing trouble. It's something that—if it hits—I won't be able to talk myself out of. That's why I'm being forced to do this thing I'm planning—not because I want to but because I must. If you're sensible, it'll make no difference between us . . . except that perhaps we'll have to be more discreet."

"Let's have it, Neil." Her voice was flat.

"Here's what I'm going to do," he explained, "and I'm counting on you to take it the right way. You'll pardon my vanity when I say that there's a girl in Karnak who is decidedly off the deep end about me. It's very flattering . . . but until trouble started popping recently, it hadn't seemed at all important. Now it does."

He waited a moment, and then went on:

"It seems so terribly important that I have decided to ask this girl to marry me. I'm not at all in love with her, but—for reasons of my own—I do wish to marry her. And I don't think I'm overestimating my charm, my dear, when I say that I have no doubt what her answer will be. I can practically assure you that by this time tomorrow I will be engaged."

Rita's eyes were wide and her lips were dry. She knew better than to protest, and so she only asked, "Who is this girl, Neil? Who is she?"

"Peggy Meredith," he answered quietly. "Dale Meredith's sister."

FROM her place back of the tall, silver coffee urn Dale Meredith gazed at her sister in consternation. Breakfast was forgotten. Even the fact that the little family was not alone—that Peter Aylesworth was fidgeting uncomfortably in his chair—was a matter too unimportant to register.

"Peggy!" she cried, "it isn't possible!"

"Why isn't it?"

"Because . . . oh, my dear, you *can't* be engaged to Neil Berkeley!"

"But I am." There was defiance, and more than a trifle of apprehension, in Peggy's voice. She had anticipated violent family opposition, which was the reason she had selected the breakfast table to announce her astonishing news. Maybe the presence of a guest might serve to temper the inevitable opposition; perhaps it would make the expected explosion less devastating. But as though to stifle this hope, Peter rose quickly and lifted his little daughter from her high chair. Murmuring embarrassed excuses, he carried Joyce on his shoulder out of the dining room and into the front yard. Otis Meredith was left alone with his two daughters.

"It's out of the question," he said firmly. "Neil is no man for you, Peggy. He's no man for any decent woman—much less a child. I've been a tolerant and understanding father, but I'll never give my consent to this sort of thing."

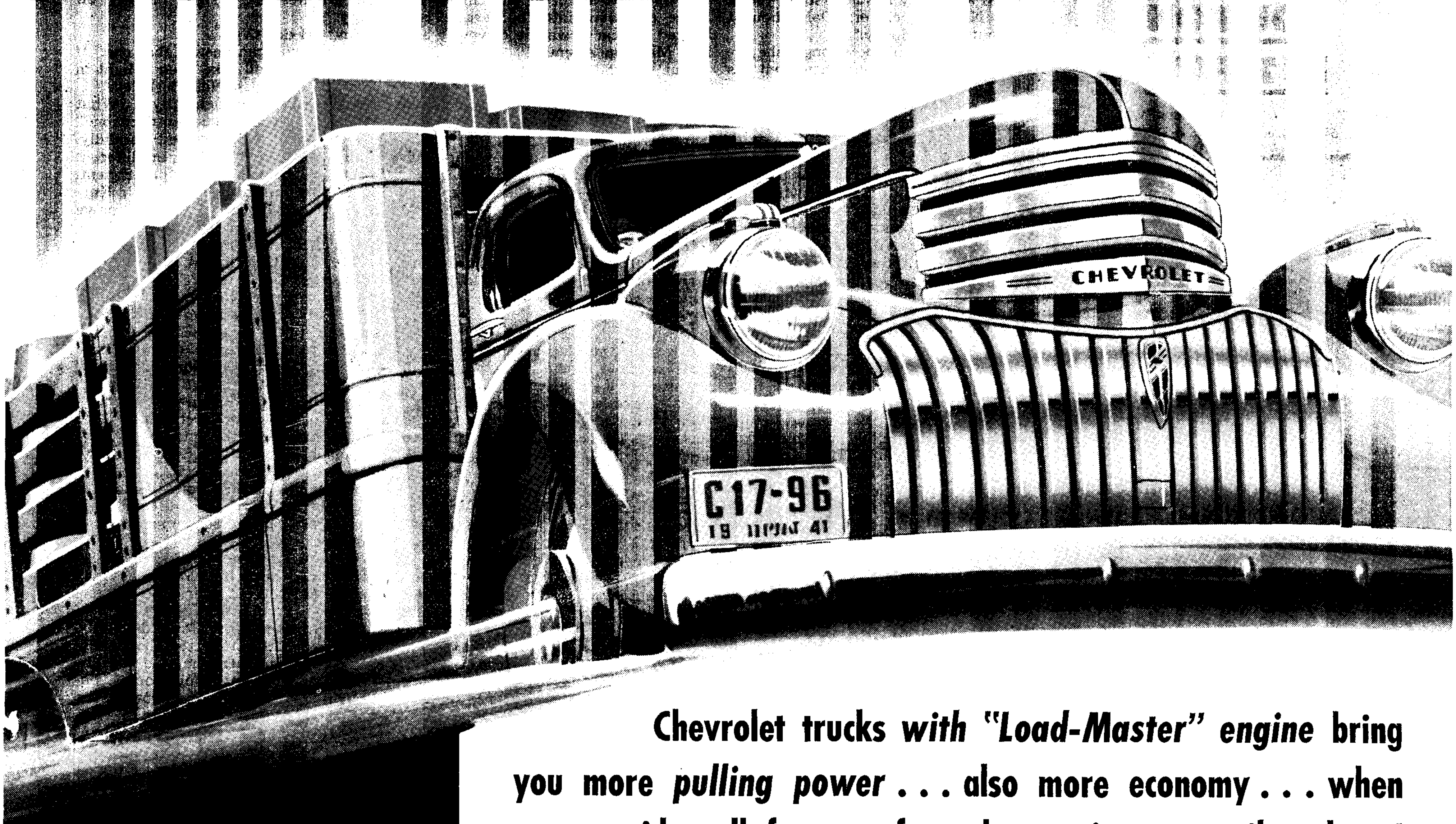
Peggy's face flushed and she started to make an angry answer, but Dale broke in. She said, "No, Dad—let's don't go at it that way." She turned to the younger girl and spoke pleadingly: "Honey, are you sure . . . ?"

"Of course I'm sure." There was a hint of bravado in Peggy's manner: "Why has Neil suddenly become such a terrible person? You both act as though he were someone you'd never heard of before."

"That's just the trouble." Dale was making a valiant effort at self-control. "We *have* heard of him—and so have you, dear. Oh! I admit that he's handsome and picturesque, and I don't blame you for finding him fascinating. It isn't even your fault if you're in love with him . . . I suppose things like that can't be helped. But you mustn't chuck all your common sense out of the window, Peggy. You know all the things Neil has done—"

"Bunk!" interrupted Peggy hotly. "That's a silly, stupid line that envious folks have been pulling for years. Every time anything happens in Karnak

MORE PULLING POWER



Chevrolet trucks *with "Load-Master" engine* bring you more *pulling power* . . . also more economy . . . when you consider all factors of purchase price, gas, oil, upkeep!

★TWO NEW VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINES . . . STANDARD: 174 FOOT-POUNDS OF TORQUE—90 HORSEPOWER . . . "LOAD-MASTER": 192 FOOT-POUNDS OF TORQUE—93 HORSEPOWER (optional on Heavy Duty models at extra cost) ★ NEW RECIRCULATING BALL-BEARING STEERING GEAR ★ NEW, MORE COMFORTABLE DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT ★ 60 Models — Nine Wheelbases

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General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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"SURE! I SELL OTHERS TOO, BUT ON MY OWN CAR I USE DU PONT No. 7 POLISH"

SAYS W. I. REHR
Shaker Square Shell Services, Cleveland, Ohio

REHR WRITES:

"Here's why: The new improved **No. 7 Polish** is *easier* and *quicker to use* than any other. (I've tried 'em all, too.)

"No. 7 is easy to apply — and easy to wipe off. And it makes your car shine like nobody's business!

"Try No. 7 Polish yourself. It's made by Du Pont, leading maker of automobile finishes. It's right for your car—and easy on *you!*"

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SAMPLES FOR YOU!

Send 6¢ to help cover mailing costs and we'll send you a liberal sample. Indicate by check mark which you want. (Send 12¢ if you want both.) ☐ No. 7 Polish ☐ "Speedy Wax." DU PONT CO., Chem. Spec. Div., Dept. C-2, Wilmington, Del. (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

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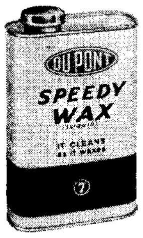


County, they blame it on Neil. He warned me of what you both would say, and I told him last night what I'm telling you now—that it doesn't make a bit of difference."

So Neil had spiked their guns by preparing Peggy for their precise objections; he'd built himself up as a much abused and sadly misunderstood young man. Neil was clever. Dale thought fast, but spoke slowly.

"Everybody can't be wrong," she argued quietly. "You know how Neil has been handling things."

"Oh! for Heaven's sake," broke in Peggy angrily, "stop playing public protector number one. Try being a sister for a little while."

Dale rose from her place at the end of the table and moved swiftly to Peggy's side. She flung her arms about the younger girl and held her close. "I reckon I do deserve that, honey," she murmured. "But there's so much you don't understand."

She stopped on that. There was a vast deal that Peggy not only didn't understand, but that she couldn't be told right now. Not that Dale would have hesitated to tell Peggy anything that might open her young eyes and save her from this ghastly blunder . . . but she knew well enough that it would be unwise to accuse Neil of anything that could not be backed up by tangible proof. And so she finished gently by saying, "You see, Peggy—it's just that I love you so much I'm thinking of nothing but your happiness."

Peggy blinked back tears of sentiment, not of weakness. She said, "Okay, Sis. But I believe that Neil can make me happy."

Dale drew a deep breath. Obviously this was no moment to press the attack. So she smiled and said, "I hope so, dear. I do, really. If he can do that, I'll forgive him a lot of things. But promise me one thing, Peggy—just one thing. You're awfully young. Don't be in too great a hurry to get married, will you?"

Peggy took refuge in a grin: "Isn't that just stalling for time, Sis?"

"Only time enough for you to be sure that this is what you want." She forced herself to smile. "Being engaged is heaps of fun," she said, "so make it last as long as you can. Here's a big hug from me, and . . ." Dale's eyes flashed a message to Otis Meredith, "how's about giving your father a chance to congratulate his newly engaged daughter?"

PEGGY and her father rose at the same instant. The slender, grave little man held Peggy close for a moment, and then kissed her. And Dale, fearful that she might betray her real feelings at any moment, hurried out of the room—hurried into the front yard, where she found Joyce playing on the lawn and Peter sitting in the swing. He raised his eyebrows with a dozen mute questions and Dale dropped into the seat opposite him.

"I'm mighty unhappy," she confessed, "but Peggy was in no mood for the expected opposition. Neil had prepared her for it too well. So I gave my sisterly blessing."

Peter said, "Right-o. Sounds like excellent tactics."

"Anything is good tactics that keeps her from rushing into such an insane marriage. I wonder whether this seems as fantastic to you as it does to me."

"Quite."

"I don't believe that Neil's in love with Peggy. She's too immature . . . too naturally sweet and unspoiled. But I'm threatening to cause him serious trouble, and he's hit on this method of stopping me. It fits in with everything else he's ever done." Her expression was no longer soft. "If Neil continues with this plan of wrecking Peggy's chance for happiness," she said grimly, "he's going to find himself with a first-class fight on his hands."

Peter regarded her with admiration. "Planning something?" he inquired.

"Definitely. I'm going to see my prospective brother-in-law right now."

When Dale emerged from the house again, she had donned hat and coat. She waved to Peter as she circled the house and went into the garage. She backed her car down the driveway and into Marsden Avenue.

But she did not stop at the courthouse. She parked in front of the unbeautiful MacDonald Block and was waiting in Neil Berkeley's private office when he came in.

His manner was superbly unruffled. He smiled at her and said, "This is a pleasure, Dale—but scarcely a surprise."

SHE waited until he had seated himself. Then she said quietly, "Don't you think you might have given me advance warning, Neil?"

"About what?"

"Peggy."

His smile was charming. "Now really, Dale . . . does a man usually approach the sister of a girl he's in love with?"

Dale's eyes were cold. She said, "Let's drop pretense, Neil. We're alone, and this seems like an awfully good time to lay our cards on the table."

"Okay." His eyes met hers steadily. "If you really mean that."

"I definitely do. Now then, first of all, what's the idea of becoming engaged to Peggy?"

He shrugged. "If we hadn't agreed to be frank with each other, Dale—I'd say it's because I'm in love with her. But under these circumstances, I'll confess that it's because I thought that you wouldn't like it."

"I don't." Suddenly her manner changed. She leaned forward pleadingly: "Why can't we fight this thing out ourselves, Neil? Isn't it a pretty lowdown trick to drag a kid into it?"

"Perhaps." He smiled thinly. "You don't want me to marry Peggy, do you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well . . . I don't want you to be sheriff."

"That's the issue?"

"Definitely. It's all so simple, Dale. The minute you resign, I'll lay off Peggy."

"And if I don't?"

"I think you can answer that one. If you don't—I shall take keen delight in making Peggy Mrs. Neil Berkeley."

Dale asked thoughtfully, "What made you reach this sudden decision?"

"Necessity," he answered candidly. "I might have played along on different lines if you hadn't gotten too efficient. Most things that have happened in Karnak can be easily taken care of. You've started poking your nose into the one thing I don't want resurrected."

"The Tom Garrison affair?"

"Precisely." He wasn't smiling now, and his eyes were cold as ice. "I don't mind coming clean with you. If Garrison should happen to be picked up and brought to trial, they could make him spill things. And I wouldn't like that."

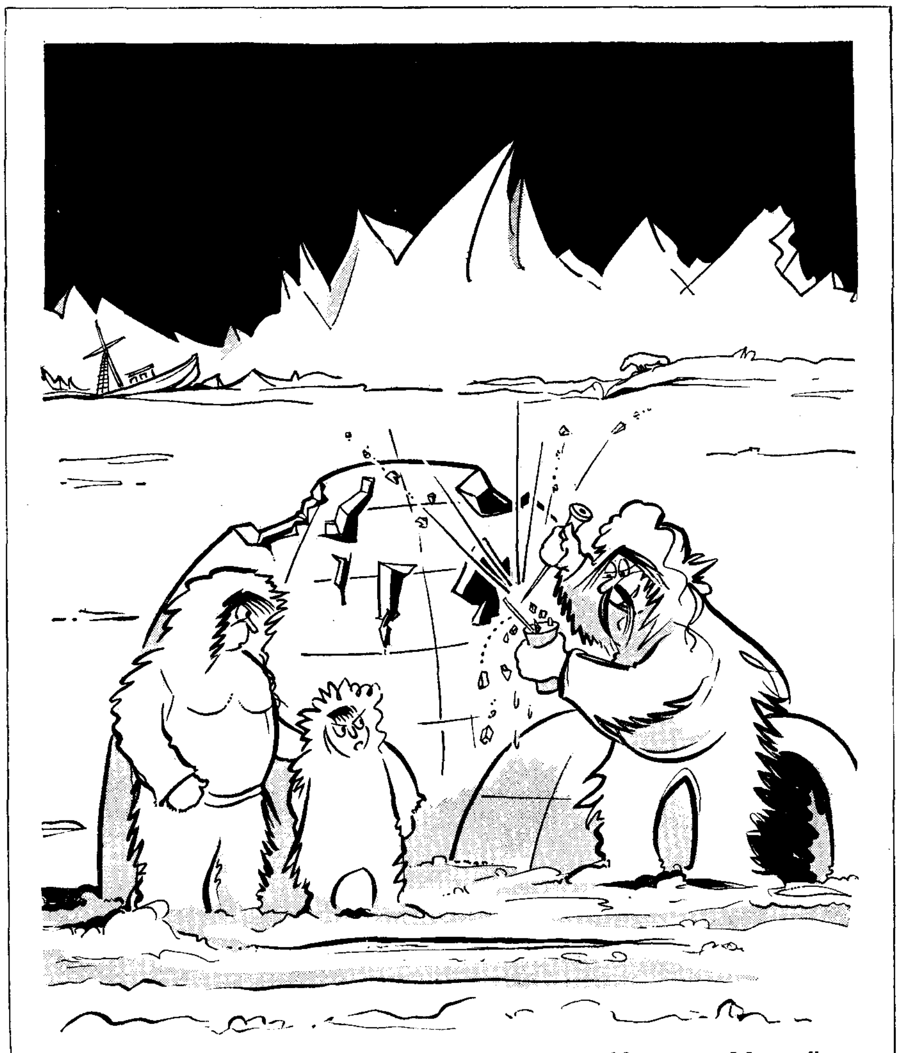
"There are other things you wouldn't like, either, Neil—answering general charges of graft and corruption, meddling with juries, the murder of Paul Campbell, complicity in Ed Clarendon's death . . ."

"Smart girl, aren't you?" His face was flushed. "You've become very much impressed with yourself since you got your new job."

"Perhaps. And I'm following through."

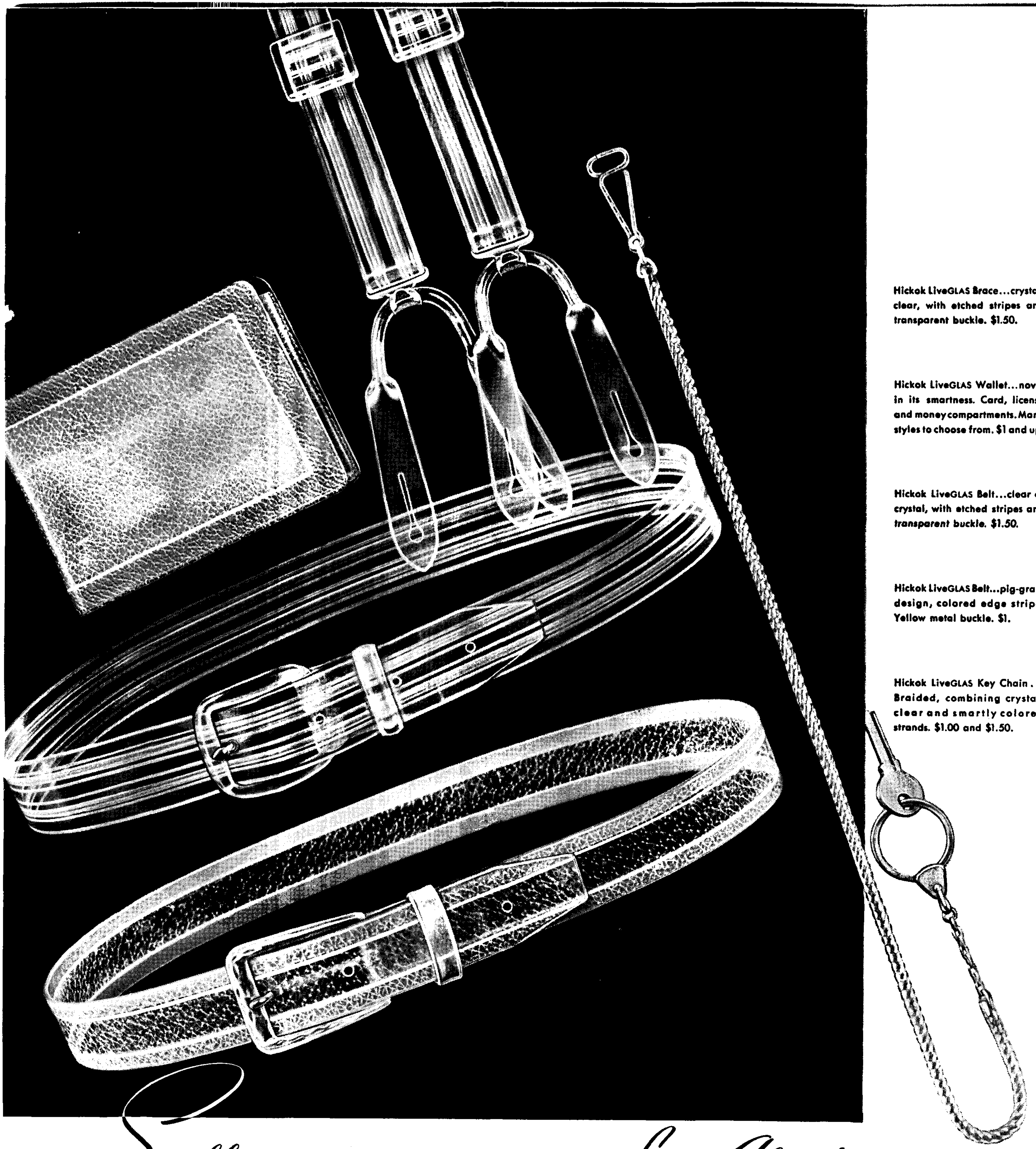
He forced himself to remain casual. "Where did you get your dope on Garrison?"

"He wrote me," she stated calmly. "He heard I'd been elected sheriff. He didn't tell me where he was, but he wanted to ease a troublesome conscience." Her eyes were narrow. "And don't think you can ever get that letter,



"I'm afraid your father is gonna drink us out of house and home"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



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“That’s to be sniffed at,”

said the briar

“You mean that’s *not* to be sniffed at,” corrected the meerschaum cavalier. “You’ve got the expression wrong.”

“Not on your life!” said the briar. “Not when I’m talking about Half and Half’s fine aroma. One good sniff at Half and Half’s mellow smoke and you’ll say what my boss and his wife say time and again when I’m glowing with Half and Half: ‘Boy, that smells good!’”

IT WOULDN’T BITE THE MEANEST MAN ON EARTH

Next time you settle down with your pipe, load up with Half and Half. No other tobacco at any price brings you all three of these advantages:

1. Aroma: Half and Half makes you and your pipe welcome anywhere. Even your “better half” will enjoy the fragrance of Half and Half.

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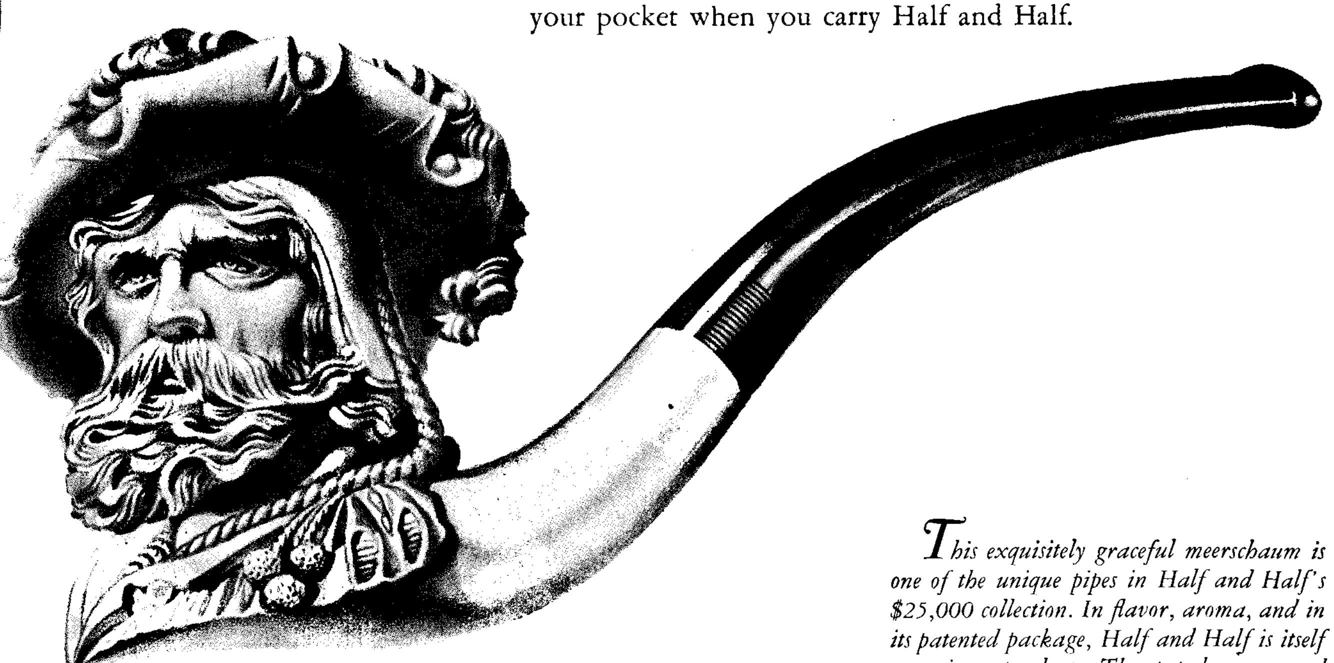
3. Telescope Tin: It’s patented, gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. Easy on your fingers when you load up. Easy on your pocket when you carry Half and Half.



This exquisitely graceful meerschaum is one of the unique pipes in Half and Half’s $25,000 collection. In flavor, aroma, and in its patented package, Half and Half is itself a unique product. The popular patented Telescope Tin gets smaller and smaller as you use the tobacco, making it easier to fill your pipe.

HALF AND HALF
A CARGO OF CONTENTMENT IN THE BOWL OF ANY PIPE

HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of Any Pipe

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Neil. It's hidden away where you couldn't possibly get your hands on it."

"I could imagine that. Anyway, I don't want Garrison found. I most particularly don't want him brought back to Karnak for trial. The letter doesn't bother me . . . it's an unsubstantiated howl from a man who is confessedly guilty, and therefore exceedingly poor evidence. So it narrows down to the man himself. Now suppose you be sensible: you have sent out a call for Garrison, which is something Angel Verner discreetly never bothered to do. I suggest that you forget it entirely."

"I'm not playing that way, Neil."

"That's not right bright."

"Are you threatening me?"

HE ROSE and looked down at her. His voice had taken on an icy quality, and he made no further pretense of being friendly: "Yes, I'm threatening you. Suppose I really talk cold turkey for a moment. You think—I'm not admitting it, mind you—you think I had something to do with Ed Clarendon's death. You believe that I killed Paul Campbell. Are you so stupid that you can't put two and two together?"

She, too, rose, and her gaze was hostile. "I can," she said, "and the answer is 'four.' In other words, you're telling me in plain words that if I don't call off the dogs, I may meet the same fate that finished Ed and this Campbell person—is that it?"

He nodded: "That's about the way it sizes up."

Hot anger flared up in her: "You're rotten all through, Neil. A dangerous man might be admired . . . but you're just rotten. You steal and you lie and you murder. You've built a young fortune on a public-be-damned policy. And now you climax your career by threatening to murder a woman." She shuddered, but it was with anger and not fear. "Well, odd as it may seem, Neil—I'm not afraid of jackals. I've started after you, and this will only make me keep after you twice as hard."

"That's final?"

"Yes."

"You're being a fool. Maybe when you think things over, you'll get some sense. If you don't, it'll be just too bad."

"Go ahead."

"I don't like you. I don't like what you're doing. I've gone far in the past, and I'll go a damned sight farther in the future. And since you want all the dirty details, I'll give them to you!"

His voice was low and bitter:

"Yes, I became engaged to Peggy with the idea of forcing you to resign. I don't care about her, and I'll let her alone if you'll lay off me. But if you don't I'll marry her, and soon . . . and you know what that will mean. It will mean misery for her. You can figure all the reasons. But that's the way it is, and I won't do anything to make it easier.

"The question is then: How much is it worth to you to save your kid sister from me? When you get the answer let me know."

Dale's face was white. She said tightly, "You've got my answer now."

"You're declaring war?"

"Call it what you like."

"I'll still give you a little while to change your mind. I'd rather adjust this thing sanely." He followed her to the door. "But get this, Dale—and get it straight. The minute Tom Garrison shows up in this town, two things are going to happen."

"Yes . . . ?"

"The first will happen to you, and it will shut you up effectively. The second will happen to Peggy. Because that very day I'll marry her."

Dale stared into his angry eyes. She said, "At least we both know where we stand."

"I do," he said coldly, "but I don't believe that you do. And what's more important"—he smiled cruelly—"I'm quite sure that Peggy doesn't."

JOYCE AYLESWORTH tossed restlessly on her little bed. Her face was flushed, her eyes too bright. Peter sat beside her, his big hand clasping her little one. Peggy, wide-eyed and frightened, hovered at the bedside.

She was struggling to cope with a situation that she did not undestand. Serious illness had, thus far in her young life, mercifully passed her by, and yet she recognized that this was grave.

"Peter," she cried helplessly, "I want to help Joyce . . . and I don't know what to do."

"There's very little we can do," said Peter gently. "And try not to wear yourself out by worrying. It won't really help her, you know."

Peggy shook her head. "But I have to do something, Peter. I'm going to call Dale."

"Please don't."

"I must. She'd be terribly angry if I didn't let her know how sick Joyce really is. It's gotten so much worse since she left this morning."

"Dale has too many things on her mind already," said Peter. "We mustn't add to her worries."

But, in spite of his protests, Peggy telephoned the sheriff's office. Within ten minutes Dale was there.

She tossed her hat and coat on a chair in the living room, ran up the stairway and came into the room, quiet and confident. She sat down beside the bed and put her hand on the fevered forehead of the child, and she hoped Peter didn't see the startled look in her eyes.

She said, calmly as she could, "Peggy, call Dr. Revelle right away. He's probably at the hospital. . . ."

The throat was badly infected, and the fever was alarming. Dale fixed cold compresses and applied them to throat and forehead.

Peter said, "She looks rather bad, don't you think?"

"She'll be all right, Peter. Children throw these things off better than we do."

"I wish you hadn't come . . ."

"You know I wouldn't be anywhere else." She looked from him to Peggy. Peter was anxious and apprehensive, but there was sheer panic in Peggy's blue eyes. She leaned over the tiny figure as though trying to breathe some of her health and strength into the ill baby. She seemed as terrified as though Joyce had been her own.

Dale experienced an odd sort of glow at the sight of Peggy so concerned over a child. She thought of Peggy with a child of her own. But that brought up the unpleasant remembrance of Peggy's engagement to Neil Berkeley . . . and Dale was grateful to Dr. Revelle for arriving just then and forcing her to think of other things.

Dr. Revelle used thermometer and stethoscope. He looked at the child's throat. It was only when they left Peggy with the baby and Peter and Dale followed him into the hallway that he voiced his doubts.

"High fever," he said, "can never be taken lightly. She needs to be watched every moment, and to be kept comfortable. You can get me at any time. I want to know the minute there's any change."

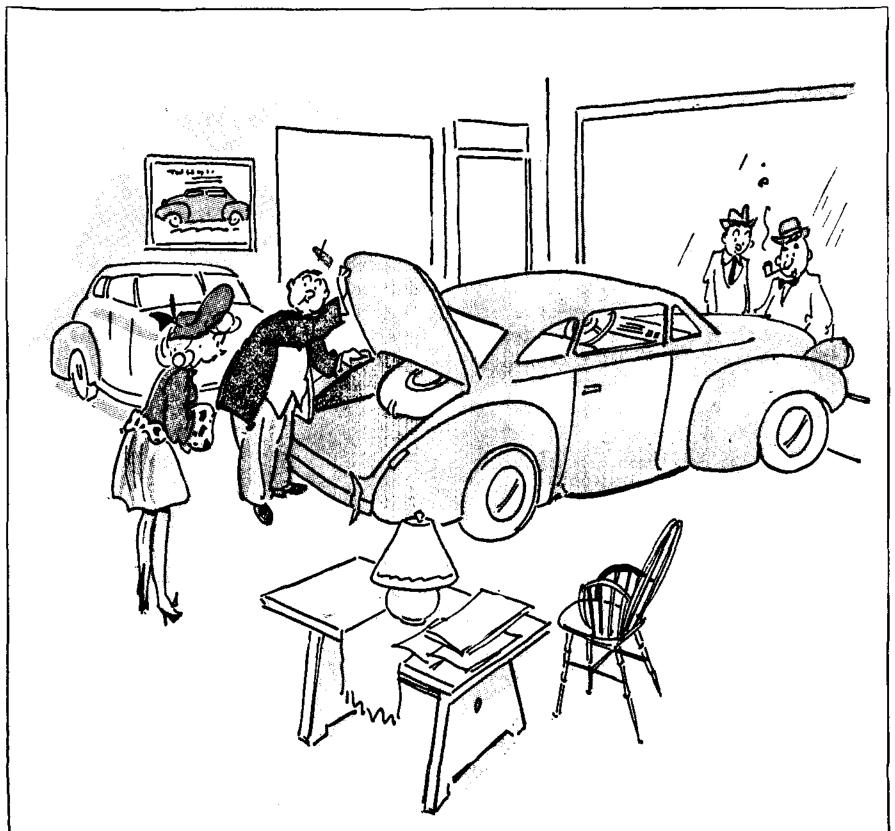
Peter moistened his lips. "Is there any real danger, Doctor?"

REVELLE met the steady eyes of the Englishman and decided that here was a man to whom he could speak frankly. He said, "I don't know. There's always some danger when the infection is as pronounced as this. I'll keep on trying to get you a nurse . . ."

But he did not succeed in getting a nurse that day, and when he suggested sending away for one, Dale insisted that they could manage until a local nurse became available. She laid out a plan whereby she, the ebony cook and Peggy could take turns in the sickroom, thus allowing those off duty brief intervals of rest.

Peter, of course, remained in the room. But it was Peggy—amazingly enough—who refused stubbornly to abide by the schedule. She would leave the room obediently enough and stretch out on her bed, but before the first hour had passed she would creep back into the sickroom, her eyes pleading for permission to remain.

At first Dale tried to reason with her. Then she realized that it would be less



"Could I have a spare fender instead of a spare tire?"

REAMER KELLER

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INFLAMED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May Get It. Often Leads To Pyorrhea

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Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. This effective 2-Way Forhan Method:

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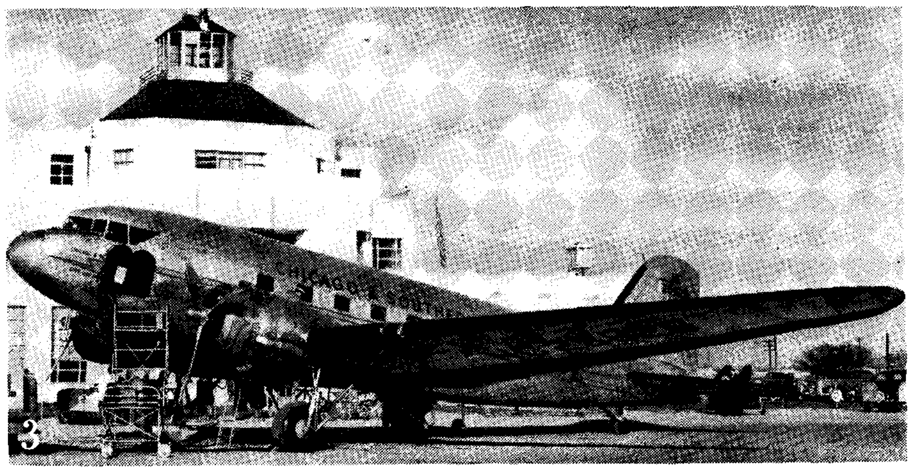

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of a strain for Peggy to stay than to be banished where she could only worry and wonder.

"Okay, honey." Dale placed her arm about Peggy's shoulders. "We'll stick it together. Things will clear up before very long."

But her prophecy was far from accurate. There were days of tedious nursing, agelong nights when the darkness and quiet outside enhanced the tension within the house. They tiptoed about the place, tired and helpless, but refusing to give up.

AND then one night, after more than seventy-two virtually sleepless hours of unremitting tension, Joyce's fever broke. It plummeted from a dangerous zenith to near normalcy. Dr. Revelle smiled and stated that it had been a pretty close call. He admitted that he'd been worried. The girls smiled and Peter smiled and even little Joyce looked up from the bed and tried to smile.

Peggy reacted to this change with the buoyancy of youth. She stroked Joyce's hair, broke into a snatch of song and then looked to see whether Peter seemed as infinitely relieved as she was.

But Peter was not in the room. Dale was there, arranging some bottles on a bedside table. Peggy slipped out of the door and tiptoed downstairs.

The house was quiet, unnaturally quiet since Joyce's labored breathing no longer carried beyond the sickroom and into the hallway. Peggy descended the stairway and peeped into the living room. For a moment she hesitated.

Peter was seated in a deep, old-fashioned armchair. His head was bowed. On the table beside him was his pipe—unfilled and unlighted. There was, in his whole attitude, an unutterable weariness.

Peggy stood looking at him. There was a certain awkwardness to intruding at this moment when—sure of being alone—he had let down the bars of his magnificent reserve. But there was something—something so helpless about him—so like the baby she had left upstairs—that Peggy moved swiftly across the room.

She put her arms about his sagging shoulders. "It's all right now, Peter," she whispered. "Joyce is fine. You've got nothing to worry about."

He raised his head, and his eyes looked into her younger ones. He made no attempt to touch her, but his voice was filled with emotion. He said, "You know what you've done for me, don't you?"

"Nerts!" Peggy resorted to lightness to relieve the strain. "Dale did all the work, and I just hung around and got in the way . . . and pulled hard."

"That isn't all you did," said Peter with unusual gravity. "You did . . . for Joyce and for me . . ." and there he bogged down. He was trying to tell her something—something that could not, and should not, be put into words and yet that it seemed vitally important for her to know.

And perhaps she did know, perhaps she did understand. Impulsively, her arms tightened about him. She leaned forward and kissed him—very lightly and sweetly—on the lips.

"That's for Joyce," she said. And then, because Peggy was growing up very fast, she added: "And for me, too, Peter."

THE newspaper published once a week in Karnak by Thaddeus Harde seldom carried news items of importance. It struggled along by virtue of a few advertisements plus the legal notices required by the code.

But today Editor Harde had printed an item that was significant. He announced in a brief and none-too-brilliant paragraph that on Saturday night at eight o'clock in the high-school auditorium there would be a mass meeting of citizens to discuss the crime wave with which Karnak found itself "sore beset." "The meeting," stated Mr. Harde, "has been called by our fair sheriff, Miss Dale Meredith, whom we all know so well and of whom we are so justly proud."

The item was read, or mentioned, in all parts of the county. Plantation owners nodded sagely and said it was about time, and that they'd drive in to see what happened. Small farmers, made nervous by isolated outbreaks of arson and robbery, stated grimly that they sho wanted to heah what Dale Meredith had to say. Throughout the county, the announced meeting became more important as a topic of conversation than the Karnak County Fair, which was scheduled to open Monday for one week . . . and when anything was more important than the fair, it was very important indeed.

In the town of Karnak, the excitement and speculation ran high. All types of citizens—men and women, young and old, personally concerned or merely curious, made plans to attend. The Branham girls, for instance, those estimable and elderly maiden ladies who conducted Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, stated to each other in prim but positive language that wild horses could not keep them away, and they said it as though they were quite sure that wild horses were planning to make an effort to do so. Ernie Rudd, the elongated gentleman who owned Rudd's Diner, a slightly septic institution that dispensed succulent hamburgers at all hours of day or night, told his regular customers that they'd better eat early because he was sho goin' to be at the high school when Dale Meredith started sayin' things.

Mrs. Lisbeth Morrow was going to be there in full force and elegance, and so, too, was Diana Haines. Josiah P. Sherrod, attentuated and opinionated superintendent of the county board of education, planned to sit on the platform, despite the fact that he owed his job and his affluence to the generosity of the Neil Berkeley ring.

MOST of those who planned to trek into Karnak, however, represented the better element. Planters, farmers, country storekeepers, men who owned and operated lonely filling stations, and, almost without exception, the stancher businessmen of the town itself. The voyagers started early Saturday afternoon from the more distant sections of the county and they converged on Karnak in all manner of conveyances—by automobile, truck, buckboard, bicycle, motorcycle, horseback and on foot.

Before eight o'clock the impressive high-school auditorium was jammed past capacity. At five minutes past eight a slight commotion was occasioned when Smith Edge, the clerk of court, arrived. He was a dignified-looking gentleman, but there wasn't a person present who didn't know that he was there for the purpose of watching the proceedings with shrewd, analytical eyes so that Neil Berkeley might receive an accurate analysis.

Dale walked to the auditorium with her father, sister and Peter Aylesworth. In the street outside the beautiful, rambling county high-school building they met Jerry Hamilton. He was smiling, but there was a definite concern behind the smile. He said, "Fixin' to start something, Dale?"

"Looks that way, doesn't it?"

"Yes. . . . I reckon you've got it all figured out."

"I have." She started for the back entrance. "See you all after the meeting. I'll be with my shield or on it."

From a vantage point back of the

proscenium arch, Dale saw portly, pudgy little Quincy Morrow, Karnak's foremost industrialist, sitting with his militant wife. She dispatched a boy for Mr. Morrow and when he came to her, asked him to act as chairman. He nodded, smiled, and said, "You've stirred up a consid'able hornets' nest, Dale."

"I know. . . ." She looked out at the tense faces. "They're taking this pretty seriously."

"That's understatin' it, honey. They're downright worried."

THE meeting opened without excitement. Dale and Quincy Morrow walked out on the platform and were greeted with polite applause. Morrow spoke briefly and simply, stating that he was acting as chairman, but that the meeting belonged to them and to their sheriff, Miss Dale Meredith.

Then Dale moved to the front of the platform. She was clad in a suit of navy touched at the collar with white. She wore a tight-fitting hat with a simple crimson ornament on the side. Again she had deliberated over her costume so that she would look neither too feminine nor too masculine.

She stood there looking down at them, conscious of the tense hush. Then she started to speak.

"I shall make this as brief as possible," she said quietly, "and as direct. I have no ambition to be an orator, nor to appeal to anything save your intelligence. I shall, therefore, not review facts that you all know, nor paint pictures with which you are all familiar."

She paused and looked down at them. Jerry Hamilton spoke to Aylesworth. "Good start," he said; and Peter answered, "Fine show. She'll carry on, too."

"I realize," Dale continued, "that my election to the office of sheriff started as a joke. I did not seek it, and did not want it. I have domestic duties and no political ambition. But, ladies and gentlemen, without trying to be dramatic—I want to say that things have happened since I took over that have made me aware of this thing we call duty.

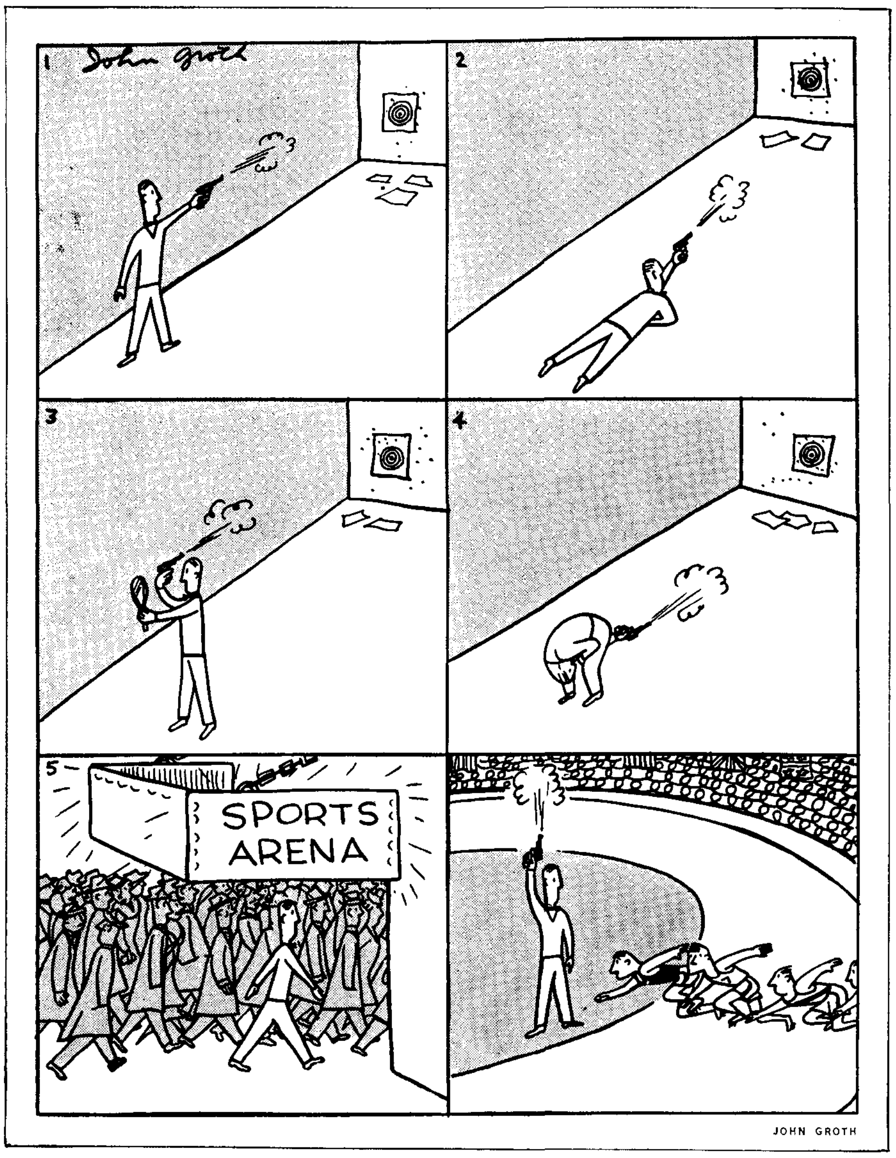
"I shall not dwell upon what we all know, which is that for ten years we have sat smugly back and allowed graft and corruption to flourish in Karnak simply because it was too much trouble to buck the political machine that controlled things. We know what has been done and who has been doing it. We probably would have continued as we were except for the hilarious humor of some of our voters on primary day.

"When I took office, it was believed that I would rock along, paying some slight attention to routine duties, and permitting important things to remain pretty much as they were. I was a woman, and therefore harmless. I was a topic of amusement, which was quite all right with me, except that I felt that a certain duty had been shoved on me, and I had no intention of either being heroic—or of avoiding it.

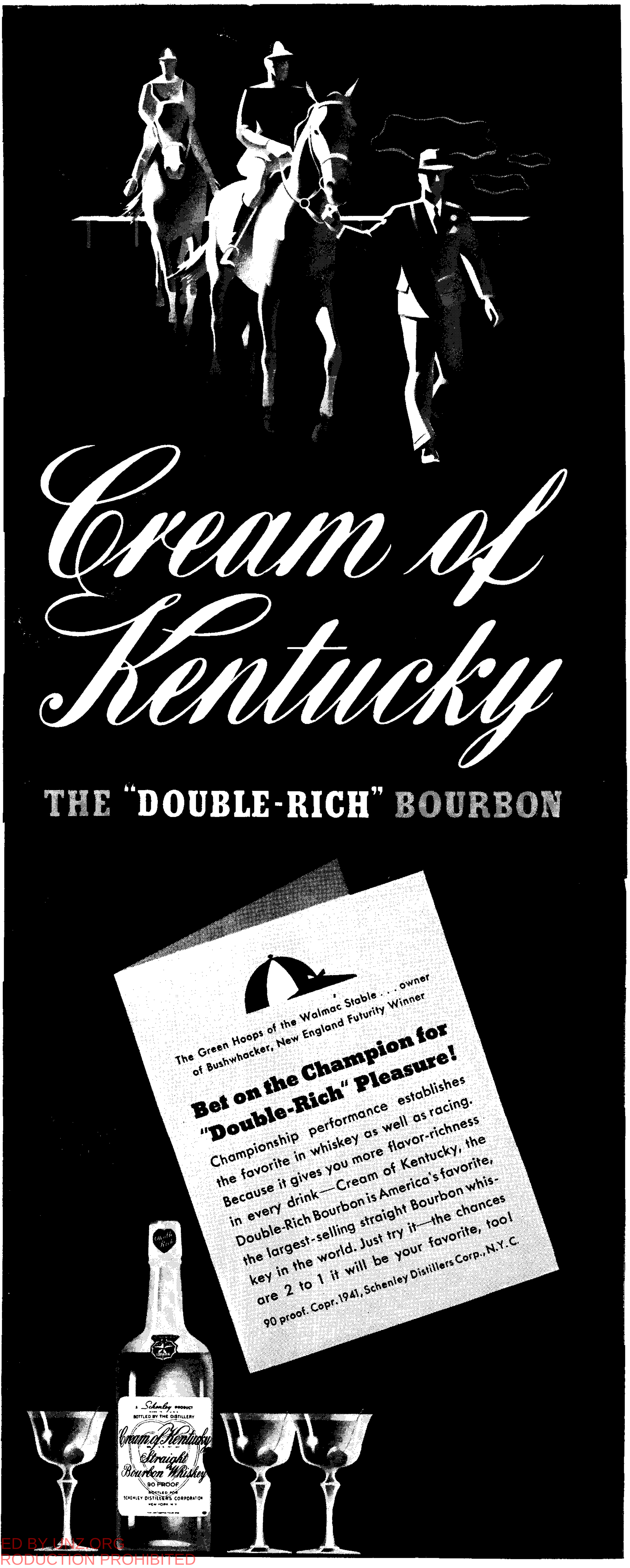
"I started with the most obvious move, which was the closing of Carney's place, which has been a public affront for the past five years. One of our finest citizens was murdered that night—not because they had any grudge against Ed Clarendon, but because they wished to warn me to play hands off."

She drew a deep breath and spaced her words carefully:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this crime wave that has swept Karnak County is not accidental. It is a planned thing, deliberately conceived and cruelly executed for the purpose of discrediting me as sheriff and for no other reason. So . . ." she raised her hand. "Don't applaud, please. That isn't what we're here for. You all know why this crowd wishes to discredit me: it's because I've been poking into records that they



JOHN GROTH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thought were safely hidden. That's true—I have been. I'm collecting evidence that will eventually be turned over to the grand jury and should result in prison sentences for some of our best-known citizens. They know I haven't enough evidence yet—but they also know that I'll get it eventually . . . and that is something they don't want.

"If they can discredit me—if they can make you, as average citizens, demand my resignation—then they can put one of their own members back in office before it's too late. They're frightening you into insisting that I resign. They started with a murder . . . and recently we had another murder: a stranger was killed." She paused—then went on: "I'm not resigning. I may be forced out, but I'll never quit. It was to tell you that that I asked you here tonight. And it was also to suggest a remedy."

There was a shuffling of feet, a clearing of throats, a quickening of interest.

"I'll make it short," said Sheriff Dale Meredith. "No one individual—man or woman—can combat this organized crime wave. The better element of Karnak has been quiescent for a long time. It is being called upon to decide whether this county is going to be a safe place to live, or whether it will be turned over bodily to a cruel and corrupt group.

"There is only one way to fight this thing. I am asking for volunteers—men of courage and of integrity, to allow themselves to be sworn in as deputy sheriffs. I want men from every part of the county. They'll get no pay and no glory; but they will get the privilege of doing their bit for safety and decency. I cannot admit that we haven't enough decent and courageous citizens to defeat this evil." She stood looking down at them. "That is all, folks. I'll hear from you now."

FOR a few moments there was silence. Then someone applauded, and the applause spread and rose and became deafening. George Greckel, who owned a garage, rose and volunteered; Greg St. Julien, aristocrat from Pineville, offered himself; Seth Owens, who had a little truck garden ten miles out of Karnak, allowed he'd like right smart to do what he could.

It was an avalanche from then on. Small men and big men, wealthy men and poor ones asked to be deputized, to be given the legal right to fight for the decencies of living. Dr. Revelle offered himself, and Jerry Hamilton and even Brother Tidball, the kindly, illiterate, itinerant preacher, who had no church of his own and referred to himself as "Minister without portfolio," not knowing what the phrase meant, but knowing that it sounded good.

There were no dramatics. It was a grim, tense process of signing the names of men and of swearing them in. And then the meeting broke up. There was no more to say . . . each man understood the job he'd taken on.

Dale joined her family. She felt all gone inside: the strain had been great. Peter said, "Topping show, Dale!" and Jerry said, "Quite a spellbinder, Miss Meredith."

She smiled wearily, and said, "How's for a nice long walk, Mr. Hamilton. I crave to make lots of conversation with you."

"At your service, Chief. Or what should I call you, now that you're my boss?"

They said good night to the others and started off along the upper reaches of Court Street where the homes were scattered and the shadows were deep.

Alone in the night, moving slowly toward the open country, Dale said, "That's the main thing I wanted to talk to you about, Jerry."

"What?"

"You being a deputy. I couldn't say anything while you were part of the group . . . but now I can."

"You can say what, for instance?"

"That it doesn't add up so good."

"Why? I'm big, strong, reasonably honest—"

"That isn't it." She wondered why she was more nervous now than she had been on the platform of the auditorium. "It's not easy to talk about . . ." Her voice trailed off.

He was silent for a few minutes, and when he spoke it was seriously and quietly:

"I'll sum it up for you, Dale—and save you the embarrassment. You're thinking that this affects me more personally than it does anybody else in Karnak County. Well, you're right. I am technically married to a woman who is far too intimate with Neil Berkeley, and Neil is the big boy on the other side of the fence. If there is ever a clash between—well, shall we say—the forces of good and evil, I'll be lined up against the man who has been poaching on my domestic preserves. Is that what you're thinking?"

"Ye-e-es . . . something like that." But her thoughts went farther than her words. She was thinking, "I wish that's all it was, Jerry. But there's so much I know that I can't tell you. I can't tell you that Rita was a thief and a bigamist. I can't tell you that I'm sure Neil killed Paul Campbell and that he did it to protect your wife. I can't tell you any of these things—not now—because I'm not sure of them, and because you mean too much to me . . . too much to allow me to fight that way."

No, she couldn't tell him. Not until there was proof, and with Paul Campbell dead there might never be proof. You can't tell a man that his wife is a criminal and the sweetheart of a murderer . . . not unless you know for sure. So she said, "I still think it isn't right smart, Jerry."

"And I think different. The whole thing is a mess, but there it is—and something has to be done about it."

"But Neil . . . and you . . ."

He chuckled, though not with any great mirth. "There's no more reason for Neil and myself to clash directly, than—"

"But there is!"

"Rita?" He was serious again. "I'm married to Rita, but that's all she means to me. I'm not in love with her."

"I know. But . . ."

"If it'll clarify things any," he went on, and his own voice was not as steady as he would have liked, "I'll go on record as saying that I'm in love with you. I have been—for an awful long time. If I were free . . ."

AND she was thinking, "I know so much that could make you free," but she said nothing.

"If I were free," he said, "I'd ask you to marry me. Perhaps some day I shall. I'm putting that down for the books so you'll understand how hopeless it is to ask me to scratch my name off that list. In fact, I've got exactly contrary ideas. You interested?"

She said, "Yes," and suddenly realized that they had both stopped walking and were facing each other. "Jerry—you've made me terribly happy tonight by—well, by saying you'll work with me."

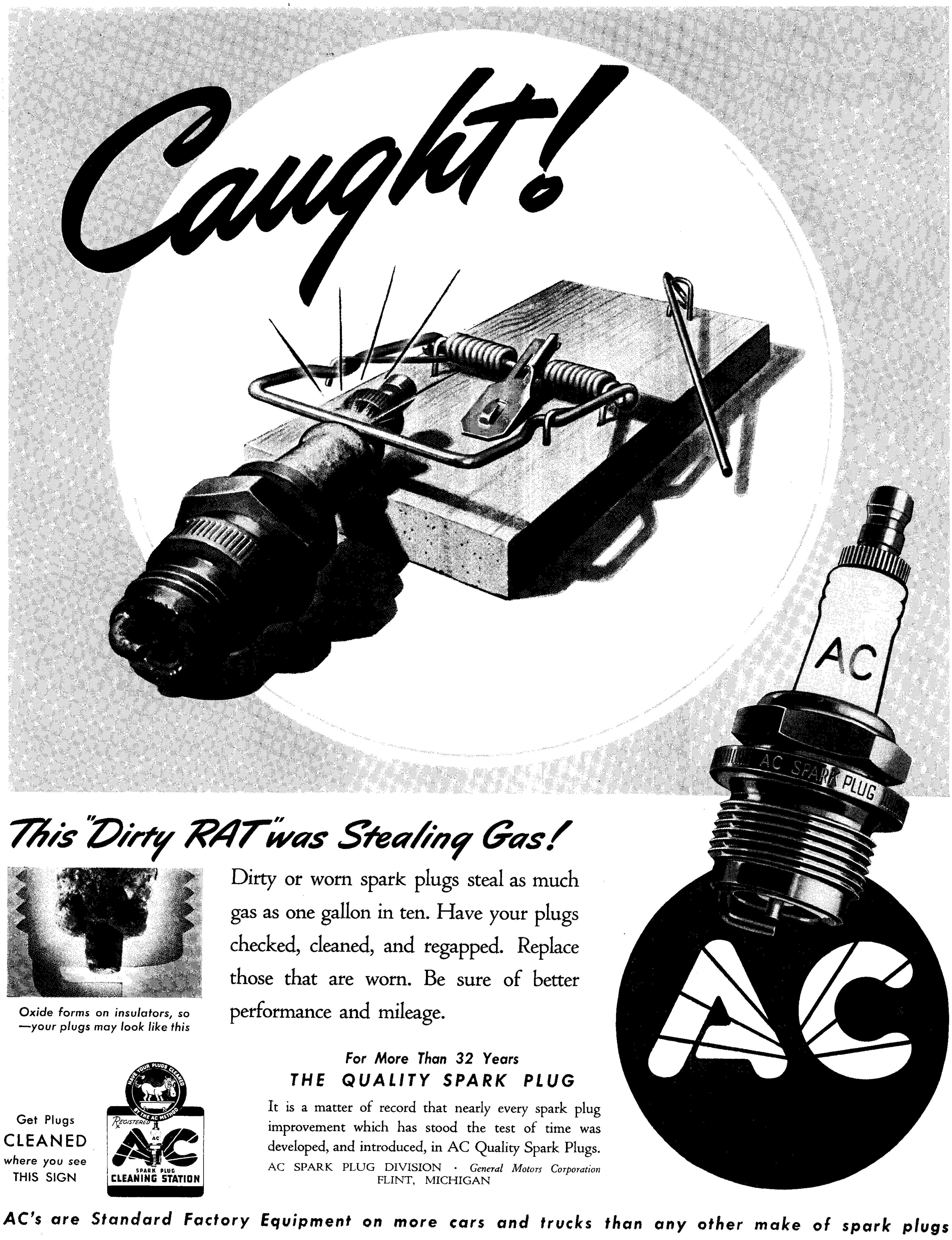
His hands reached out eagerly, and he said, "Can't you make it stronger than that?"

"No . . ." She pulled away and looked at him. "I'd rather not."

"Why?"

"Because," and she did not evade the issue, "because—there are so many obstacles." She made a helpless gesture. "Oh, Jerry—what chance is there for you and me to find happiness?"

(To be continued next week)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It is a matter of record that nearly every spark plug improvement which has stood the test of time was developed, and introduced, in AC Quality Spark Plugs.

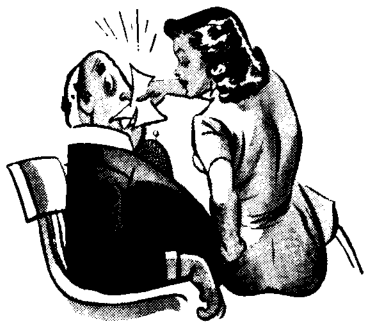
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION · *General Motors Corporation*
FLINT, MICHIGAN

Get Plugs
CLEANED
where you see
THIS SIGN

AC's are Standard Factory Equipment on more cars and trucks than any other make of spark plugs

"TELL ME ANOTHER" and win $5.00 - says KLEENEX*

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



Blow Hard, Big Boy!

THE BOSS CAUGHT ON QUICK ABOUT KLEENEX--IT'S SO SOFT AND SOOTHING ON HIS NOSE WHEN HE HAS A COLD.

(from a letter by L. K., Chicago, Ill.)

I Stumped the Experts...

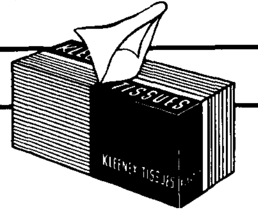
SINCE USING KLEENEX FOR MANICURE CLOTHS, IT'S HARD TO TELL MY "HOME-MADE" MANICURES FROM A PROFESSIONAL JOB.

(from a letter by H. H., Fairfield, Me.)

7 Years Bad Luck

I THOUGHT... BUT DECIDED IT WAS GOOD LUCK WHEN I FOUND THAT DAMPENED KLEENEX IS PERFECT TO PICK UP TINY GLASS SPLINTERS.

(from a letter by T. M., New York City)



Don't put a cold in your pocket USE KLEENEX*

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

He Throws Cannonballs

By Arthur J. Daley

Mr. Al Blozis, 247 pounds of co-ordinated Lithuanian muscles, has given shot-putting box-office appeal, a sports phenomenon that warrants the attention of track-and-field fans.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Greatest shot-putter in competition today is Georgetown's Al Blozis

MATT McGRATH eyed him critically and shook his head.

"Sure, there's something wrong there, lad," he said. "And I can't for the life of me figure out what it is."

Al Blozis listened respectfully because Matt McGrath had been an Irish-American "great" of another track-and-field generation. Blozis had just won a shot-putting competition at the New York A.C. with a 50-foot put. That was a year and a half ago.

"'Tis not enough for a man your size," said Matt. "How much is it you'll be weighing?"

"About 247 pounds, sir," answered Blozis.

"And how tall is it you are?" asked Matt.

"Six feet six inches, sir."

"And your age?"

"Just past twenty, sir."

"Glory!" exclaimed Matt. "Sure, 'tis quite a man you are at that. Now I've got a notion—no, 'twon't do. No one ever tried it that way before."

Blozis looked questioningly at the gray-haired Olympic champion of 1912. "I'll try it," he said with vague confidence.

"Here's the idea then," declared Matt, his eyes brightening. "I'm going to tell you two things that violate all the rules of shot-putting. I think you can do it because you're the fastest and strongest man I ever saw in a shot-put circle. Listen attentively to me now, lad."

Words rippled in the soft Tipperary brogue of Matt McGrath. Most shot-putters, Matt said, crouch in the back of the circle in order to get leverage. Blozis was to stand erect and push out his arm straight from the shoulder. Most shot-putters hop to the front of the ring with left leg high to give them balance. Blozis, faster and better co-ordinated, was to slide his left foot across the ground.

Now He Can't Be Stopped

"Practice it, lad," said Matt, "and next week I'll be coming up to see how it works."

Blozis went from 50 feet to over 52 feet. Within six months he was over 55 feet. He broke the indoor world record with the 16-pound ball twelve times. Within a year he was beyond 56 feet and now there is no one to challenge him or bid him halt.

Ordinarily, shot-putting is an event that is watched only by other shot-putters and close relatives of the contestants. But Blozis is so extraordinary a performer that he promises to become a hardware heaver who will bring paying customers to the box office.

He proved that last year in the post-season Finnish Relief meet at Madison Square Garden. This was an all-star carnival that had only seven events on the program. One of the advertised attractions was Al Blozis.

The Georgetown University behemoth never disappoints his constituents, either. He pitched the 16-pound ball more than 55 feet, the 12-pound one over 65 and the 8-pounder over 78, each better than the world mark.

One of the spectators was Stout Steve Owen, coach of the New York Football Giants. Owen could not take his eyes off him.

"What a pair of shoulders!" he exclaimed. "Look at the size of that fellow! Watch how fast he moves! See the muscular control he has!"

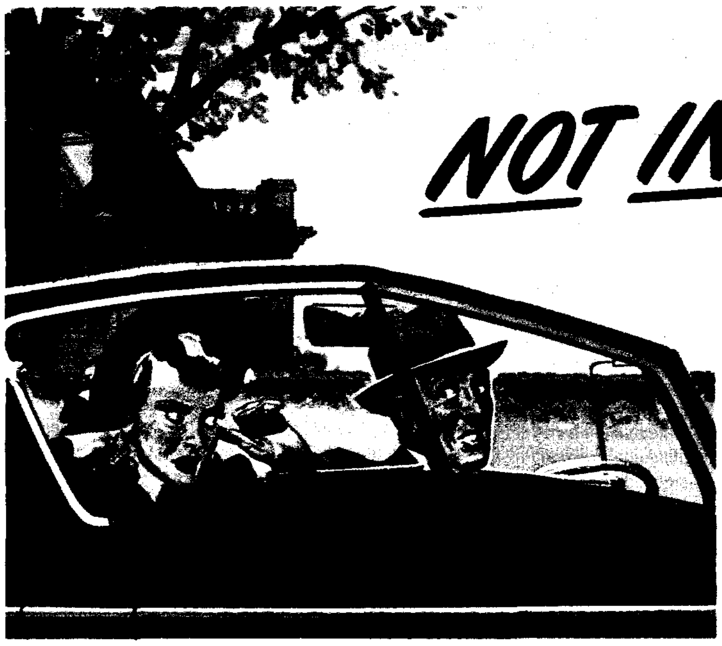
Stout Steve babbled so rapturously that even Mrs. Owen paid attention. She smiled, repressed a chuckle and asked innocently, "He isn't a football player, too, Steve, is he?"

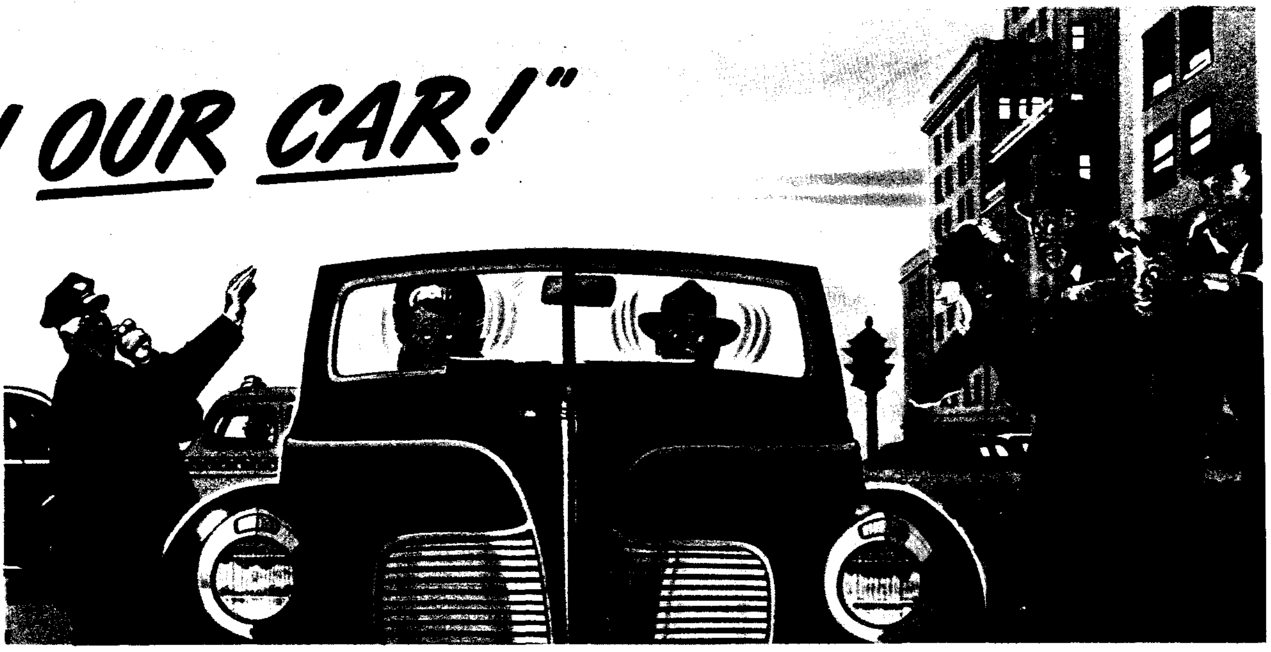
The only reason that Blozis is not the best tackle in college ranks is that he is the greatest shot-putter in the sport today, says Jack Hagerty, coach of the Georgetown gridiron forces.

Blozis made the All-America track

"We like Crickets and Canaries, but...

NOT IN OUR CAR!"





1 SQUEAK! SQUEAK! Chirp, chirp! *Listen* to them! Those little "so-and-so's" are at it again—and where in thunder can they be *this* time? In the springs, in the chassis, maybe under the dash? Some part of this car is sure squeaking and complaining.

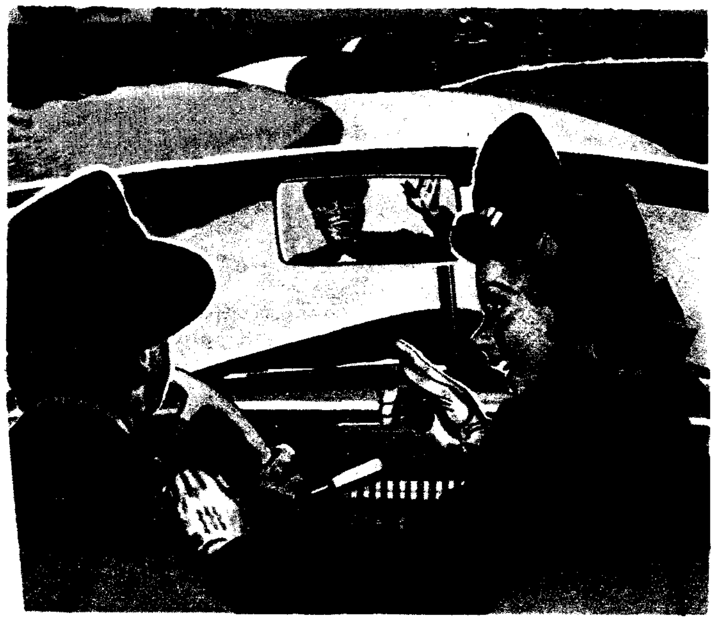
2 OH—OH! DON'T LOOK NOW—But "Mr. & Mrs." are being watched! It's not much fun—and of course, there's *no need* for it. That good car of theirs is merely complaining about being "starved"—hungry for the right oil and grease in the right places. Dry steel is chafing dry steel. Dirty oil is falling down on the job. If they only realized how an expert Mobilubrication job and the improved Mobiloil would fix things up! What a difference it makes in quiet, smooth going to give your car a *Fresh Start!*

GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START

EVERY THOUSAND MILES

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC
MADE IN U.S.A



3 HERE'S A FRESH START FOR YOUR CAR: For the ENGINE—improved Mobiloil that *cleans as it lubricates.* Mobilubrication for your CHASSIS. Your RADIATOR conditioned. Your GEAR OIL checked. Your PLUGS, BATTERY, TIRES—all expertly serviced.

4 WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES! Not a squeak. Just a velvet-soft ride. Your car's had a *Fresh Start*—and you're *proud* of it! SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

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BET I BEAT YOU TO THAT MOTOROLA 3-DIMENSION VITA-TONE DEMONSTRATION

LOOK FOR THE RADIO DEALER WHO DISPLAYS THIS SIGN

AUTHORIZED Motorola AUTO RADIO DEALER

Hurry! FOR THE AUTO RADIO THRILL OF YOUR LIFETIME

From coast to coast Motorola Dealers are putting on a spine-tingling demonstration of Auto Radio's most spectacular improvement. 3-Dimension VITA•TONE with its startling Depth, Brilliance and Perspective of tone brings you new wonders in radio performance. It's a radio engineering achievement that makes most radios as old fashioned as a kerosene lamp.

MOTOROLA EXACTLY FITS AND MATCHES YOUR CAR

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST FOR CAR AND HOME

team for 1940, but he rated only an occasional honorable mention for a tackle spot on All-America football teams. Maybe he'll be able to click on both this year. Observers at the Georgetown and Boston College game last season, a clash of tremendous lines, were convinced that he was the best lineman on the field.

"Potentially he's as great a tackle as I've ever seen," says Hagerty who certainly should know. "He's got the size, strength, speed and combative spirit. In fact he has everything except experience."

He is quite a man, Al Blozis. Because of his 247 pounds, one naturally expects him to be a paunchy, ponderous lad hardly able to get out of his own way. But the Georgetown junior is cut from the mold of Hercules. His shoulders are wide, his arms and legs like oak beams and there is not an ounce of fat on his trim form.

But Where's the Irish Blood?

The control he has over his body is such that he has been able to clear six feet in the high jump, and his speed is so great that he can broad-jump twenty feet. Each of those distances is far from a record but each is an extraordinary performance for so big a man.

If any fault can be found with him in the eyes of the worshipers of Matt McGrath and Pat McDonald, it is that he has not a drop of Irish blood in his body. Those two irreconcilables used to have a theory that there never was a top weight man who was not a Celt or part Celt. But both the father and mother of Blozis were born in Lithuania.

Our Blozis was a basketball performer of moderate skill for Dickinson High School in Jersey City before he matriculated at Georgetown. Track's Big Bertha tried for a place on the Hoya freshman quintet but was deftly shunted off to the indoor track squad. Coach Elmer Ripley took one look at him, pictured Blozis damaging his basketball bric-a-brac in intrasquad scrimmages, and steered him away to the wide-open spaces.

Nowadays Al is merely a two-sport man—football and track. He rather likes the combination—because he thinks each helps him in the other. Since he is a tackle he has to do a lot of hand fighting in the line on defense. This strengthens his arm for shot-putting and, conversely, the shot-putting strengthens his arm for football.

His tremendous arms, by the way, have saved him a lot of embarrassment on the gridiron. Most college players are gullible for mousetrap plays and—but perhaps a mousetrap had better be first explained for the benefit of a few persons in the back of the room.

This is a maneuver where the man playing opposite a guard or tackle hauls out of the line and leaves a wide-open and inviting hole. The guard or tackle bulls through joyously and is sideswiped by a blocker, the ball-carrier galloping through the vacated position.

Nothing makes a football lineman feel sillier than to be tricked by a mousetrap. But Blozis is so huge that he is a hard man to block out completely and his arms are so long and so strong that often he has been able to reach over his trapper, daintily pluck the ball carrier off his feet and toss him over the nearest goal post.

Blozis ranks football far ahead of track. "There's more to it," he says simply. And he likes throwing the discus better than putting the shot, too. Why? He shrugs his massive shoulders and repeats, "There's more to it."

There's No Hurry

As yet he is not in the world-record class as a heaver of the Hellenic platter, although his 169-foot performances are not far from it. When pressed as to just when he will become the No. 1 discus thrower of the universe (he is the intercollegiate champion now), Big Al professes no hurry.

"I don't think I'll break the record this year," he says with simple seriousness.

Holding records is no novelty to him. He established national interscholastic standards of more than 59 feet in the 12-pound shot and more than 151 feet with the discus as a Dickinson schoolboy. Last year he won the national and intercollegiate shot-putting championships, indoor and out, with a few world records for good measure.

Fame hit him so suddenly that he is not used to it even now. When the Lithuanian minister and the Lithuanian consul general repeatedly invited him to come on down to dinner, Al repeatedly turned them down.

"Those fellows scare me," he said.

Famine Fighters

Continued from page 17

various cereals and vegetables can be used if they are properly proportioned.

Obviously, Food Mixture No. OOXX represents a combination of the second and third alternatives. It is not claimed that these artificially composed mixtures of vegetable and cereal proteins, fortified with vitamin and mineral concentrates and synthetics, represent a diet that is as conventionally varied and attractive as that of the relatively prosperous middle class, who can afford plenty of meat, butter, eggs, green vegetables and fruit.

But Food Mixture No. OOXX does not have to stand any such comparison. It is designed, not for the delectation of the secure and prosperous, but to enable the hard-pressed British to carry on, to meet the special needs of fast-moving modern armies in the field and to lift a considerable section of our own people above the nutritional danger line. Except under conditions of dire need, Food Mixture OOXX is intended to be the principal item of diet but not the only food.

The Nazi Challenge

For another and more challenging reason America will have to go into high gear on the nutritional front. We shall have to match—and better—Hitler's performance in this direction.

Up to the year 1935 the German army was still using the World War ration consisting of canned meat and sausage, bread and hardtack. Then came a dietary revolution, engineered by a huge corps of nutritionists, physicians and technicians of all kinds whom Hitler's government mobilized for this purpose. Not only did this revolution provide the German army with a diet specifically designed for fast-moving mechanized warfare, it transformed Germany's whole food economy and, as a collateral benefit to the civilian population, reduced the cost of a balanced diet by from 25 to 50 per cent.

Today the German army diet embodies four major principles: nutritionally balanced food *mixtures* are in general preferred to single foods; vitamin concentrates and synthetics are freely used to fortify the nutritional content of these mixtures; the soybean, with its 40 per cent protein content, is rather consistently used to supplement or even substitute for the animal proteins; dehydration is used to reduce bulk and weight and to prevent spoilage.

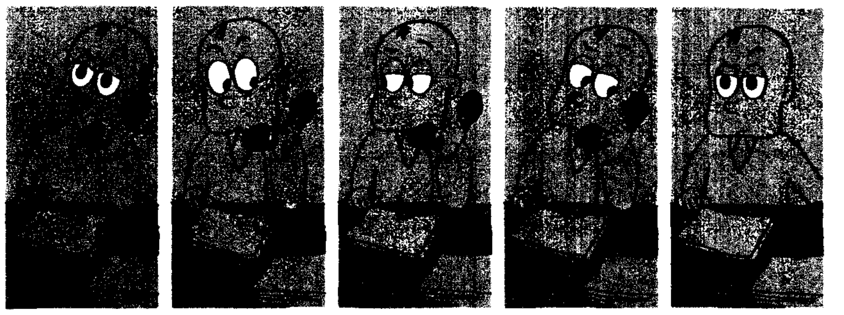
Here is a description of the famous German "bratling," taken from a recently issued German text:

"Bratling powder is a mixture of soybean, grain and milk albumins, spiced with various herbs. Its taste is so nearly neutral that, if added to other dishes with a definite flavor, it does not change their taste. If different condiments are added, entirely new flavors can be developed. The albumin, fat and carbohydrate content of bratling powder is so nourishing that it has proved far cheaper than other vegetable and animal foods."

Obviously the German army "bratling" is similar to the Harris food mixtures, although Dr. Harris states that he reached his determinations independently, without knowledge of the German developments.

Dehydration is employed on a huge scale. The German army consumes quantities of powdered tomato, cheese, apple and even powdered jam. To prevent scurvy, German soldiers are given "V-candies" consisting of dextrose, fat, whey and 50 milligrams of ascorbic acid. Limited meat supplies are stretched by the addition of germinating soybeans and rye to sausage.

This, in brief, is the Nazi challenge on the nutritional front. Can we meet it? The answer is yes, we can meet it and beat it. Even if Britain's feeding problem should become desperate it could be met by the use of bombing planes and the rapid expansion of our own comparatively small but efficient dehydration industry. And in a long-term struggle our superior agricultural and technological resources would prove decisive. Yes, we can meet the Nazi challenge on the nutritional front. But we had better hurry.



Singing Telegram

CROCKETT JOHNSON

ALL CARS ALIKE? Not the way I see 'em!

HERE'S ONE THAT'S DIFFERENT IN 5 IMPORTANT WAYS . . . HUDSON

BRAKE PEDALS LOOK ABOUT ALIKE...BUT...

Brakes aren't all alike—not on your life! Sure, Hudson has 4-wheel hydraulics—the finest. But brake fluid *can* leak away, by accident, in any car. Then what? In a Hudson you just push a little farther *on this same foot pedal,* and a set of powerful mechanical brakes takes hold *automatically.* And I can show you a lot of other reasons why it's America's Safest Car.

ONE CLUTCH PEDAL IS PRETTY MUCH LIKE ANOTHER...BUT...

Here's one you don't have to use at all unless you want to! You can *go,* or *stop,* or *back up,* and never touch the clutch pedal, with Hudson's Vacumotive Drive*. And say! If you want real "tops" in smooth driving—and a lot of *extra miles per gallon*—just try Hudson's Overdrive!

**Only $27.50 extra, installed at factory.*

MOST COWL VENTILATORS OPEN THE SAME WAY... BUT...

You leave this one open *all the time!* With a Hudson Weather-Master†, it gives you a real conditioned air system. Warm fresh air in winter, cool fresh air in summer—no fogged windows, no fumes or smoke! For your greater comfort, there's loads of room inside a Hudson, too. And just put it over the bumps! With finest coil springs in front and long leaf springs in back, you'll see how smooth a ride *can* be.

†Optional at small extra cost.

YOU GET ABOUT THE SAME CHOICE IN BODY COLORS... BUT...

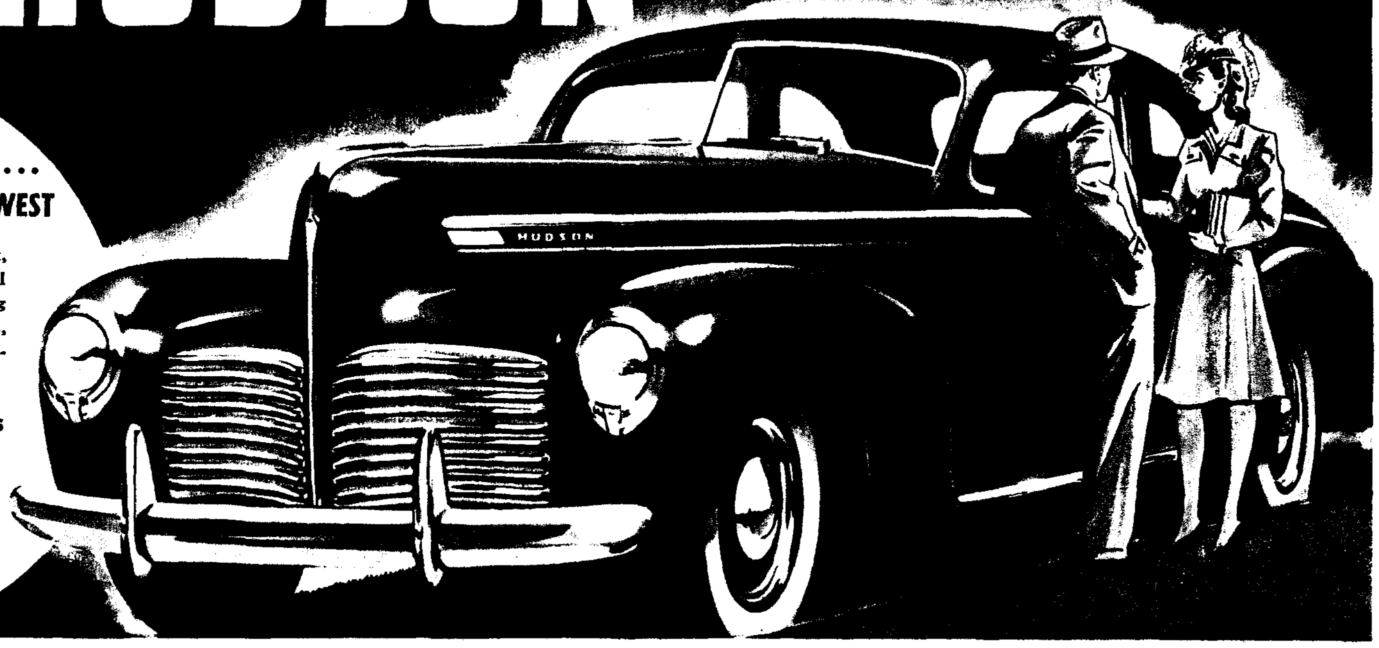
Look inside! That's where you find the big difference between Hudson's Symphonic Styling and the usual "color options." These 1941 Hudsons give you a choice of color schemes that harmonize all the way through—body color, upholstery, even carpets and floor mats. It's the year's big style idea *and it doesn't cost a penny extra!*

THERE ISN'T MUCH DIFFERENCE IN GAS TANKS... BUT...

There's a whale of a difference in gas economy! In the Gilmore Grand Canyon Economy Run, *this* big 92-horsepower Hudson Six got more miles per gallon than *any other entry* except two of the shortest, lowest powered cars. And the 128-horsepower Hudson Eight (with Overdrive) averaged over 20 miles per gallon—highest in its class.

TAKE A FEW MINUTES . . .
DRIVE A 1941 HUDSON
AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR

1941 HUDSON



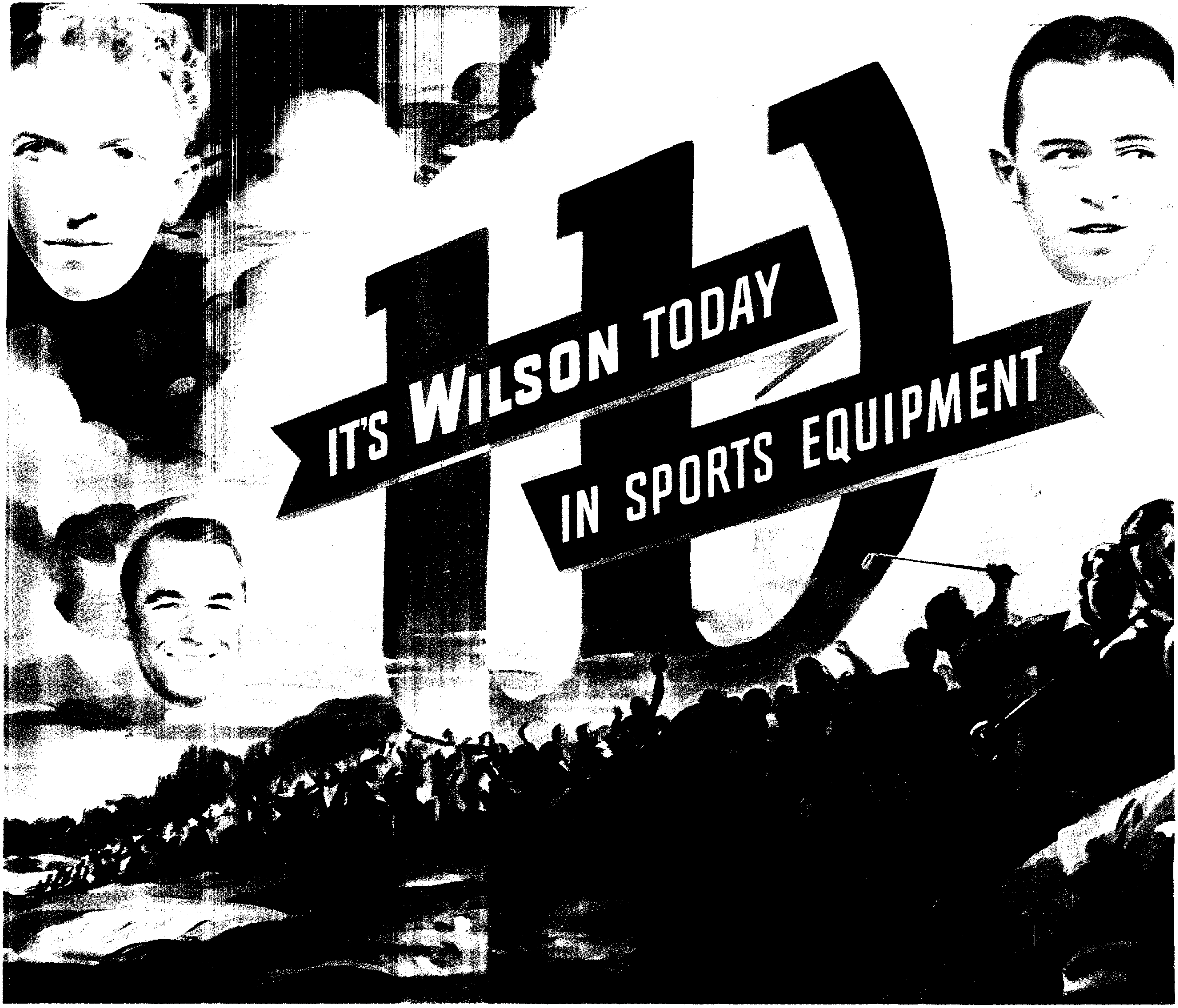
MONEY-SAVING PRICES TOO . . . STARTING AMONG THE LOWEST

$711 delivered in Detroit, including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. White sidewall tires extra.

Top Value In Every Popular Price Class

HUDSON SIX • SUPER-SIX
COMMODORE SERIES
(Sixes and Eights)

Backed by 31 years of Engineering Leadership



Reading from left to right • DON BUDGE • GENE SARAZEN • SAM SNEAD • PATTY BERG • ALICE MARBLE

WHY WILSON LEADS

WILSON is today the accepted symbol of progress in sports equipment.

Public recognition of this vital fact has gained manifest preference for Wilson products—and with this preference has come the coveted prize—*leadership.*

But behind recognition, preference, and acknowledged leadership are four important factors—the stepping stones by which this height was reached and by which it will be maintained:

One—The *will to lead,* which includes the *willingness* to devote the time, effort and money necessary to create and produce better equipment.

Two—The belief that equipment made to satisfy the *greatest* players will be desired by *all* players.

Three—Skilled designers and craftsmen backed by the most modern laboratories, research, and manufacturing facilities, and,

Four—A conviction that the privilege of leadership is a stewardship awarded by the public and as easily taken away—that to maintain this high position demands constant vigilance and continued progress.

Because of our deep belief in this 4-Point Credo, the name, Wilson, is today the symbol of progress in sports equipment.

Wilson sales branches and manufacturing plants now dot the country from coast to coast

WILSON LEADERSHIP CONFIRMED

By Brilliant Stars Whose Equipment Must Be The Best

Such famous golf aces as Gene Sarazen, Sam Snead, Ralph Guldahl, Johnny Revolta, Patty Berg, Helen Hicks, Helen Dettweiler, and others have used Wilson golf clubs and balls exclusively for years. From their vast experience they have contributed importantly to Wilson leadership in club design.

• • •

Would you accept the advice of tennis stars like Don Budge, Ellsworth Vines, Bruce Barnes, Alice Marble, Eleanor Tennant, and Mary K. Browne on racket design? These great players comprise our Advisory and Field-Testing Staff on Tennis. They have used Wilson Rackets and Gut for years and rackets of their design are available everywhere.

• • •

Prominent coaches at the leading Universities and many professional league teams use both Wilson footballs and basketballs.

Great professional and amateur baseball players readily discard favorite worked-in gloves and mitts for the revolutionary new Wilson "Seamless Thumb" streamline models. This is tops in tribute from professional players. Wilson Baseballs are "official" in outstanding leagues.

• • •

Wilson Softballs with the important *pre-vulcanized* inner cover are an inspiration to players and a gleaming example of modern softball craftsmanship. Adopted by leagues throughout the country.

• • •

Wherever coaches and players demand perfection in the performance of a basketball, the new, *caliperfect* Wilson Last-Bilt ball is used. In roundness, balance, gripping feel—it is the next thing to perfection, according to those who know.

In practically every modern sport, "It's Wilson Today in Sports Equipment"

• • •

Athletic equipment is not a luxury but a necessity in the physical and character development of the youth of America and in the building of good citizenry. Wilson Standards are accepted and Wilson Equipment used by the Armed Forces of the Nation.

Wilson

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

All players mentioned are retained on Wilson's Advisory Staff

Since the beginning, Wilson Sporting Goods Co. has created or incorporated into its Sports Equipment many innovations that have helped to develop sports as a whole.

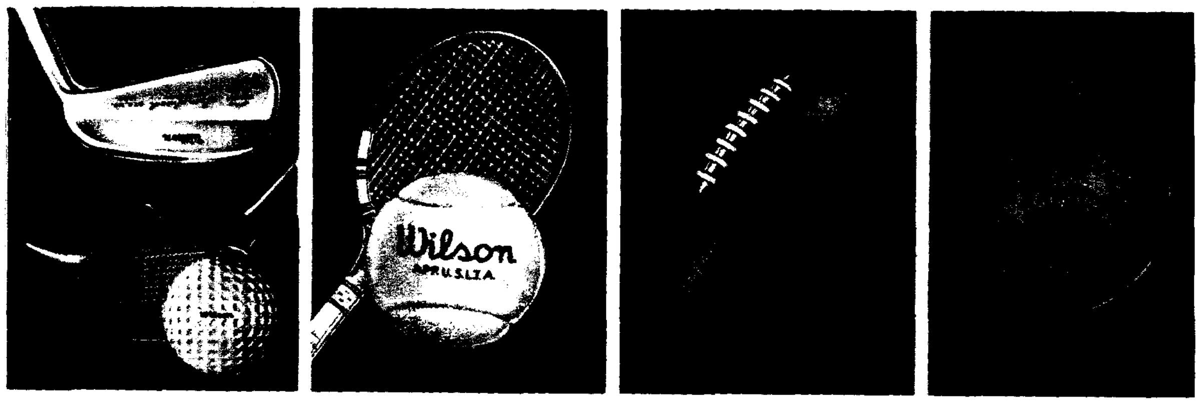
Cross-tension linings which for the first time insured lasting shape and Valve-type inflation, which permitted standardization of air pressure for inflated balls. The Reminder-Grip for golf clubs—Pressure packing for tennis balls—Safety features in football player equipment which have made football a faster, safer sport.

In fact there is scarcely a sport to which Wilson has not contributed some vital improvement to the players' pleasure and safety.

• • •

NATION-WIDE DISTRIBUTION

From twenty-eight branches strategically located throughout the country, Wilson sports equipment is distributed by thousands of Sporting Goods Stores and Professional Golf Shops to increasing millions of sports participants. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York, and other leading cities.

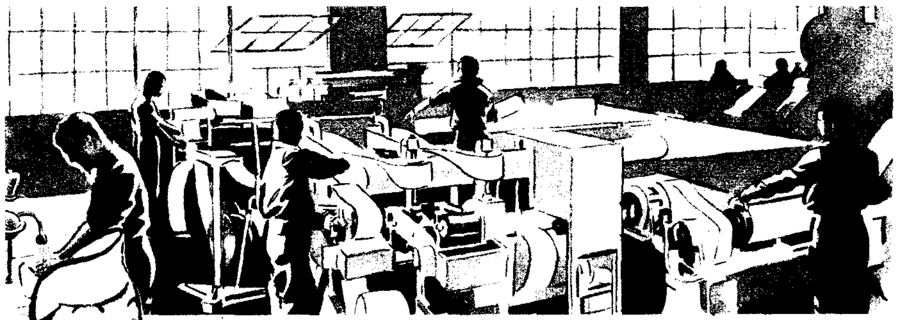


Finest modern equipment for • BADMINTON • BASEBALL • BASKETBALL
BOWLING • BOXING • FOOTBALL • GOLF • GYMNASIUM • HOCKEY
SOCCER • SOFTBALL • SQUASH • TENNIS • TRACK • VOLLEY BALL

Wilson
H 42 Official
SOFT BALL

IMAGINE! A BRIDE KNOWING THAT ABOUT AN ICE CREAM CONTAINER!

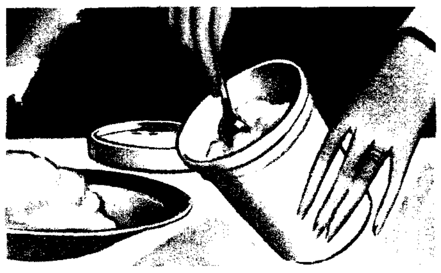
"For A Bride of 7 Weeks, my daughter-in-law Alice, is certainly learning fast. We stopped in Bosley's Store for a quart of ice cream and she complimented Mr. Bosley for using Sealright Containers—said it was nice to get ice cream in a container she knew was absolutely clean."



"She Opened My Eyes!—told me she had read in the magazines that all Sealright packages are made under strict laboratory control, from special sanitary paper, in a spic and span plant used for no other purpose. 'Sealright employees,' Alice said, 'not only must pass health examinations, but have to conform to exacting rules of hygiene in their work.' "

SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE

"Alice Taught Me what to look for when I buy ice cream or other foods in paper containers. When I see the Sealright Emblem I'll know I'm getting the last word in a sanitary food package."



Eat More Ice Cream! Patronize dealers and manufacturers who use clean, sanitary Sealright Nestyle Containers. They're easy to identify—by the Sealright Emblem on the container cover.

We use
SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE
for Your Protection

Entire contents of this advertisement Copyright, 1941, by Sealright Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y., Kansas City, Kan., Los Angeles, Calif., Peterborough, Ontario, Can.

Sealright Containers

One of many SEALRIGHT SANITARY PAPER PACKAGING PRODUCTS including ICE CREAM CUPS, ROUND CONTAINERS, BULKANS, PAPER MILK BOTTLES, MILK BOTTLE CAPS AND HOODS

Camp Lee will turn out 108 motor and maintenance companies annually. Most training equipment now comprises parts from old cars and trucks

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

QUARTERMASTER CORPS TRAINING. Function of the Quartermaster Replacement Center at Camp Lee, Virginia, is the concurrent training of 10,400 selectees every ninety days in the seventeen primary types of quartermaster units. Besides those pictured on these pages, others include rifle supply and maintenance, sales commissary, sterilization and bath, refrigeration, salvage collecting. Motor units consist of car and truck companies, gasoline supply, light- and heavy-motor maintenance, transport service. Trained by a personnel of 300 officers and enlisted cadre of 1,581, mobile units will be sent from Camp Lee to twenty posts throughout the East every thirteen weeks.

OUR NEW ARMY

NEW YORK

PINE CAMP, Great Bend. Members of the 4th Armored Division, activated last month from the 1st Armored Division at Fort Knox, Kentucky, stumbled upon a new sport while engaged in policing this sandy area. They call it sandplaning, or dry-land aquaplaning. How to play: Attach a long wooden box by wires to the stern of a ten-ton truck capable of whipping through soft sand; stand in the box and grab hold of the reins; signal driver to give her the gun. General rule: Don't fall off at thirty miles per hour; the Army needs able-bodied soldiers.

THE newly organized Military Police unit at this camp has been instructed to halt all cars entering the post after dark, and to shoot at any failing to stop. But yes—with a .38 revolver. Last month the first shot was fired by Pvt. Lawrence Gumenski, on duty at one of the sentry posts. A civilian car whizzed up the road and Pvt. Gumenski raised his hand. The driver paid no heed to that; paid even less attention to the sentry's whistle. At which Pvt. Gumenski pulled out his gun, took the careful aim which has won him marksmanship medals and let go. The bullet ripped through a fender and the driver stopped, rapidly. . . . When Pvt. Gumenski reported the incident to the desk sergeant he was asked what the civilian said. "I didn't quite get it," replied Gumenski, "but it sounded something like 'Glub-glub-glub.' "

NEW JERSEY

FORT DIX. Pvt. Blair Clark, Battery F, 156th Field Artillery, has a question. He reports that he found most Army-action orders quite traditional and unimaginative until he bumped into the "Fire!" equivalent for hand-tossing explosives at enemy tanks. The order then is "Bingo!" which is easily translated into "the finish," or "that's all, brother." "I get the point," Private Clark states, "but since I may be only a hundred yards from the tank when an officer yells Bingo, I would like to know who's supposed to be finished—me or the tank?"

MASSACHUSETTS

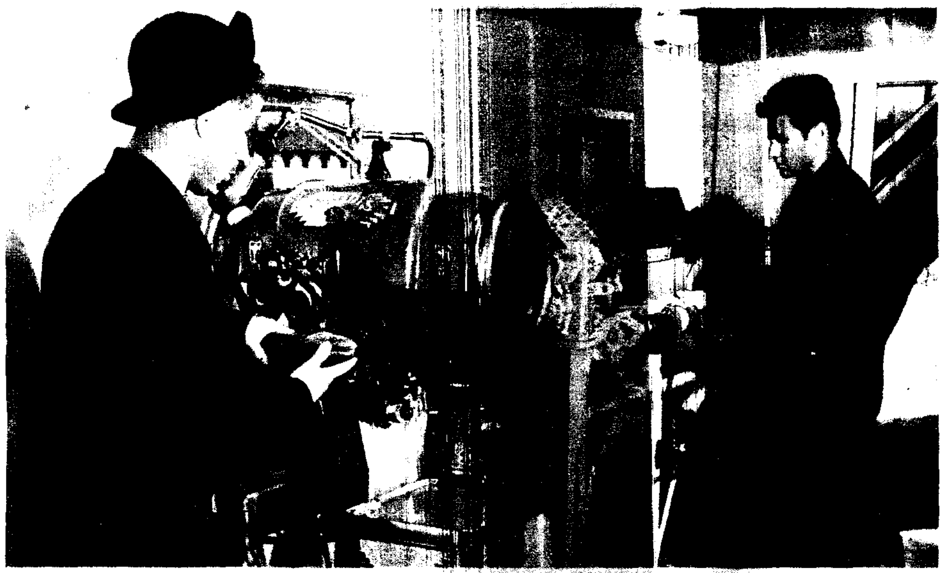
WESTOVER FIELD, Chicopee Falls. Promotions are speedy at this big-bomber base (buck privates have gone up to master sergeants in six months) because the Army's not only training a permanent ground crew but is also schooling cadres for the bases now under way at Manchester, New Hampshire; Bangor, Maine; and Windsor Lock, Connecticut. Training has been a bit sketchy, though. There's a nice building for drying and folding parachutes, but there are no parachutes. There are nifty little trucks for loading bombs on planes but no planes or bombs.

FORT WARREN, Boston. Its century-old granite walls, eight feet thick, are just about as impregnable now as they were in Civil War days, but just to play safe, the boys have let the thirty-foot-deep moat around this harbor fort stay put. There's still a drawbridge over it but the bridge won't draw any more. New soldiers are bug-eyed over the legends and history of the place. Subterranean tunnels and dungeons are eerie. More than 1,000 prisoners, including the vice-president of the Confederacy, were interned here. There are 200 "prisoners" on the island right now; baby chicks which a thoughtful battery commander bought out of his own pocket to supplement his men's mess. Chaperoning the fowl is Pfc. Carroll W. Green, who used to work on a farm in Spencer before joining the Army for a rest. "It's swell," he gloats. "I used to get up at four o'clock. Now I can lie around like a slug until five-thirty."

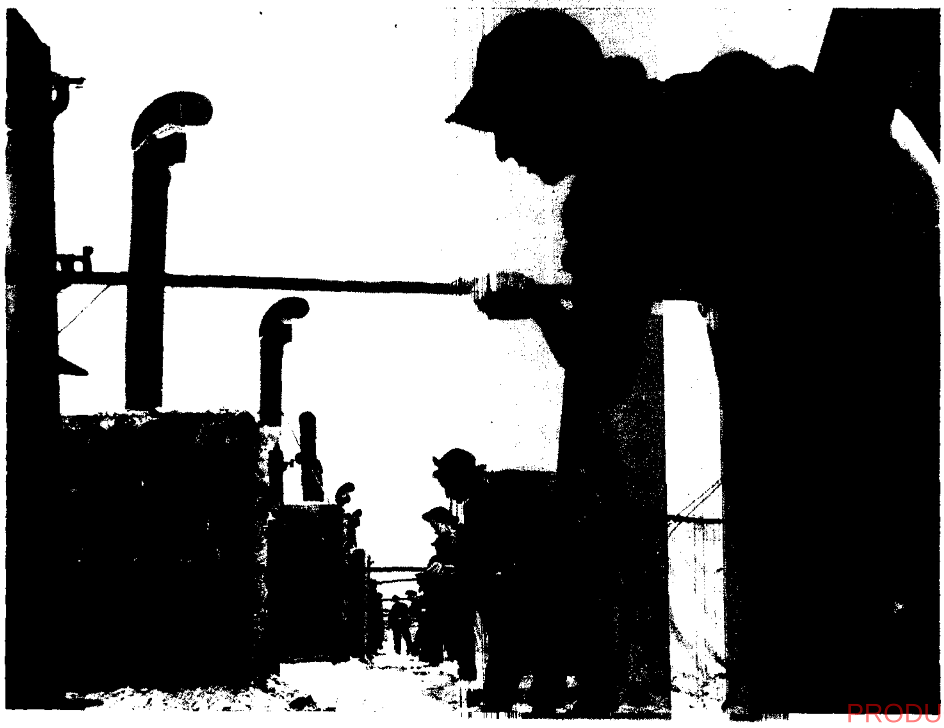
BOSTON ARMY BASE. When the WPA sent a twelve-piece Negro orchestra over to give noontime concerts for the soldiers in the fifth-floor

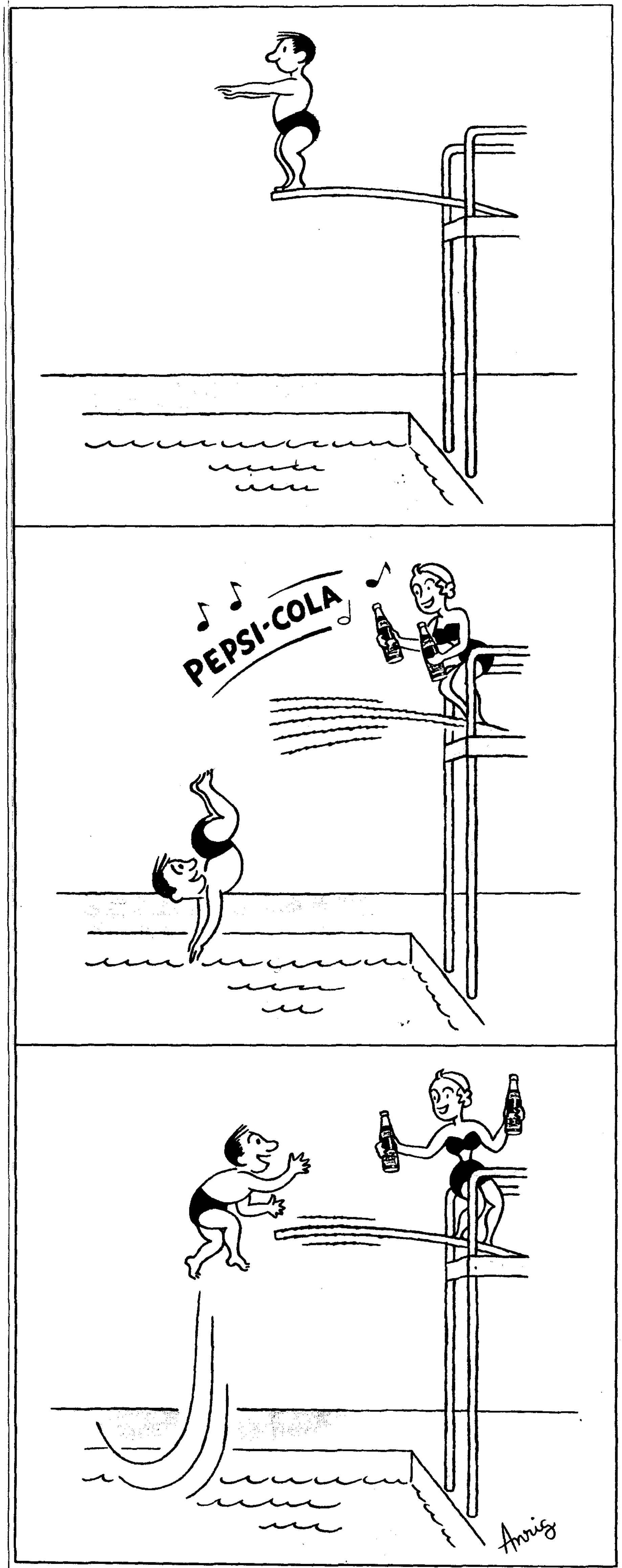
Clerks in the supply unit get practical training in fitting uniforms at the camp's reception center, which has a capacity of 100 selectees per hour

Pending delivery of a mobile unit, trainees study operation of camp's laundry. One mobile unit will handle the washing for 40,000 men a week



Capacity of the mobile shoe-repair unit above is 2,400 pairs per day. In preliminary training, potential bakers work at field ovens (below)





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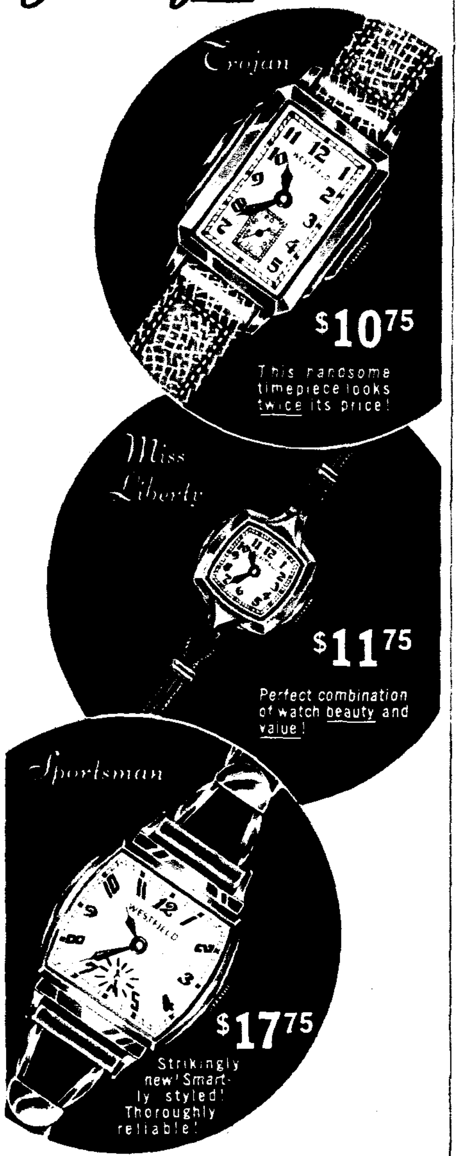
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recreation room, word got around at First Corps Area headquarters and at the Quartermaster depot and a lot of girl clerks and stenographers showed up. They and the assembled soldiers listened politely to a few concert pieces, then began yelling for some swing. The musicians didn't need any coaxing; they dropped the long-haired stuff pronto and went to town. Boys and gals took to the smooth floor—and the recreation room became the Club Khaki. Now, each noon, some 200 soldiers and half as many girls show up for after-dinner dancing. In the Army, lunch is dinner, in case you didn't know.

GEORGIA

FORT BENNING. The new helmet now being tested by the Infantry Board at this fort looks like a cross between a German "bucket" and a polo player's conk cover. The dome top slopes down the sides of the head and almost to the nape of the neck, thus protecting that part of the body which received twelve per cent of all wounds in the preliminary World War. It has a fiber lining that can be detached and used as a field cap, and although the assembled job weighs three ounces more than the present soup-bowl number it's more comfortable and strong enough to deflect spent rifle and machine-gun bullets, shrapnel balls and grenade splinters. A flanged visor in front distinguishes it from the Nazi knob protector.

SOME of the 8th Infantry rookies have a pretty good idea of what they're getting into when they go out on the firing range. Sgt. David Ramsay explains it to them very simply. "We start you," he said, "with weapons that are easiest to control and gradually give you harder and harder jobs. You first fire the .22-caliber rifle—which handles like a baby—and you end up with the .50-caliber machine gun—which is as hard to control as a redheaded woman."

CAMP STEWART, Hinesville. We've finally caught up with Colonel W. Firestone, who started in at Camp Pendleton, Virginia, and ended up here with the 213th Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft). Colonel Firestone is a private. That's right; Pvt. Colonel Firestone. First name's Colonel. And if the Army considers this circumstance confusing they'd better not let Pvt. Firestone study too much. If he's ever given a lieutenant's commission, things will be balled up for fair.

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. When a new camp commander recently put in a belated appearance, he was escorted on an inspection tour by Wheeler officials who had been anticipating the event for a week and were somewhat uneasy over what would be their new chief's opinion of the job they had done. The group reached the rifle range, stood watchfully by as a number of the camp's best marksmen went through their paces. Suddenly the C. O. assumed a look of displeasure, turned and whispered something to the major at his left. Down the line, rank by rank, went the word until it reached a sergeant, who left the group and walked up to the draftees. "When you boys dress tomorrow morning," he told them, "lace your leggings criss-cross instead of straight across. The skipper likes them better that way."

PVT. JAMES O'REAR, who has appeared in several Broadway shows, thinks the Army is all right. "I," he says, "get my money every month, my agent doesn't get a cent of it, and the show is guaranteed to run fifty-two weeks."

CANAL ZONE

RIO HATO AIR BASE. Members of the 9th Bombardment Group in the Panamanian interior are thinking of boning up on the art of cow-herding. The local cattle are fond of grazing on the runways at the base and the pilots of the big B-18A's have to stampede the cows before they can bring down their ships. When the roar of the low-flying planes fails to disturb the placidity of the herds, the field's crash truck and fire engine have to pile out and do the job. They ought to call it the beef patrol.

MINNESOTA

FORT SNELLING. If the Army isn't careful, it may soon find among its personnel a bull named Ferdinand, which has been raised by a draft registrant in Carlton County. With his master the bull is kind and gentle as the lyricized Ferdinand, but with anyone else he's no bedtime story. The registrant's father and two brothers have tried their hands at handling Ferdinand. No dice. According to Dr. Albert B. Stuart, secretary of the Carlton County draft board, the registrant asked for exemption from Army duty to care for the bull. Also no dice. With Mr. Registrant becoming Mr. Soldier, Ferdinand becomes a menace, because the family had duly notified Dr. Stuart that there where registrant goes, goes Ferdinand. Get ready, men.

BULL or no bull, the Army will this summer get a batch of 1,200 draftees who are much better off physically than run-of-reception center recruits. They're at the University of Minnesota, which listed its 2,000 draft registrants and gave the 1,200 low-numbered lads written examinations on health and recreational knowledge, and physical examinations and tests. Individual records were kept and recommendations made to each prospective soldier for improving himself physically for probable military service. The prescribed exercise courses weren't compulsory but the recommendations were made in such a way that they were followed almost to a man.

The university found eighty-five per cent of the 1,200 so out of condition that they'll require extensive hardening before they'll be much good in the Army. University credit is given for some of the special gym courses; in other cases the men have to take it on their own time and like it. The university also found fifty registrant students who had less than one quarter of their college work to finish for graduation. They'll likely have to do without their degrees until they graduate from the Army.

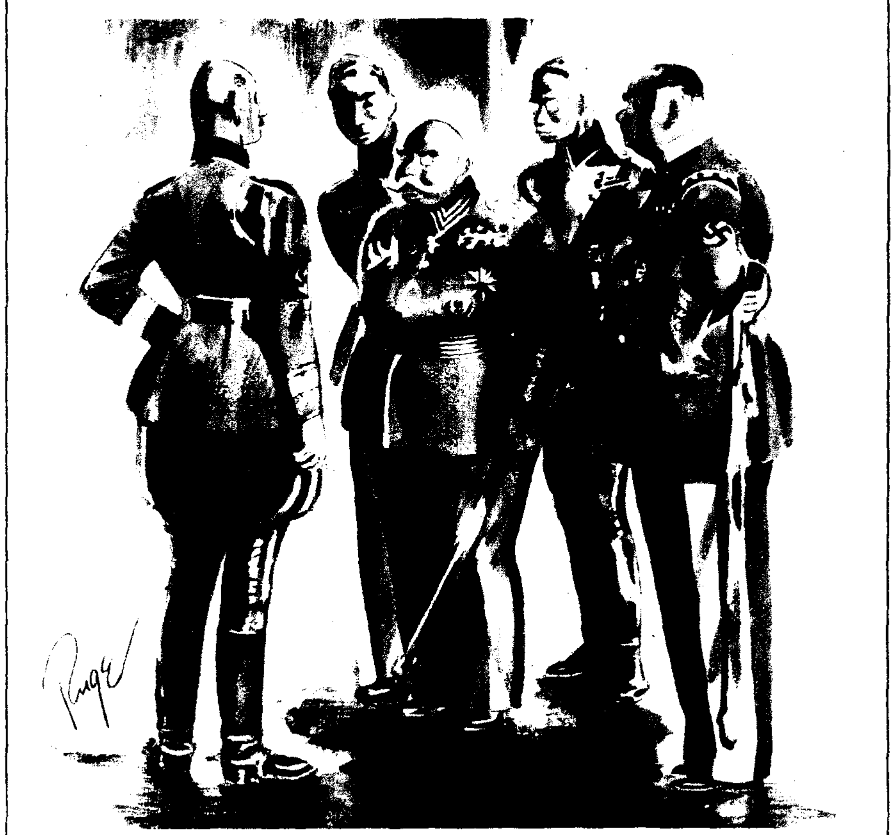
MICHIGAN

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. Pvt. Rene De Chochor, a former Swiss citizen who came to the United States in January, 1940, and volunteered last February, is in a position to compare soldiers of the 5th Division with those of the twelve European armies he has seen. "Instead of German pseudograndeur," he says, "I see smiles on the faces of the men. When a man misses step, the man behind him taps him on the shoulder. When the same thing happens in the German army, the fellow behind reports him. Above all, American soldiers know what they're doing and why they're doing it."

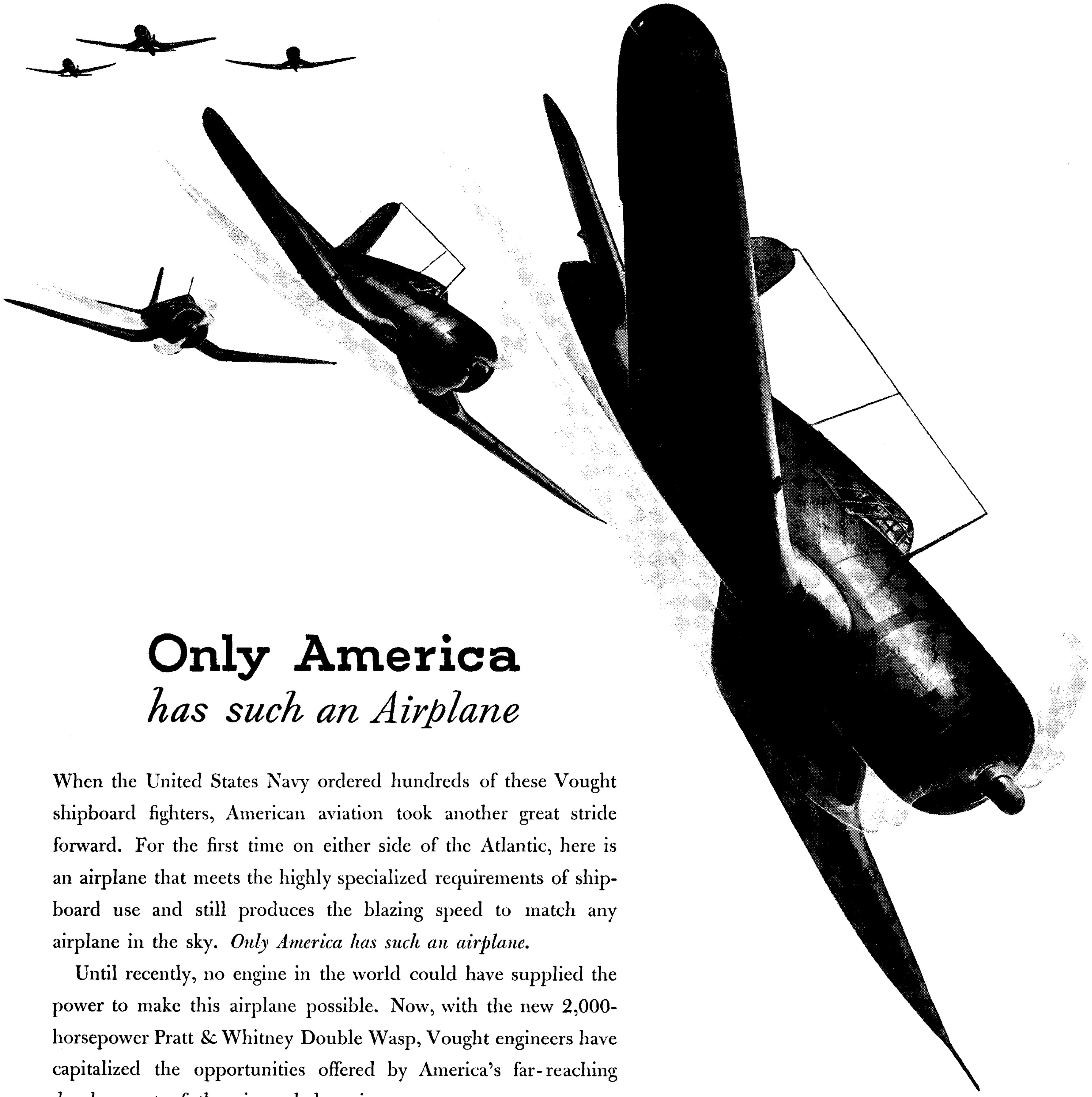
CAPTAIN ADOLPH W. EBERLE, commander of the post Military Police, was slightly embarrassed when it was reported to him that the instigator of a ruckus in a downtown bar had to be ejected and turned over to military authorities. The captain was embarrassed because the disorderly party turned out to be Duke, his own 152-pound great Dane, who was AWOL.

CALIFORNIA

FORT ORD. "I do what I'm told and don't ask many questions," says one of the newer members of the 7th Division's 53d Infantry, "but sometimes my curiosity takes a terrible beating. Take like this is the day we're to practice landing by boat. The top kick looks us over to see we're in good health. Our chow is checked. Our equipment is given the once-over. We climb into the boats and our noncoms keep yelling look out we don't fall into the water. I am practi-



"The war films were delightful, Herr Captain—but why no Mickey Mouse?" JOHN A. RUGE



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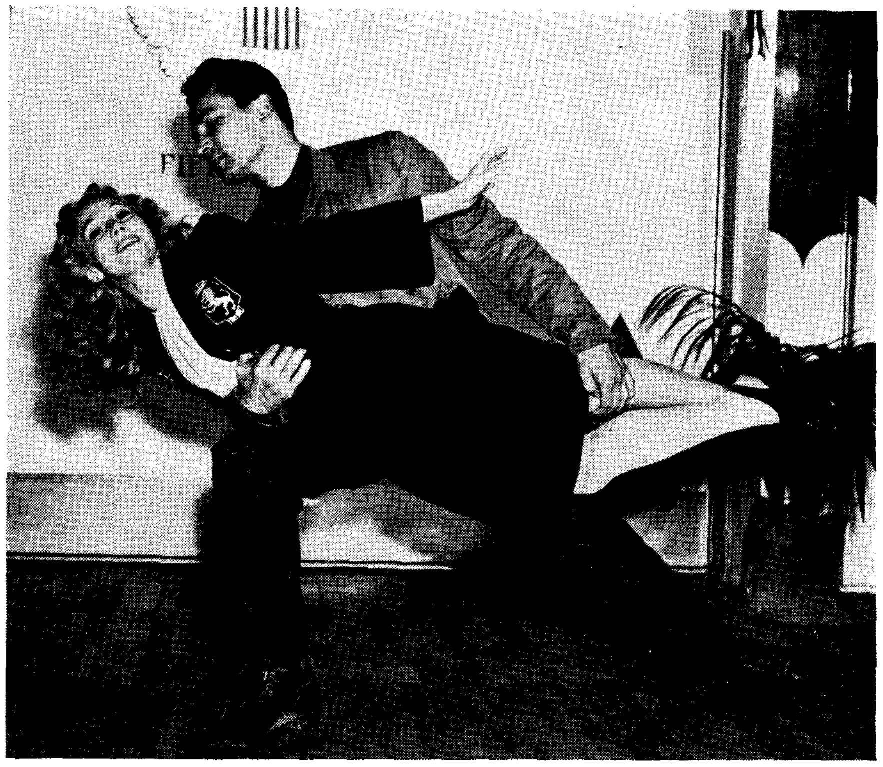


ROBERT POOR PHOTOGRAPH

Army shoes aren't for the ballet, but Fort Custer's Pvt. Anthony Witowich, Co. C, 56th Qm. Btn., and visiting Danseuse Maria Gambarelli show it can be done

cally overwhelmed by all this interest in my welfare. So what happens when we finally land safely on the beach? I look around and see a big I. C. painted on every boat we've used. Know what I. C. means? Inspected—Condemned."

PRESIDIO OF MONTEREY. Current Character No. 1 at this historic post is Jean Nougeret of Headquarters Company, Third Army Corps. Born in France, he had just completed a year's military training there in 1934 when the Germans marched into the Saar Valley and said "So what" to the Allies. They called Pvt. Nougeret and the other Blue Devils back. After he spent three months in the Maginot Line waiting for an invasion that didn't come until six years later, Jean came to this country in 1938 and joined the Army a few months ago. Very few words comprise his English vocabulary and he's glad of it. "All the fellows here," he says through an interpreter, "wish me to talk about the Maginot Line and it makes me sick."

MOFFETT FIELD. One night last month one of the 300 cadets at the Army's flying school here couldn't get away to keep a date with a girl friend, so he sent a buddy to substitute for him. News of the incident leaked out and started a terrific flutter among local females; in fact, other cadets are now moaning that every time they show up at girl friends' homes they're greeted with Oh-it's-only-you looks. All of which doesn't make sense until we tell you that the aforementioned substitute was Cadet James Stewart, lately of Hollywood.

GENERAL

CURIOUS to know who and where are the men in service whose Army serial numbers are even millions, we mentioned a month ago that No. 34,000,000 was stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida. Three other millionaires have reported. No. 16,000,000 is Pfc. Philip D. Pobruka (it looks like), of the 2d Pursuit Squadron, 52d Pursuit Group, Selfridge Field, Michigan. No. 33,000,000 is Pvt. Thomas A. Whelan, Co. A, 93d Infantry Battalion, Ft. George G. Meade, Maryland. And No. 35,000,000 is Pvt. Morris L. Canipe, Co. A, 85th Quartermaster Battalion, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. That leaves only a few millions to be heard from.

"SO," WRITES a member of Co. C, at Fort Knox, Kentucky, "the soldiers at Camp Jos. T. Robinson, Missouri, think they have the best mud because it's easily scraped off their brogans? Nuts! The mud here is such a perfect olive drab that, providing it's applied evenly, you don't have to scrape it off at all."

AFTER this department had revealed that a Fort Devens mess sergeant bought soap in such large quantities that he fairly rolled in merchandise obtained by trading in the coupons, things began to happen to him. Four different ladies, noting that the premiums were designed principally for housewives, coyly wrote to the sergeant and suggested that he correspond with each of them. Highly flattered by this dubious interest the sergeant freely permitted the men in his company to envy his fan mail, and for several days he was pretty hot stuff at Devens. Then into camp walked a gentleman with a paper. The gent turned out to be a process server, the paper a summons for the sergeant, who had been guilty of some slight breach of something or other. "I thought I never would track you down," said the process server. "But that piece in Collier's . . ." The sergeant asks us to lay off the publicity henceforward.

1 THE 1st Division at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, consists of three infantry regiments, four field artillery battalions, a battalion each of engineers and medical men, a company of Military Police and a number of special troops. Not a National Guardsman or selectee in the lot. We learn all this from a Sgt. O'Grady whose letter, signed off with Love and Kisses, we can't answer personally because he neglected to tell us where he fits into the division. He writes, however, that "the members of our organization have taken a great deal of interest in Our New Army but would like to submit a somewhat shy reminder that we have a Regular Army, too. Remember?"

YOU bet. What's new?

G. W.

A Heart in Her Hands

Continued from page 12

car out of the garage (a wooden structure opening on the hill), she had gone down to the shed to pack a number of eggs for delivery. The sound of the car being started had brought her swiftly back. The car was gone.

In reply to Inspector Horley she stated that, although Ragstaff Hill was a short cut into Moreton Harbor (it was marked: "Very steep hill—dangerous"), personally she never risked it. She was unacquainted with the dead man.

"It's a case for Scotland Yard," Colonel Brown-Maple had barked at Inspector Horley. "We're out of our depth, damn it. This tattooed fellow isn't a tramp: he's a gentleman. The thing simply doesn't add up."

SCOTLAND YARD had responded electrically: Suppress the facts, the chief constable was told; postpone the inquest; await arrival of Sir Burton Ayres (the famous pathologist) and Chief Inspector McCall.

This had the colonel on tiptoes: but more was to come. He was called up at an unearthly hour by the Air Ministry. A member of their Intelligence was already on his way. No further steps must be taken until this officer should arrive: he was to be expected between 4 and 5 A. M.

Colonel Brown-Maple thereupon summoned his old friend, and now here they were, pacing in opposite directions up and down before the big desk in the chief constable's library.

"God knows what it's all about, Stampling," said the colonel. "But I simply had to unload on somebody. Good of you to come over. Propose to turn in now. Stopes will wait up. See you in the morning."

"This ministry man may want to question the painter fellow."

"Probably will. Know where to find him?"

"Yes. His name is Barrack or Brook or something. Staying at the Bull in Opley."

"Truth of the matter is," said Wing Commander Prescott, "that we got onto this only just in time to prevent exposure. Nothing would be gained by publicity, and until we know the real facts it is important that there shall be none."

Colonel Brown-Maple nodded.

"Whenever the Yard men travel," Prescott went on, "Fleet Street more or less tails 'em. But I think I have gained a little time. I'm going to be quite frank with you, Colonel. The dead man was one of our fellows: Squadron Leader Hallory—better known as 'Jimmy'."

"Good Lord!"

"Yes. The tattoo mark described to the Yard gave the clue, of course. Hallory vanished some time on Tuesday the fifteenth—"

"Day before the car mystery."

"As you say. He had a rather bad crash three months back, and after convalescence he was seconded for special duty—rest cure, really. He carried important stuff between the Ministry and various headquarters. On Tuesday he had a particularly valuable cargo—we'll call it Plan B—which had been left with a coastal command for study and comments. It was in a brand-new attaché case of the kind commercial travelers use. Quite commonplace; meant to be. Hallory set out from London pretty early, driving his own car, arrived safely, collected case, started back after lunch—and vanished."

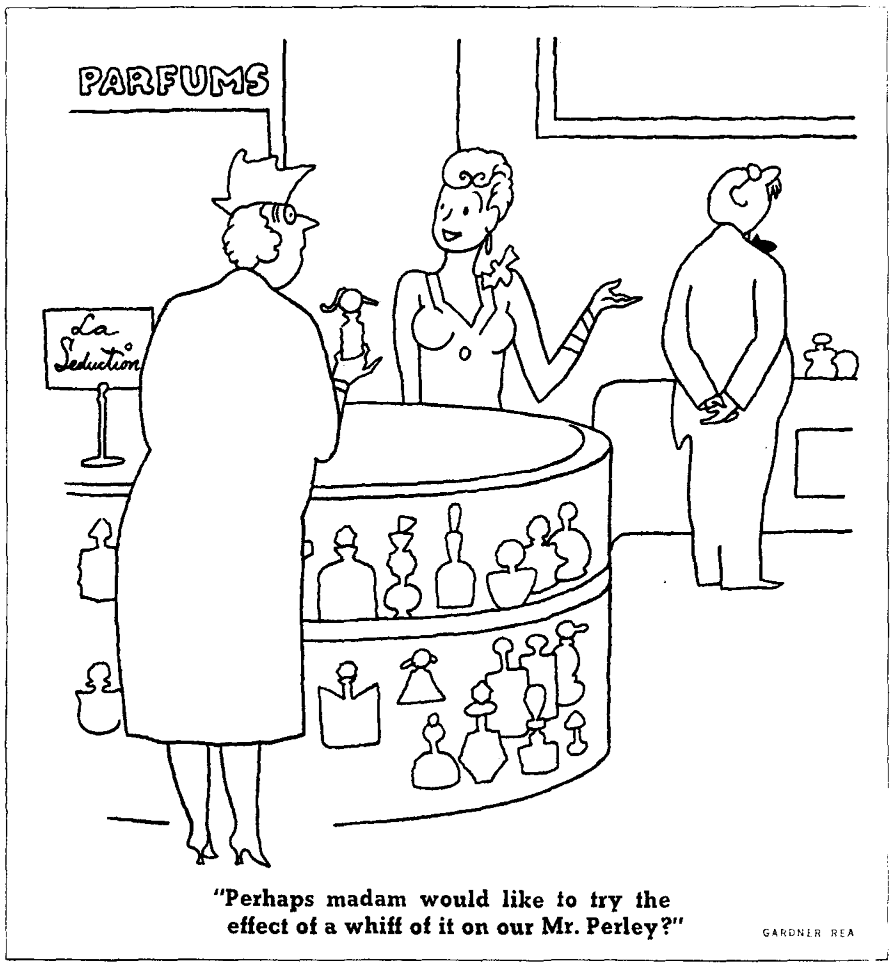
"You mean—his car as well?"

"No—not his car. We traced that. It seems to have broken down outside Anchester, where he left it in a garage. There's no record, though, that he hired another. So we have been combing the Anchester area. Then came this report of the body found down here."

"But, Anchester," muttered the colonel—"damn it, Anchester is about forty miles from Moreton Harbor. How did he get *here?*"

Prescott shook his head.

"We have discovered, of course, that



"Perhaps madam would like to try the effect of a whiff of it on our Mr. Perley?"

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there was no train stopping at Anchester which would have served; it's a drowsy old place to be marooned in."

Colonel Brown-Maple frowned.

"What is the history of the tattooed heart?" he asked. "Some love affair, no doubt?"

"No doubt." Prescott smiled dryly. "Poor Jimmy Hallory was highly impressionable. He was formerly stationed in Singapore. I imagine that the design dates from that time. I am getting in touch with his great friend, Walmer, who was with him there. One never knows."

"I take it the loss of—er—Plan B, would be by way of a nuisance?"

Wing Commander Prescott stared hard at the colonel. "Granting certain eventualities, you understate the facts," he replied.

RATHER later that morning, having made essential arrangements, Prescott, alone, was driving slowly past the Bull at Opley, when he reduced speed to a crawl, then pulled up, and, leaning back on his elbow, stared toward the little courtyard of the inn. A tallish, lean man who wore riding kit of sorts was strapping a painting outfit onto the rear of a bicycle. He had just completed this operation when Prescott joined him.

"Hullo, B. B.!"

The painter looked up. His dark eyes surveyed the speaker analytically; then, with a glad smile, he stretched out his hand. "As God is good," he exclaimed in Arabic, "I behold none other than Prescott Pasha!"

And Prescott, grasping the extended hand, smiled gladly too. He had last seen Bimbâshi Barûk in Cairo: but just before Prescott left for England the bimbâshi had disappeared. Ten days or so later the Army of the Nile began its spectacular advance into Libya, and Prescott learned that Barûk had been attached to Intelligence.

"It's infernally good to see you, B. B.—but a tremendous surprise. How come?"

"I was sufficiently stupid to allow myself to be hit by an Italian bullet," the painter laughed.

"Must have stopped it pretty firmly to be sent home. When does leave expire?"

"I cannot say, Prescott. I have a medical board next week. I chose this spot because, although my mother came from hereabouts, I had never had a chance to visit it before."

Mohammed Ibrahîm Brian Barûk, major (bimbâshi) of the most renowned camel corps in Africa, was the son of a sheik of pure lineage by his English wife. In many respects a typical public-school product, there ran in his veins the blood of Moslem captains who had slain the infidel and spared not.

"Keen to get back to the daily round?"

"That depends upon which daily round you mean." The bimbâshi leaned against his bicycle; his eyes were dreamy. "You may mechanize a camel corps, but you cannot mechanize a man's soul. I shall miss my camels. But I was happy in my work while I stayed with your fellows."

"What! Were you attached to the R.A.F.?"

"Yes—I thought you knew: a sort of lease-and-lend arrangement. For that matter, I suppose I still am; and although I endeavor daily to improve my rotten painting, I confess that this long spell of inactivity is very boring."

Prescott glanced at the dark, aquiline face, now faintly touched with melancholy. "Care for a job?" he asked abruptly.

Barûk's eyes lighted up from within. "Rather! Got one for me?"

"Let's go into the Bull. Better if we're not seen together."

Miss Anstruther, her simple lunch dispatched, sat on the cottage porch drinking a cup of coffee and enjoying one of the three cigarettes that she allowed herself per diem.

Suddenly, she looked up.

A man had rested a bicycle against the gate and was coming along the paved path toward her. He was a dark man, undeniably good-looking in a vaguely sinister way, and he wore breeches and riding boots and some unfamiliar sort of leather jerkin. At the step of the porch he halted, smiled and bowed.

"Do I address Miss Anstruther?"

His accent was of a kind to which she was accustomed, but his voice possessed an exotic musical quality. Her fine gray eyes (they had been called hard) regarded him without fear or favor. Nevertheless, something that he saw there prompted his next words: "I may add that I am not a German parachutist!"

Miss Anstruther studied him for a long moment, and then, smiling slightly in return, indicated a seat on the other side of the porch. "But you are a soldier," she said in her cool, clear voice.

He presented a card which he held ready in his hand. "How did you know?"

"I was born and bred among them." She read the card, holding it a long way off. "But I don't remember having met a camel-corps officer before. What can I do for you, Major? Let me get you a cup of coffee."

"Thank you all the same, Miss Anstruther, but I lunched only recently."

As something of a connoisseur of coffee, he had abandoned its use since he had left Egypt. He sat for a while regarding her, and then he asked an odd question:

"If I had really proved to be a German, what should you have done?"

Miss Anstruther stared at him.

"I don't know. There are those who have heard me say that if ever one fell into my hands I would shoot him. I come of a long-memoried race, and I have an old service revolver tucked away. You see, Major, my sister (we used to keep house together) went out to Poland, before the fall of Warsaw, with an ambulance unit. She was a qualified nurse. I have never heard of her since—and I am selfish enough to miss her dreadfully."

Bimbâshi Barûk nodded, but his glance told her that he understood.

"Of course," he said, "you would want to be quite sure of your man—sure, I mean, that he was actually an enemy."

"Yes." A smile flickered over her face, disturbing its firm line. "That would be important, especially as we have been warned that they may be dressed as civilians." She glanced swiftly at Barûk. "But what is it you want to know?"

NOW, Bimbâshi Barûk possessed a sort of extra sense—less an intuition than an occasional, and most untamable, gift of lucidity. He could read, at times, in a person's eyes, exactly, minutely what that person was thinking. And as he had stepped up to the porch and bowed to Miss Anstruther, he had received such a mental message, which said, "I suspect you to be a German. If you are, I shall do my best to kill you."

Upon this he had based a theory to explain those discrepancies in Miss Anstruther's story of the loss of her car, which he had undertaken to clear up. His reply was dictated by this line of reasoning. "I want to know how you would satisfy yourself of such a man's identity before you ... disposed of him."

Miss Anstruther set down her empty coffee cup. Then she nodded her head several times.

"Yes"—her eyes watched him frankly—"I have landed myself in quite a mess!"

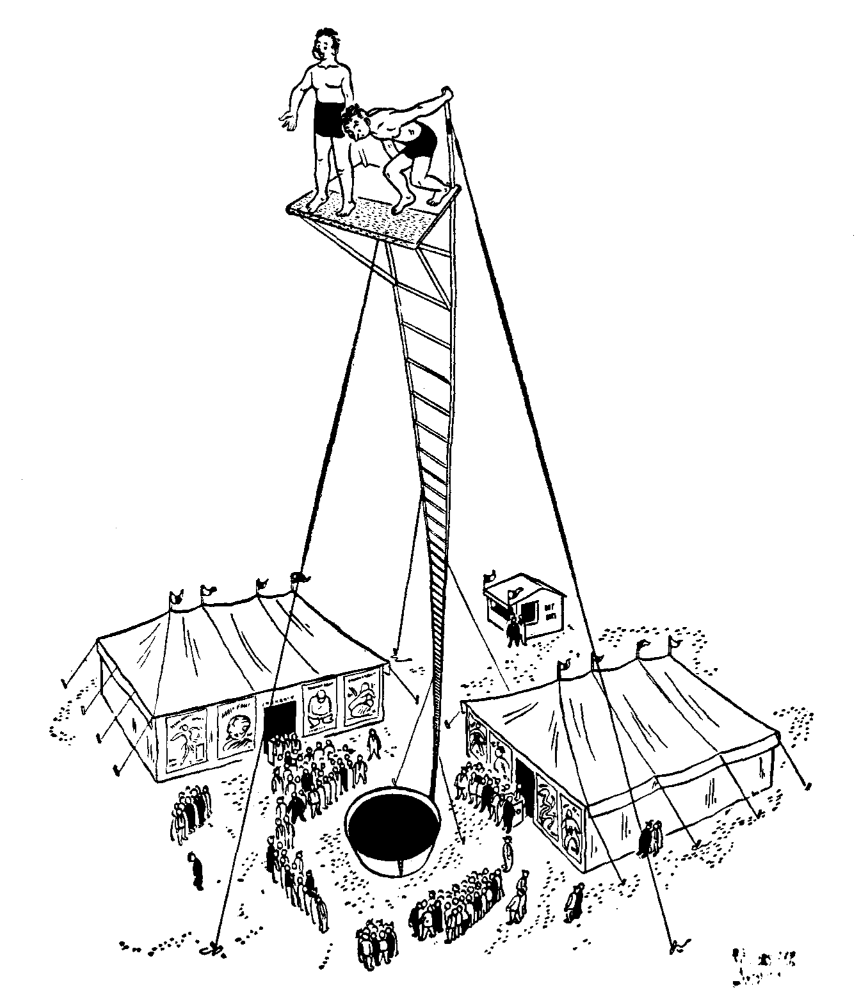
He proffered his open cigarette case. "Trust me to get you out of it. These are very ordinary gaspers."

"Thanks, Major—no. I'm rationed. But don't *you* want to smoke?"

"Mind an old pipe?"

"Not in the least. You smoke, and I'll talk."

And so, while Bimbâshi Barûk found



"Oh, you'll get used to the crowds!"

HARVEY JOHNSON

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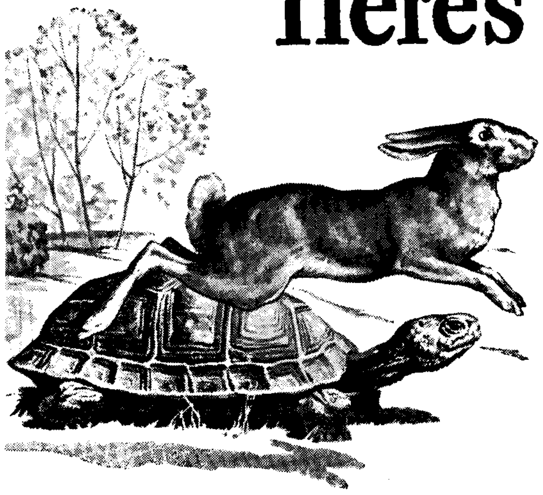
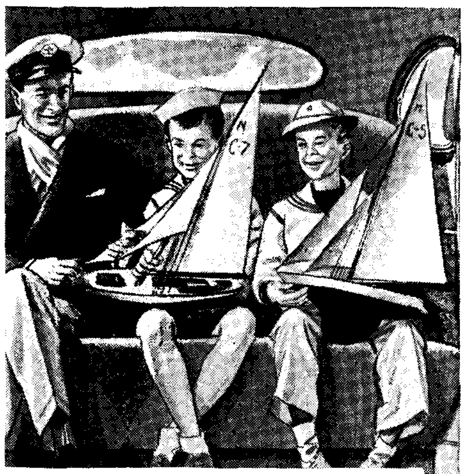


THE illustration on the left sums up the basic idea that makes Mercury far different from all other cars. The rabbit is built for speed . . . with hardly an ounce of excess weight to slow him down. Fleet-footed, nimble and alert, he can beat the turtle every time—no matter what the fable says! Mercury, also, is free from superfluous weight. Built to principles of aircraft engineering, it has more power per pound than most other automobiles. This sensible, new-and-different method of construction gives Mercury a world of stamina and thrilling "get up and go." It's a spirited, youthful car that fits today's driving needs *exactly*. That's why it gets out in front—in traffic or on the straightaway—and *stays* there!



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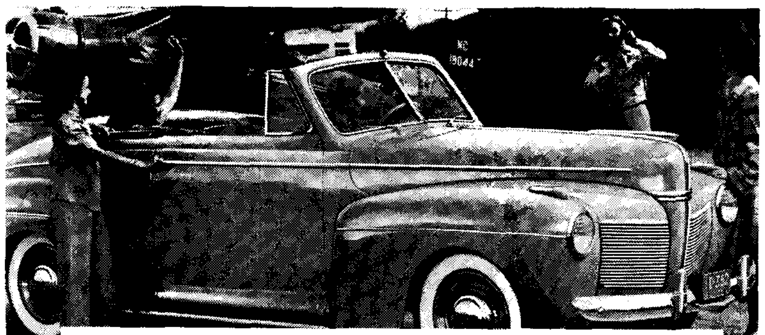

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YOU get the very *feel* of flight when you "take off" in a Mercury! For this completely new and basically different car really seems to have wings in the effortless way it streaks across country and takes the miles in its stride. ● Relaxed on broad, luxurious seats, you cruise along cradled in the "comfort zone"—between long, slow-motion springs. Balanced weight distribution and new wider tires give you better grip on wet roads and sharp curves. ● You'll like everything about Mercury—the smart, youthful sweep of its lines; its powerful V-8 engine; the lavish, roomy way it caters to your comfort. And you'll be amazed at Mercury's high gas mileage!

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his tobacco pouch, Miss Anstruther talked. Pomfret, the aged daily man, made a brief but successful appearance with a wheelbarrow.

"You have worked out, of course, that my story doesn't hang together too well. I suppose you are acting for Military Intelligence. The police told me the man was English and I knew he was a soldier. I was taken by the inspector to 'view the body,' and it is perfectly true that I haven't the slightest idea who the poor fellow is or was. But I think you will agree, if you can recall his close-cut blond hair, that he might have been a German?"

"Yes," the bimbâshi admitted, "as a physical type, possibly. But his voice, his manner?"

"His voice and his manner? You must remember, Major, that I had nothing but his appearance to go upon."

Bimbâshi Barûk questioned her with swiftly raised eyes: "You mean—you never heard him speak?"

"How could he speak? He was dead."

Bimbâshi Barûk hesitated. Then—"I don't understand," he said quietly. "Perhaps I had better let you tell the story in your own way."

"Oh!"

MISS ANSTRUTHER'S exclamation was little more than a whisper. Barûk's strange endowment was a double-edged weapon. She stared at him almost confusedly. She knew, in that instant, that he believed her to have fired the fatal shot!

"What is it? You are with a friend. You have nothing to be afraid of."

"But I have." She spoke quite coolly. "I have to be afraid of disappointing you. You see, the man was already dead and already seated in front of my car when I found him!"

"My dear Miss Anstruther! Whatever prompted you—"

"Let me explain. I dislike admitting it, but quite frankly I lost my head. I returned to the car which, as I told the police, was standing outside the garage. I was carrying two baskets of eggs. A man was lying across the driver's seat, with his face turned upward. He was dead. He had been shot. I took a good look at him. I came to the conclusion that he was a German who had been wounded, that he had struggled as far as the car, hoping to drive away in it, but had died in the attempt."

Bimbâshi Barûk went on filling his pipe. He was smiling again—smiling at his own dangerous facility in jumping to conclusions.

"What I thought at the time to be common sense prompted me. Everyone would say I had shot the man—for I have a revolver in the house, as I told you. I was not afraid of the legal consequences, but I was dreadfully afraid of the ghastly publicity. I knew from experience that my car, which had a fixed bias to the offside, if given its head from the hilltop, would unfailingly take the hurdles at the corner. I risked it. No one could possibly have seen me jump out. . . . Upon my word of honor, Major, it was not until I had phoned to the police that I realized I should be called upon to repeat, on oath, what I had told them!"

Bimbâshi Barûk pedaled slowly along through the fresh-scented afternoon. The inquiry promised to be more than slightly involved. He had learned from Miss Anstruther all that might be learned. For some time she had persisted in her statement that not a soul had approached the cottage between the time that she took the car from the garage and the moment when she returned with the eggs. Pomfret had not then arrived. But the bimbâshi had persevered patiently.

The postman?

There had been no letters.

The milkman?

Pomfret brought the milk from Hooper's farm every morning—but, ah! Yes! Someone had approached the cottage but had not actually passed by.

"Thank heavens!" Bimbâshi Barûk had exclaimed. "Medical evidence inclines to the idea that the man was dead for some hours before he went under water, and the notion of a dead man strolling about is so unwholesome."

It appeared that there was one Jonas Sowerby, a dairy farmer (Miss Anstruther had formerly been a customer) who delivered milk in the neighborhood. His farm was on the other side of Opley. Although he no longer called at the cottage, he passed close by on his way down to Moreton Harbor. He usually branched off at the fork just below the crown of the hill; and on Wednesday morning Miss Anstruther was *almost* sure she had heard the sound of his truck as he turned the corner. She herself was in the packing shed at the time.

In what way Mr. Sowerby could be concerned in such a crime did not seem too clear, but Bimbâshi Barûk had no other clue. *Someone* must have placed the body in the car, and Miss Anstruther lived half a mile from any neighbor. By elimination—a simple process in this case—the only suspect who remained was the milkman.

Although he passed the Bull on his journey, Bimbâshi Barûk did not notice the inn: he was pedaling softly and thinking hard. He even forgot to feel thirsty. So that he found himself staring into Mr. Sowerby's premises before he realized that he had come to the outskirts of Opley.

In a hollow on the left of the road he saw a neatly ordered yard in which were a number of churns and frames of milk bottles. There was a small, old truck—the same, no doubt, that was used for delivery purposes. It stood immediately beneath him as he leaned on a low wall looking down. Yes, according to directions given to him by Miss Anstruther, this was the place.

He was debating how best to proceed when a man came out of a dairy building and stared up at him.

"Good afternoon," called Barûk. "Am I addressing Mr. Sowerby?"

"You are."

"Do you mind if I come down for a moment?"

"What for?"

"I may have to arrest you."

And as he made this alarming remark his tactics were rewarded. Mr. Sowerby's truculent expression changed—and he shot one furtive glance in the direction of the truck.

"You see," the bimbâshi continued, leaving his bicycle propped against the wall and walking down a steep path to join the dairyman, "I know all about it, and I'm afraid you are in a very tight corner."

SOWERBY awaited him; his attitude was guarded. "Say what you've got to say"—he spoke challengingly—"and have done with it."

"That is quite easy. No doubt you argued that no one saw you put the body in Miss Anstruther's car the other morning?"

There was no reply, only a slight change of color.

"You thought you were safe. But you were wrong. Now"—the dark eyes held a command—"I am giving you a chance—your last. What have you to say?"

"Just this—" Sowerby swallowed and clenched his fists. "It's that old hen Polly Anstruther what's at me again! Always at me, she is. Nearly lost me my license, she did, sayin' I watered the milk. Then told them inspectors I mixed margarine with the butter. Don't think I don't know who done it!"

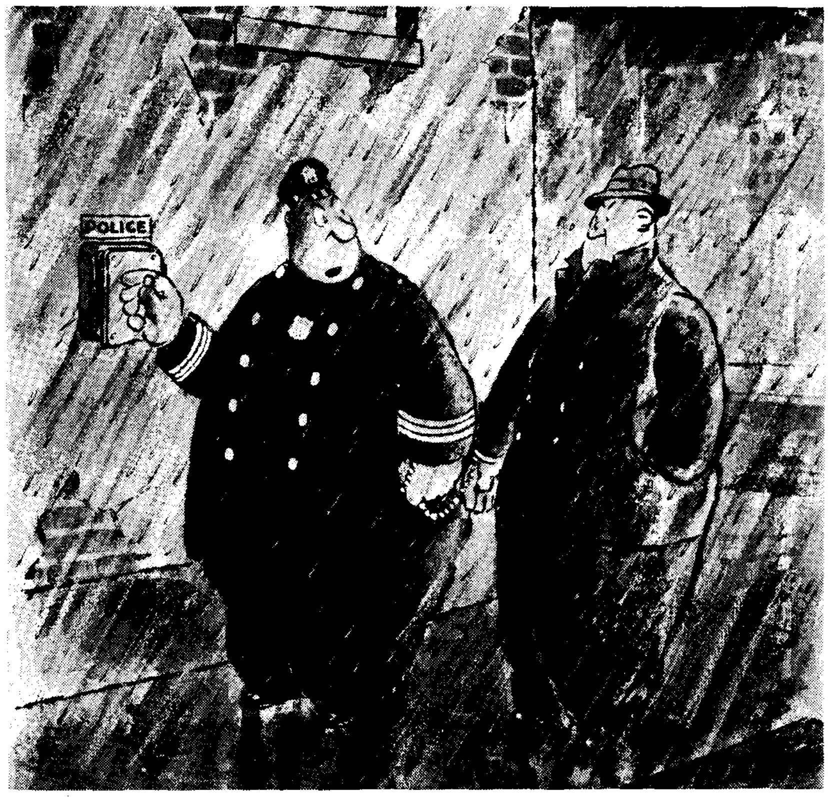
Words, long stemmed, flowed in a passionate torrent.

"Now she's a-tryin' to pin murder on me! So it's my turn at last. I never wanted to be mixed up in it, but I always knowed that old hen would do for some German one o' these days. What I didn't know was as she'd try to pin it on *me!*"

Bimbâshi Barûk hesitated. He had learned much, having known nothing; but if he would get to the root of this mystery he must avoid spoiling good work done already. His favorite proverb was, "Speech often stumbles where silence walks serene."

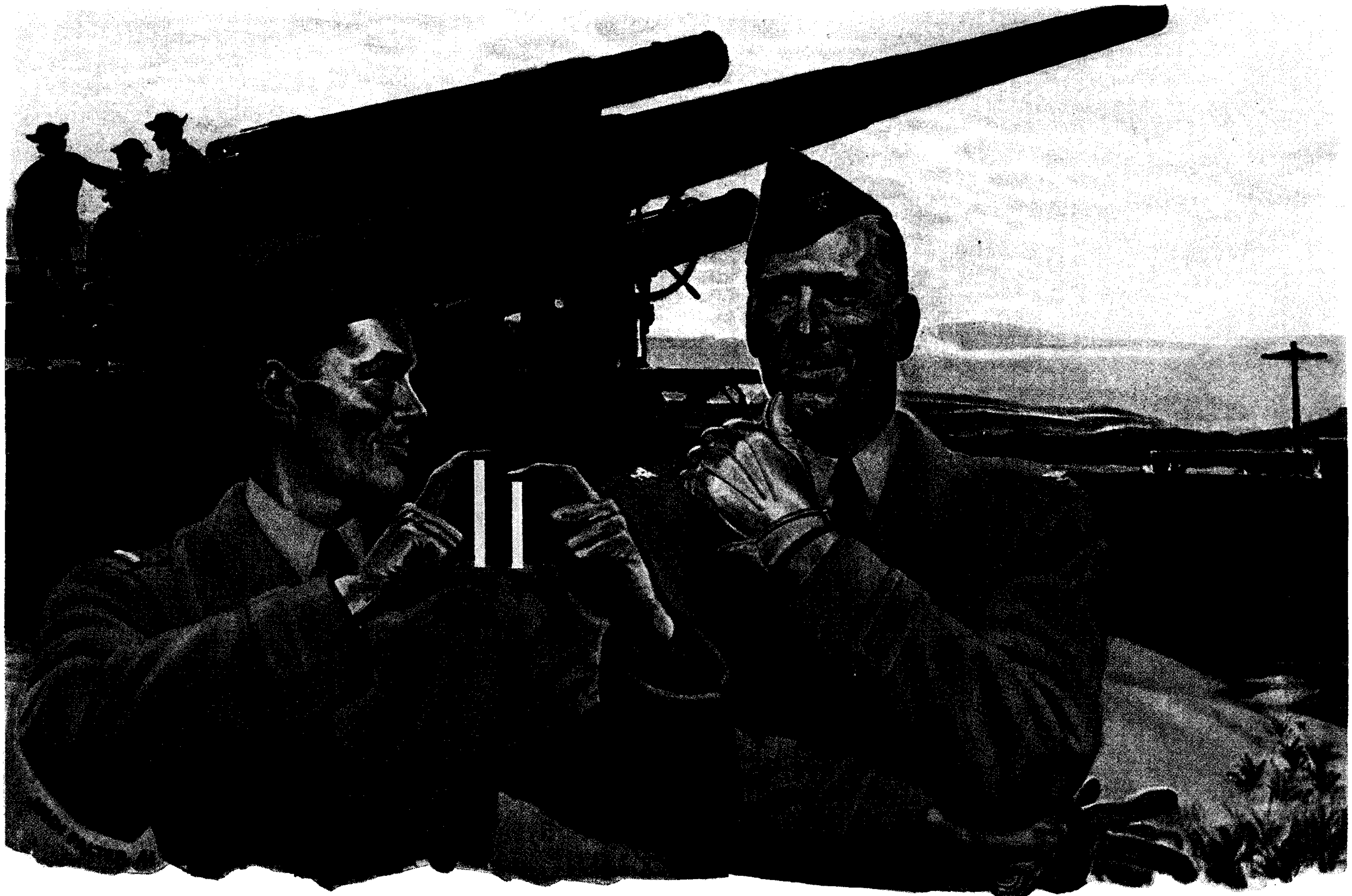
"Go ahead," he said sternly. "I am listening."

"There's no more to it. I just dumped him back where he come from. I don't want no dead Germans found on *my*



"The wagon's out right now. Got any dough? We'll take a cab"

JAY IRVING



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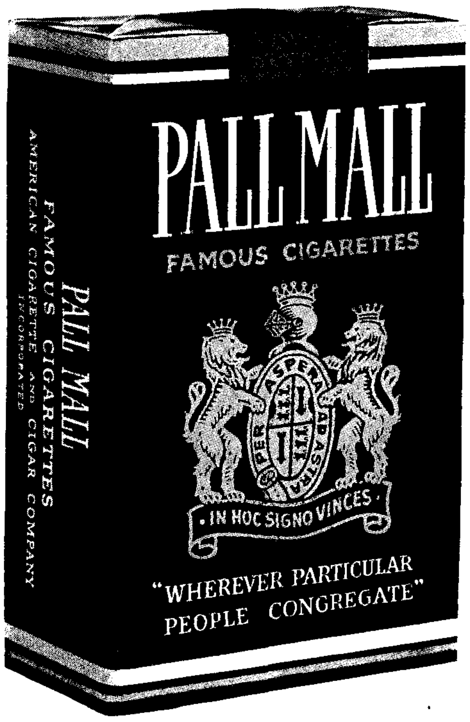
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IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
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"Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation."

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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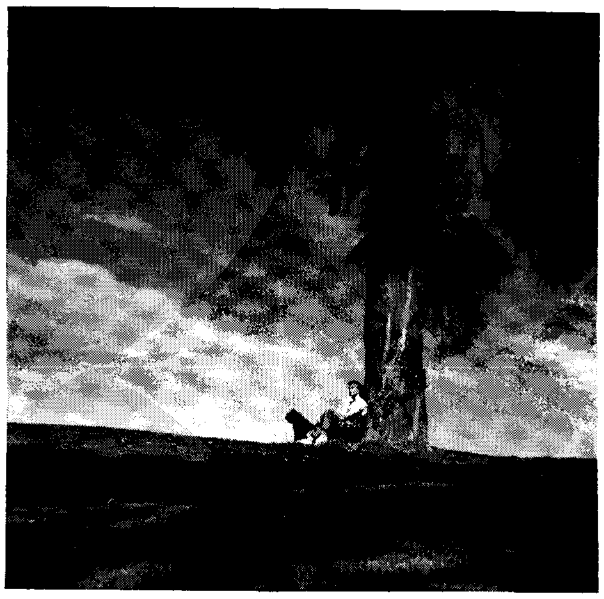

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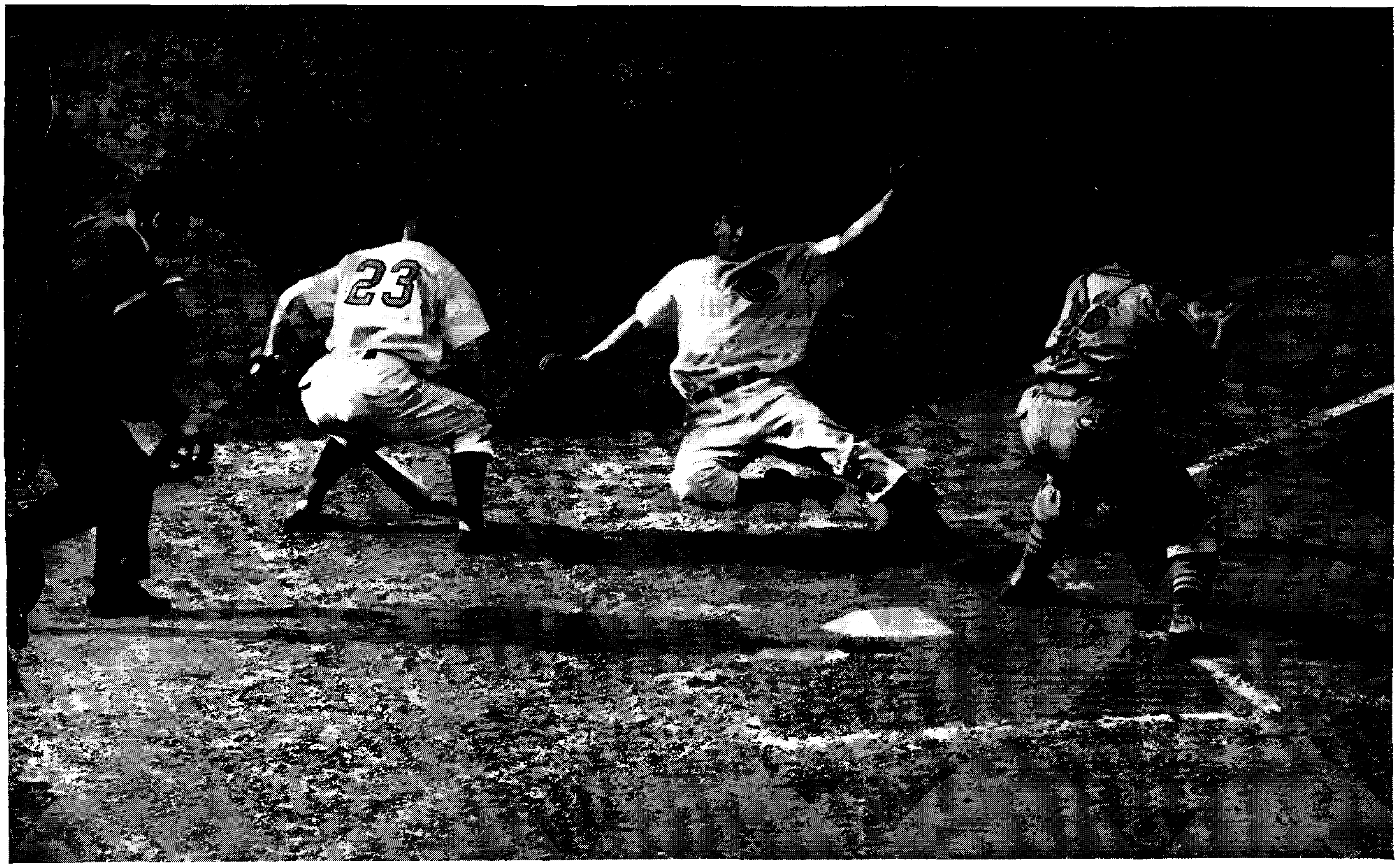

farm! Let them as done it take the blame, *I* say."

"Why were you so sure?"

"How wouldn't I be? Who else but Polly Anstruther would kill a German parachuter and then throw him down into my van? I'm askin' you a simple question: who else would? Not nobody about *these* parts. Not nobody as *I* could put a name to, anyways."

"At what time do you say you found the body?"

"Close on dusk it were, Tuesday evenin'. There's a bit of a mist, and it lies heavy in the valley here. Couldn't see not no farther than across the yard. I was up at the house havin' my supper when I heard it—"

"Heard *what?*"

"All them bottles smashin'!" He pointed to a small mound of broken glass under a lean-to. "Three dozen went, they did. I come runnin' out with my torch, and there's the frames a-layin' in the yard and all the bottles busted, and there's this dead parachuter a-layin' in my van! Shot, he was. Dropped him over the wall, she had. I heard her drivin' off."

"Where was his handbag?"

"Handbag? He didn't have no handbag. Not a thing on him, there weren't."

"What did you do?"

"Hid him till I thought it out, like. Nobody knowed, only me and that wicked old hen. Then, I says to myself, 'I'll take him and dump him back where he come from—on my mornin' round, I will.' So I done it. Covered him up in the van under a bit of tarpaulin, meanin' to leave him in her garden when nobody was lookin'. But I see that rattle-jack of hers—a-standin' in the road and I changed my mind and shoved him inside."

"And you say you heard a car being driven away on Tuesday night?"

"Plain as plain I heard the old hen a-drivin' away as I run down with my torch. But the mist hid her, it did. Cunnin' she is—cunnin' and wicked."

FOR fully an hour, patiently, methodically, Bimbâshi Barûk examined every foot of path, every inch of wall above the yard where the truck stood. Sowerby, from below, watched him moodily. At one point, where a piece of rusty metal protruded from the ancient masonry, he found, and delicately detached, a fragment of something. Sowerby could not see what it was. He made careful measurements of imprints on a patch of soft soil.

So long and so quietly did he work that thrushes and blackbirds, encouraged by his harmless ways, went about their quest unending almost at his feet.

When, finally, he remounted his bicycle, "Not a word to anyone, Sowerby," he said. "Not to anyone."

To the landlady of the Bull he put an odd question: "Is there a good furrier in Moreton Harbor, Mrs. Eldon?"

"A furrier, sir? Bless me. I don't think so. There's Miss Lister. She sells furs. 'Arlene' her shop is called, in the High Street. I don't know anybody else."

However, while he was having his tea she came back.

"I've been thinking, sir. You asked about a furrier. There's a gentleman staying at the Royal, a Mr. Lewis, and the headwaiter, who comes in here, told me he was in the fur business."

"I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Eldon."

Twenty minutes later, he sought Mr. Lewis. He found him audibly asleep in a cane rocking-chair. Mr. Lewis' attitude, which was not conciliatory, implied that he regarded the bimbâshi as an irritating lunatic. But he consented to glance at a silky gray fragment that Barûk took out of a wallet.

"Bit of chinchilla," he pronounced, handing it back. "Want it made into a tie pin?"

"Chinchilla? A very expensive fur?"

"Oh, no. Makes a nice cape for rough wear."

"What would it cost?"

"More than *you* ever had, if I'm any judge. Nine hundred to a couple of thousand pounds or so."

"Is there such a cape anywhere in the hotel?"

"There is *not*. Thinking of stealing one?"

BUT Bimbâshi Barûk, pedaling back to the Bull, was saying to himself, "If I can find the wearer of the chinchilla cape I shall have found the woman with a heart in her hands."

Wing Commander Prescott was waiting for him.

"There isn't a thing among poor Jimmy Hallory's papers to suggest a line of inquiry," he said. "Just got a report in from London. But we have one grain of hope. There was a train from Anchester that he could have caught, and by changing at Kessborough—and a wait of two hours—he would have been able to get back to town by about eight in the evening. A man answering his description and carrying an attaché case was actually seen on the train."

"Kessborough?" murmured the bimbâshi.

"It's on the main line between here and Anchester. Frightful detour, of course, if he went that way. But he may have—and Kessborough is only fifteen miles from Moreton Harbor."

"I am going to Kessborough."

"Biggish place. What are you going to look for?"

"A chinchilla cape."

Bimbâshi Barûk haunted the highways and byways of Kessborough until dusk fell. Then, having glanced at the register, he engaged a room at the Grand, changed into a dark suit and went down to the lounge. He had it to himself. Kessborough was less "biggish" than anticipated, and he had visited every important shop in the town, always asking the same question: "Has Mrs. Wybrow been in?"

When he was informed that they did not know Mrs. Wybrow, he invariably replied, "She often wears a chinchilla cape. You wouldn't forget *that*."

In this way he had secured two names. "The only lady I know who has a chinchilla cape is Mrs. Burton from Sandby Hall." This provided one of them; and, "You don't mean Mrs. de Marsan who lives out by the Warren?" gave him the second. Discreet inquiries from the host of the Sandby Arms had enabled him to dismiss Mrs. Burton from the case. He learned little about Mrs. de Marsan.

The somnolence of the lounge, with its prewar copies of motoring journals, was disturbed. A petite and attractively modeled brunette came in, to awaken memories of Paris before the eclipse. Disposing herself on a settee, she revealed suave silken legs and patrician feet shod in high-heeled slippers. From a handbag she took a jeweled case and from the case a cigarette. Bimbâshi Barûk was up, lighter snapped into action, before she had reclosed the case.

"Please permit me."

Eyes so dark as to be almost black, beautiful eyes except that they were set too closely together, appraised him as he bent and lighted the cigarette.

"Thank you."

"It is a privilege. I believe I address Madame de Marsan?"

The pupils of madame's eyes seemed to enlarge, so that their blackness became phenomenal. The bimbâshi read a message there.

"That is so—but how do you know?"

"The hotel register. You will find my

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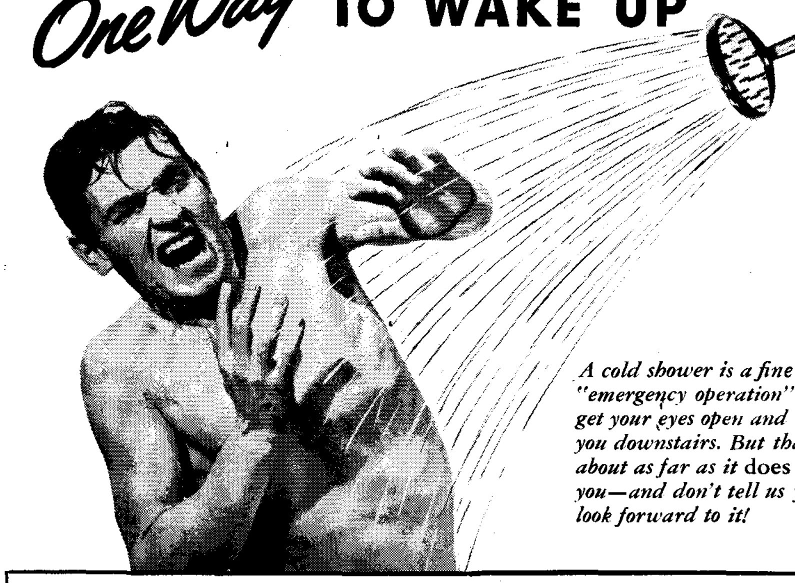

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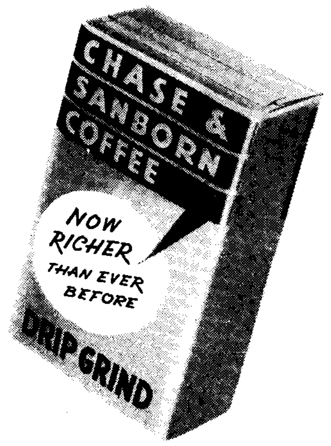

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CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

name not far below your own. Brian Barûk. You see, Madame de Marsan, I have been looking for you."

"Why?"

Her natural pallor grew slowly more marked.

"There is someone I have to find. Can you help me?"

"I don't know. Who is this you—have to find?"

"I have to find the woman with a heart in her hands."

For perhaps ten seconds he feared that she was going to swoon—after those ten seconds the danger was past. Madame de Marsan's full lips trembled into a smile. It was a smile of resignation. Bimbâshi Barûk caught himself admiring her.

"Please sit down, Mr. Barûk, and tell me how you—got onto my track," Madame de Marsan said.

"Your chinchilla cape," he said, dropping down beside her. "It is not necessary that I measure the heels of your shoes—but those you wore on Tuesday night were quite as high. There was another woman with you. She wore low heels."

"My maid—Suzanne."

"Is she here?"

"No. She remains—at the bungalow."

"Sort of—clearing up the mess?"

Madame de Marsan's lips trembled slightly. "Yes . . . clearing up." She raised her eyes. "I could no longer endure to sleep there. Am I to consider myself under arrest?"

"No, no—not at the moment. There is one rather urgent matter: Plan B. Have you sent it on to anybody?"

She shook her dark head wearily. "Everything Jimmy had with him is there, at the bungalow."

"Really! What was the hitch?"

"There was no 'hitch'. I am very, very unhappy, but I know I must go through with it now."

"That would be the best way. May I suggest champagne cocktails? They are quite a good pick-up."

IN AN atmosphere so artificial that the bimbâshi found it unreal, Madame de Marsan told the story of the loss of Plan B.

"My husband, Commander de Marsan, is with his ship in North Africa. We are to be divorced. When it was done I should have married Jimmy. We met, Jimmy and I, in Singapore, two years ago. We became great friends. He was so gay, so generous, so kind—and he was very much in love with me—"

"So you are the woman with a heart in her hands?"

She smiled tremulously. "He was a wildly impulsive boy. He went to Osuku, the famous tattooer—"

"C," murmured the bimbâshi.

"My name is Camille. After Singapore, we were parted for a long time. I returned to France. Then, the débâcle. I escaped, with Suzanne, from Le Touquet, and came here. Jimmy found me the little bungalow at the Warren. His duties sometimes allowed him to visit me; sometimes, we met in London. We never wrote to each other, because I was afraid I might fail to get my divorce."

An elderly clergyman carrying an evening paper entered the lounge. Noting madame's Gallic gestures, the man's tense calm, and, deducing a lovers' quarrel, he withdrew with a sigh.

"When he crashed and was so ill, I did not see him for ever so long. Then he was given duties that made it possible for us to be together again. Last Tuesday"—she hesitated, gulped, but went on—"last Tuesday his car broke down near a place called Anchester. He found that by taking a train to Kessborough he could spend an hour with me and then catch another slow train to London. But when the time came for him to leave me, he was very late. He ran all the way down the garden carrying the brown attaché case. Since his illness he had been—"

"Excitable?"

"Terribly, terribly temperamental."

Madame de Marsan paused; Barûk watched her covertly.

"I am speaking of my lover, the man I hoped to marry. Try to understand. Perhaps—I may be unable to go on. An hour later Jimmy came back. I was wild with joy to see him. He ran in. He looked and behaved like a madman. He threw the case open. It was empty. He hurled it on the floor at my feet—"

She spoke rapidly, tonelessly:

"He told me that I had won his love only to ruin him—that I was a spy—a courtesan—a cheat. He had left the train at the first stop and made his way back. Suzanne was out, and I was demented. When he learned that she was out, he uttered a cry like a scream. He shouted, 'She has gone with the plan! I am too late!' I tried to soothe him. I told him I did not know anything about a plan. . . . He threw me across the room. He said, 'But *you* shall not escape.' "

Madame de Marsan was so pale that the bimbâshi grew anxious again.

"He took a pistol from his pocket, and—shot himself."

A painful interval followed before she was able to proceed. Out in the lobby someone was beating a dinner gong.

"When Suzanne returned she found me lying beside Jimmy. She was my nurse; she is Breton; she has great strength of mind and of body. She found Jimmy's case locked. It was the same in every way as one of mine. In his hurry he had taken the wrong one. Mine was empty. Suzanne persuaded me to do what we did. We emptied his pockets and carried his poor body through to the garage. Suzanne said, 'It is dreadful. But if he is found here you will hang.' We meant to go to the coast. But it was getting dark. Suzanne sat behind with—him. He was wrapped in a rug on the floor. We came to a hollow beside the road. I was terrified of being stopped by a Home Guard patrol. We carried him to the low wall. . . .

"Something there was below, in the mist. There came a crash of glass. . . ."

AT ABOUT eleven o'clock that night, Wing Commander Prescott, who was staying with Colonel Brown-Maple, was called to the phone. He had had a tiring and sterile day. Nevertheless, from Walmer, who had been Hallory's great friend, he had learned something. Bimbâshi Barûk was on the line.

"Oh, hullo, B. B.!" Prescott called. "I have some news for you. There was a woman in Singapore called Camille de Marsan who got tied up with Hallory, and—"

"I know. I'm with her now."

"What?"

"Yes. The doctors were right, Prescott. They thought the wound was self-inflicted. Shot himself. By the way, I have Plan B."

"You have what?"

"Plan B. I forced poor Hallory's case to make sure. You see the job was finished when I found the woman with a heart in her hands."

"But you haven't found her!"

"What's that you say?"

"I say you haven't found her. Thank God you recovered the stuff, B. B. Top marks. But Walmer tells me that Hallory had that tattooing done some time before he met the de Marsan woman. The C stands for Cynthia—girl called Cynthia Stockwell, well known in Singapore circles. Old Hallory was crazy about her: they were engaged. She ran away with a marine."

Time to Think

Continued from page 20

finding it more and more difficult to go on hating everybody. The eight hundred prisoners in the camp were treated decently. Erich saw that many comrades seemed resigned to their fate and tried to make the best of it. They built skating rinks, they organized sports, they settled down. Some of them even volunteered to fell trees or to do other work. Work—but it was work for the enemy!

Hans, who had been in his squadron, one day wrote a letter to his wife in which he said that the food wasn't really bad at all. Erich, reading it over his shoulder, was furious. Hans said apologetically, "You know, the food really is good."

"They are our enemies," Erich shouted.

"But if I think of the food we got at home . . ."

"You shouldn't think," Erich shut him up.

That was it. You shouldn't think. The trouble was you thought too much. There was so much time on your hands. Back home, even before the war, there had never been time. And then you knew what you were supposed to think. The Fuehrer told you.

Where you got when you started to think, you could find out in those Canadian and American newspapers which Erich read regularly now. This was just nonsense. The victory of democracy! Ridiculous! How did they expect to win? With what? Just with talk? They called it ideas. But it was just talk. In Germany they had bombs; they had planes; they had men. The British had good fliers, too, but not enough of them. And with talk alone—nothing doing.

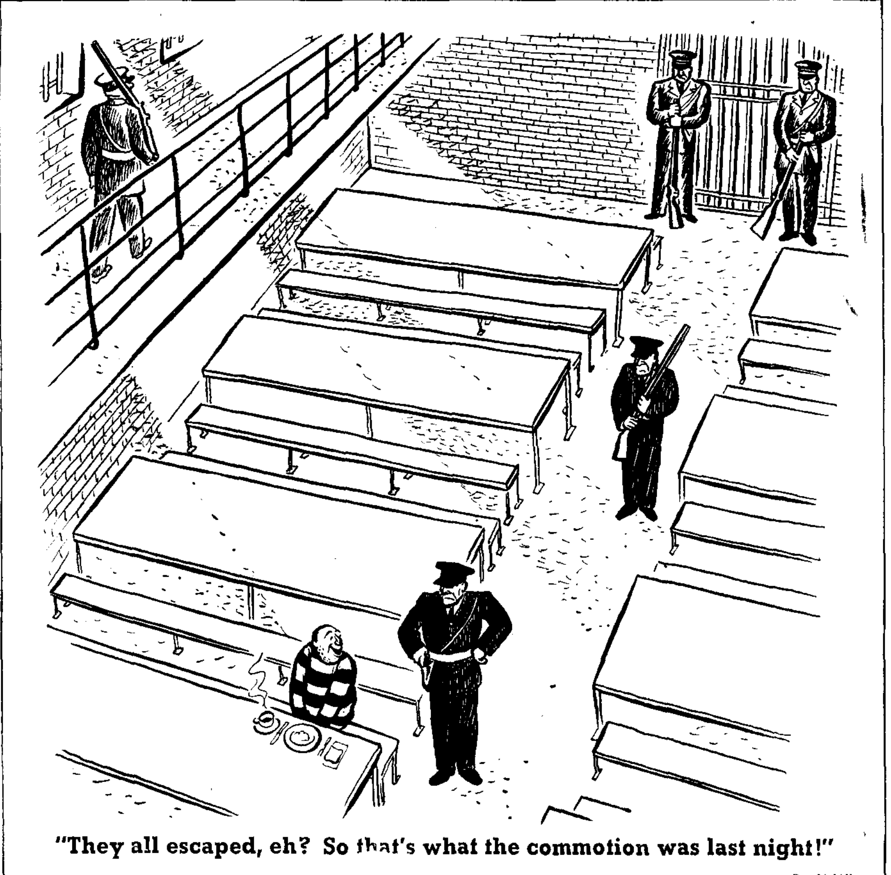
After about two weeks, he found what he was looking for. The advertisement gave the address of the office on Broadway in New York City. He memorized the name and address. Once he got there, they would get him a passport and a ticket and money enough to go home. But suppose he didn't get to New York? That was all right, too, as long as he could reach American soil. They weren't allowed to send him back to Canada. On the contrary, they had to deport him to Germany. These idiotic democracies had plenty of laws that helped to destroy them. He talked over a lot about what he read in the papers with his comrades; he made jokes about the idiotic democracies; he was cheerful, perhaps a little too cheerful.

Anyhow, he had to get out of here. And he had to get out fast. Too much time on his hands here. Too much time to sit around and think. He never seriously considered the fancy movie stuff to which some of the comrades were addicted. He knew that in another hut they were digging a tunnel three feet below the surface to a point beyond the barbed wire. They worked with penknives made into saws, and with files stolen from the carpentry shop. They worked with iron taken from beds and tempered in the stove. The trouble was you couldn't hide a tunnel if someone looked for it. They would be discovered long before they were ready.

ERICH had kept his eyes closed for what seemed to him an eternity. Then he opened them. The illuminated dial of his watch said 3:04. Now he could see through the darkness. He discovered about two yards in front, a little to the left, a small bush. So he had covered fifty yards. That meant that he had to make six hundred and fifty more if he followed the route he had planned. He would, too. He had paced off the route many times during the last week. He had done so with closed eyes, counting every step. He knew the whole layout of the camp, every square inch of it. He had planted props all along the way—twelve in all: stones, mounds, sticks. Very slowly he crawled on. From a distance he heard voices, and immediately he stopped. He waited.

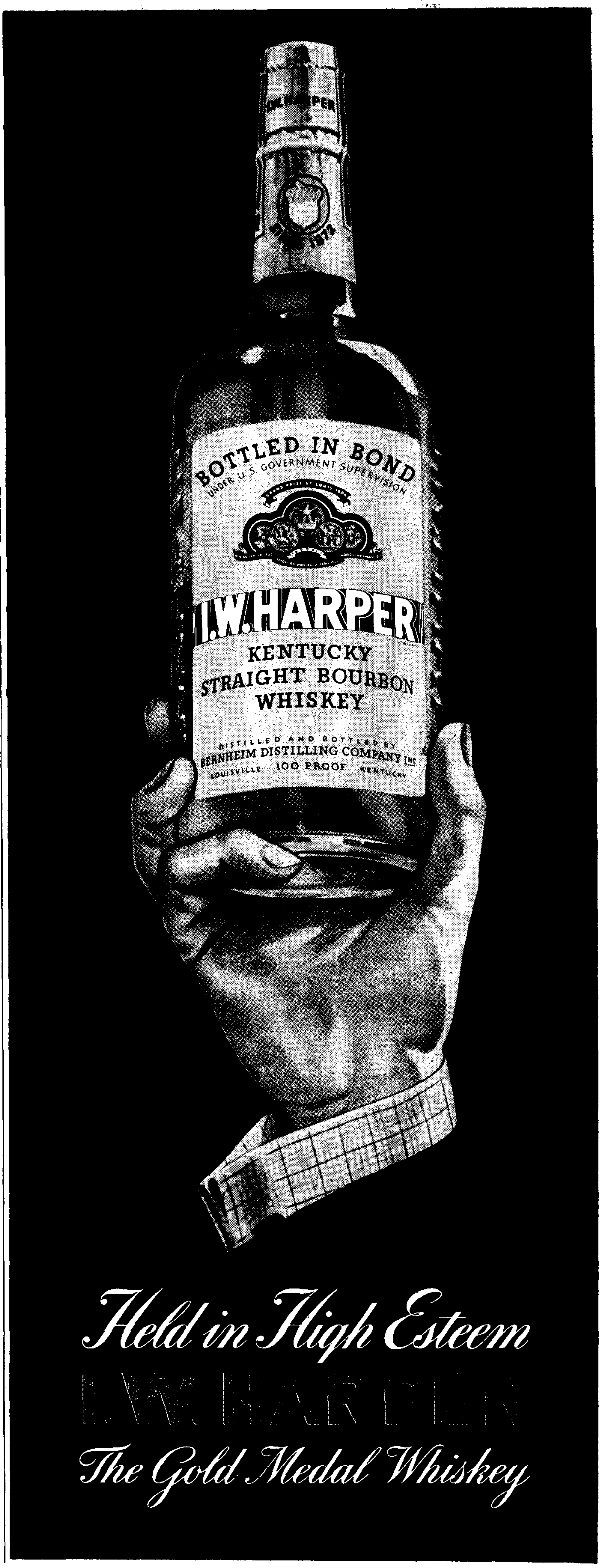
After all, he had more than ninety minutes for the six hundred and fifty yards.

It was bitter cold. If there were snow, it wouldn't be so cold. Erich felt the biting chill through his thick gloves and



"They all escaped, eh? So that's what the commotion was last night!"

D. ALAIN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FRI. Swing down into the lake regions. Fish. Swim. Sail. Famous hotels, inns and comfortable stopping places everywhere.

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"You have helped me find happiness and my purse has been enriched by many dollars during the year. Where else could a busy mother find so much with the expenditure of so little time?"

Have you suffered that helpless feeling which no money brings? If so, why not give yourself a chance—join this money-making Club for girls and women. Just send a post card or a letter today to

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in his toes. He looked up. The sky was clear now, the fog had suddenly lifted. Many stars had appeared. Erich had the feeling that he had lived through all this once before. He thought back. He thought of the farm back home in southern Germany, not far from the little town where he had once gone to school.

Father used to come to town pretty regularly and had sat in the rathskeller drinking beer with his friends. But after Mother's death, he scarcely ever left the farm. Erich saw him whenever he went home on vacation. It was wonderful to be at home again. Home—that meant getting up before the dawn, going to the stables, giving a hand to the men. Home—you couldn't describe it. You felt it, you smelled it. It smelled like dark country bread, like chestnut trees in the wind . . . like home. And then Father would go with him up the hill behind the house, from where you could see out over the whole farm. Father would say that the wheat was coming up fine. Sometimes he would just stand there and say nothing. As the years went by, Father said less and less.

ERICH crawled on, slowly, very slowly. He was following out a very exact schedule. Of course, he could have moved faster. But impatience was foolish, and if you succumbed to it you were beaten before you really got started. Everything depended on the right timing. You even had to time your breathing. You had to breathe regularly. He had trained himself to do that for the last ten days. "Like a singer," Lieutenant Wormser had said. But it really was important to breathe noiselessly, for any second somebody might pass. And in order not to breathe faster, it was necessary to stop for a minute every two minutes, especially now that he was going slightly uphill.

When Erich talked to Father about Hitler the first time, Father didn't even answer. That startled Erich. Didn't Father understand what it was all about?

In the little town, they understood. The little town had got quite a jolt. Now things weren't jogging along so uneventfully any more, as they had for many years. The townspeople watched with astonished expressions on their plump, oily faces. Now something happened every day. Shootings, arrests, speeches, torchlight parades, marching music, uniforms—life wasn't commonplace any more. Life had become exciting and different. And you didn't have time to think.

Strangely, life didn't need to be exciting for Father. He just could stand on his hill and look and meditate. He wasn't afraid of thinking. Once he had said, "I don't believe I quite understand what you call the new era." Hitler always called those who didn't understand the new era traitors. But Father wasn't a traitor. It wouldn't have been healthy for anyone to dare say anything to Erich about his father's being a traitor.

ONCE Father said, after having looked him over for a long time, "You know, your face has changed."

"Changed?"

"You look as though you know all the answers," Father said. "Your friends look that way, too. As though you all have got tired of thinking . . ."

Erich laughed. But the laugh was forced.

He visited the farm less and less often. So many things were happening. There was the Hitler Youth, with its night patrols. It was as though you were ambushing the enemy. Then there was the uniform of the SS. The townspeople were afraid of that uniform. And later on, in Munich and Berlin, the people were afraid, too. You were somebody if you wore that uniform. Soon, now, the whole world would be afraid of it. And to think that not so long ago he had been afraid of his Latin professor!

THE sky was still clear. Ideal flying weather. There wasn't a sound. It had never been quiet when he was flying. But he loved the noise, the motion up there. He loved the sky, alight with the flare of antiaircraft shells and searchlights and tracer bullets, and detonations so strong that you could hear them even above the roar of the motor. There you were, circling along outside of the searchlights and the gunfire that was coming up. The searchlights got you, lost you, got you again . . .

No time to think. A Spitfire appeared. You chased it in and out of the clouds—or did it chase you? Either you or me. The clouds were strangely unreal and beautiful in the searchlights. You made a steep inside turn and plugged him. You saw lumps falling off and smoke pouring out, and he disappeared straight down.

A Hurricane. No, two, three of them. You circled. Round and round and round, watching your tail. Either you or me. Then you made a sharp left turn and whipped under them. And up and down and up and down. The altimeter needle went crazy.

Now you were sitting on the tail of one of them, plugging lead at him. His rudders fell to ribbons. The starboard engine and the wing were blazing. Then there came a second when you saw a cannon winking at you. Now . . . no. He had missed.

You began circling again. And up and down and up. The sky was full of light and flame. Either you or me. Radiators were streaming glycol. You could smell them burning. Pieces were flying past you, the wind was screaming past your throttled motors. No time to think. Men were bailing out, parachutes mushrooming.

War . . . Either you or me. Everything went to pieces . . . Either you or me.

"Either they or you," his father had said. "So it's either they or you, isn't it?" And after a little pause, he went on: "You hate Poles that much? And the French? And the English? Just as you hate the Jews, I suppose?" Erich didn't reply.

That had been one month before the outbreak of the war. He had come home to his father. "We won't see each other for a long time," he had said. He wasn't allowed to say any more. But Father understood.

"So it's starting again," he said. And suddenly he began to talk. He talked about the four years of war he had been through. No, he hadn't any stories of heroism to tell.

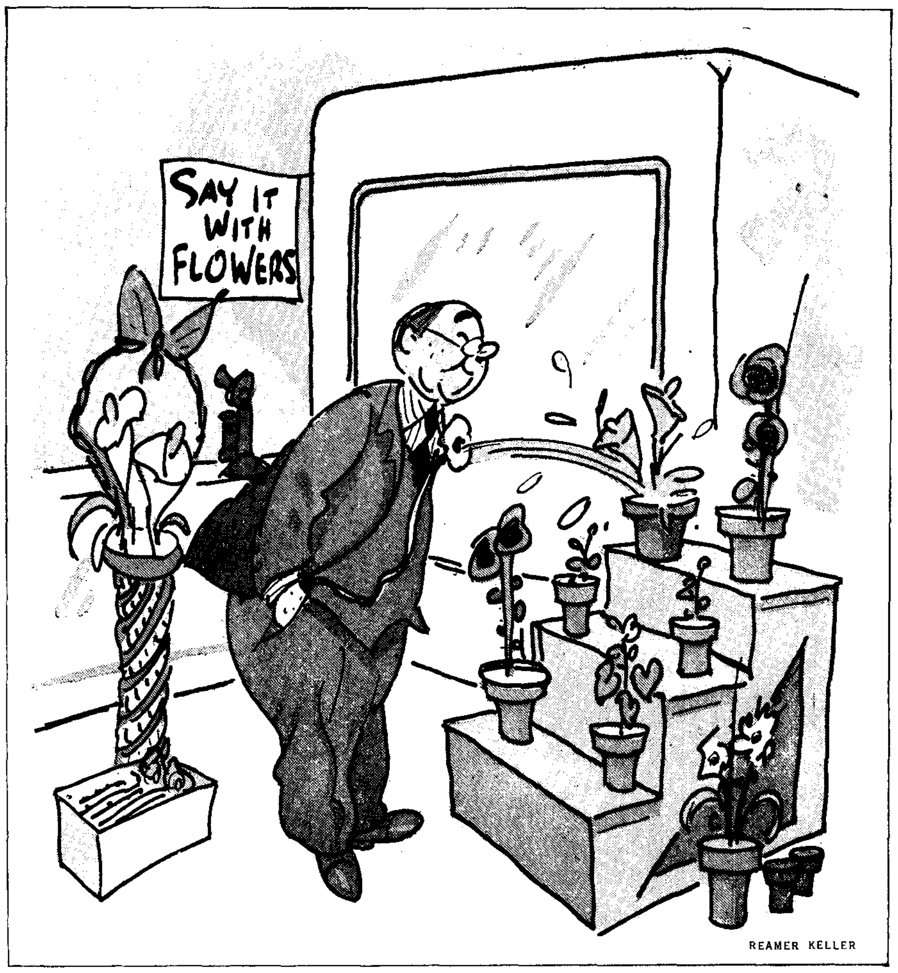
"I, too, thought it had to be," he said. "I thought we were right and the others were wrong and they were crooks anyhow. But four years is a long time. And four years in the trenches is a hell of a long time. You get to thinking." He smiled for a moment. "You get to thinking even if you don't want to think. We had come through many villages, over fields and meadows. They were just like our fields and meadows. So there were peasants and farmers on their side just as on ours. But now nobody took care of the fields. They were full of shell holes, lying useless. That hurt me. I thought about it a lot."

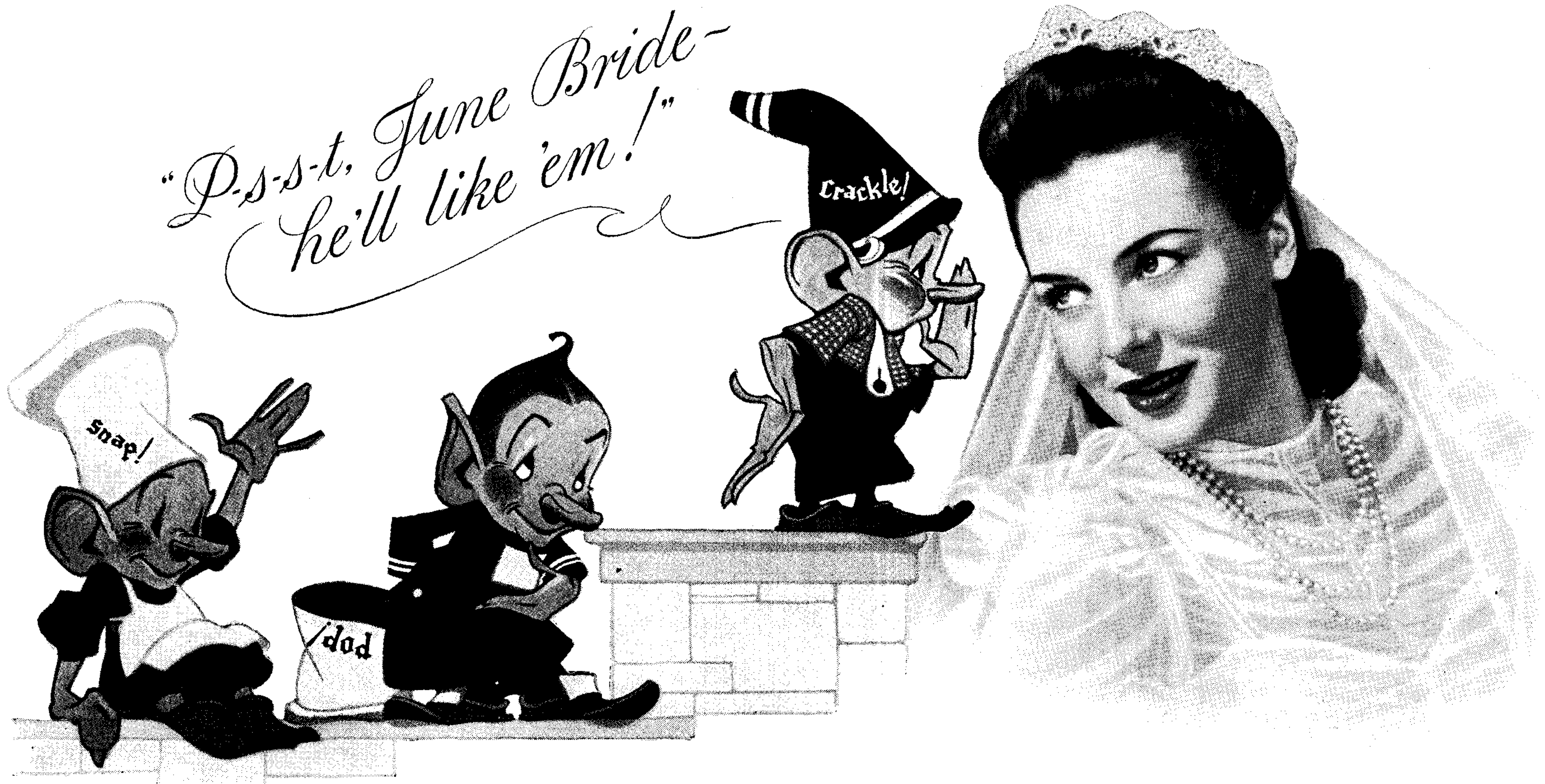
And that was all. And when Erich had to leave, his father said, "What can I tell you? I can't make speeches, you know." Again he smiled. "Take good care of yourself." And Erich felt that his father was not referring to planes, explosions, crashes.

The watch said 4:13.

WHY did he keep remembering his father tonight? He hadn't thought of him for such a long time. He didn't want to think of him. He didn't want to think of anything now. He had no time. Thank God, he had no time. Now he must act.

The watch said 4:15. Erich had moved a little faster than he thought. It was still too early. It wouldn't be dawn before five. And he had nothing but the hill before him. Behind the hill it was light. This was the area near the




"P-s-s-t, June Bride—
he'll like 'em!"
Crackle!
Snap!
Pop!

CRISP to the last spoonful!

Every man's a "yes man" when you set delicious Rice Krispies before him!

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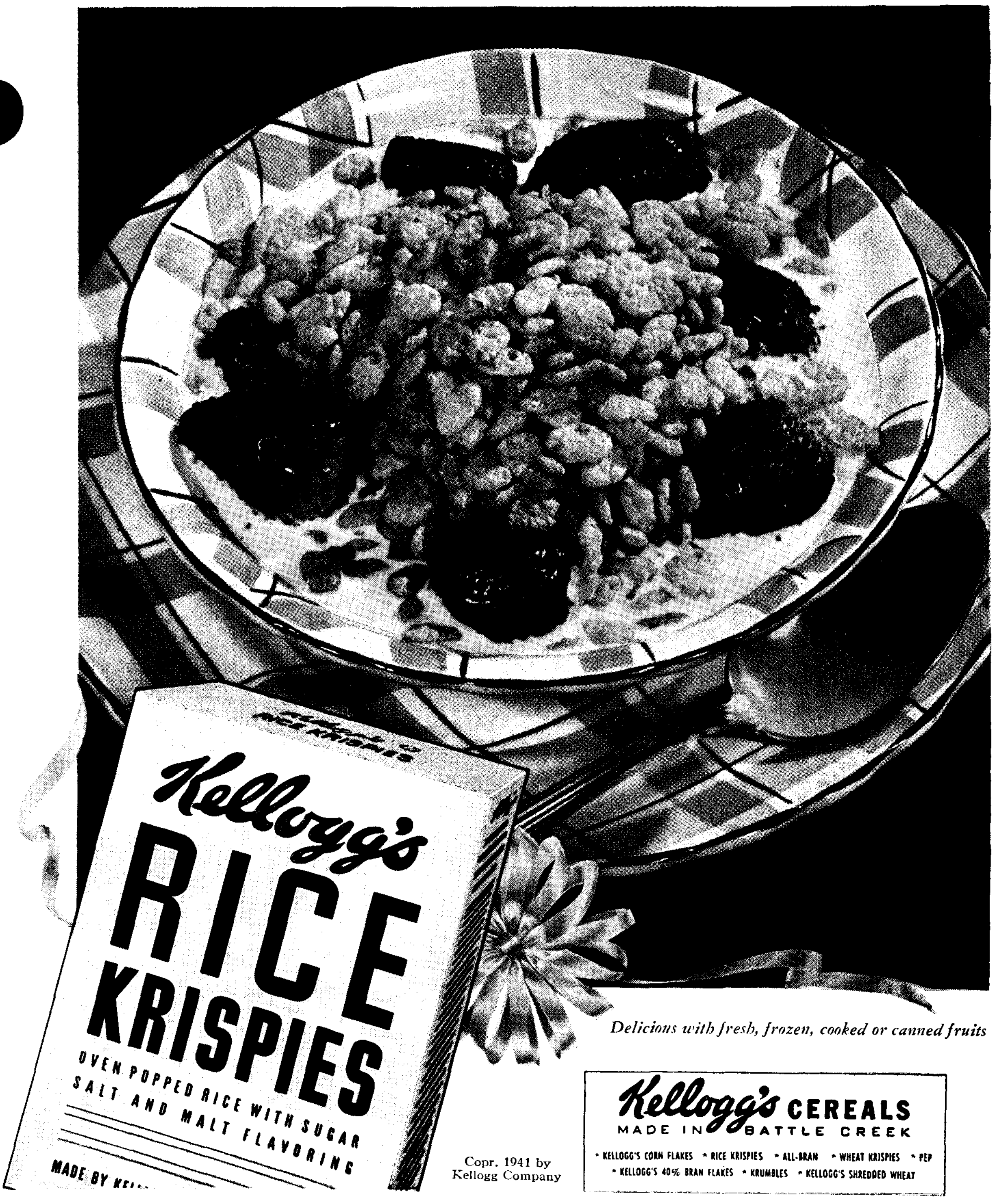
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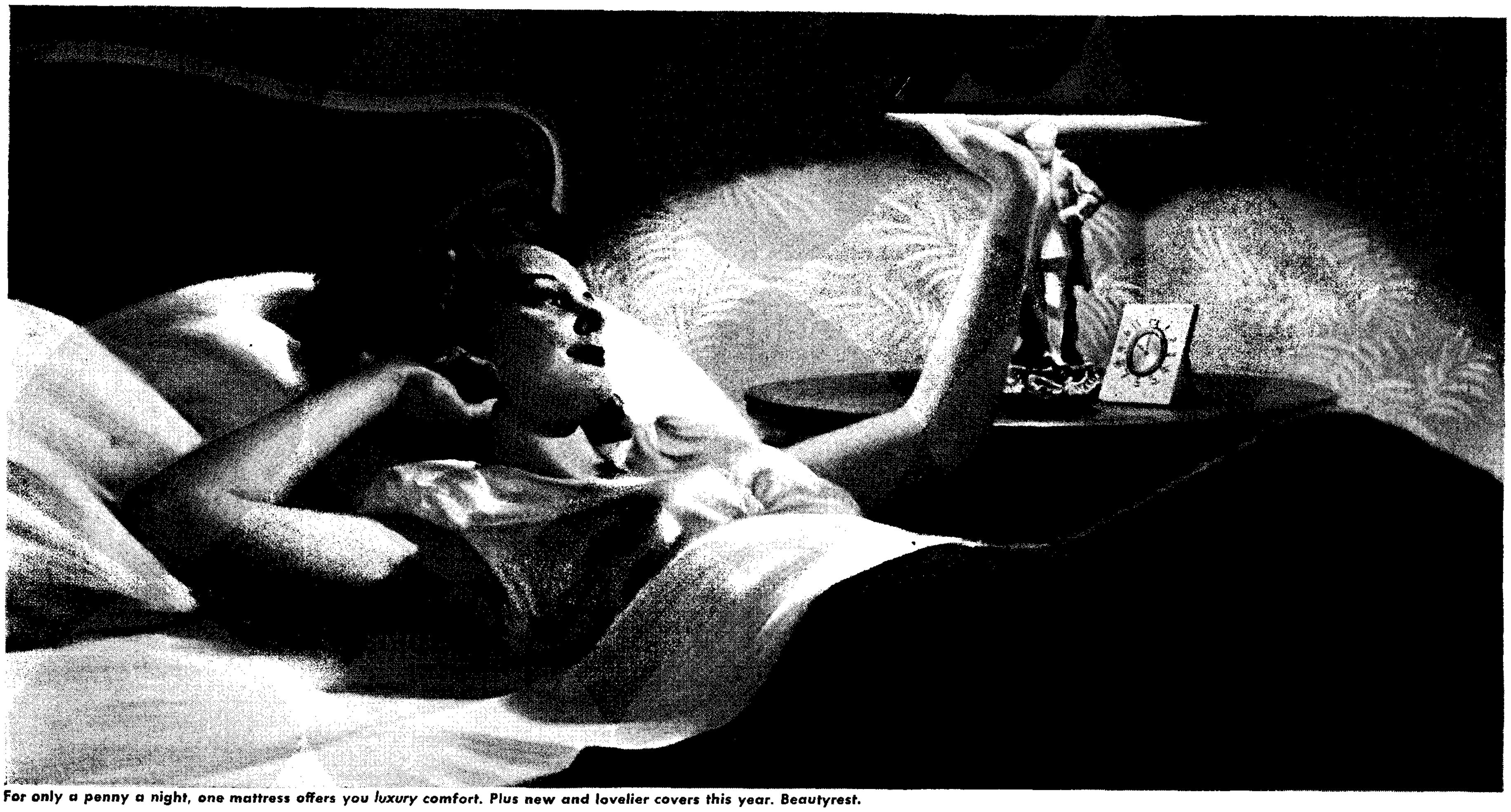


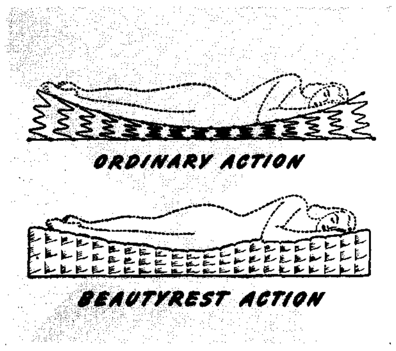
For only a penny a night, one mattress offers you *luxury* comfort. Plus new and lovelier covers this year. Beautyrest.

How to select a mattress—in 6 easy lessons

1. Any mattress looks comfortable!

Most mattresses look alike. But looks tell you nothing about comfort. That depends on what's *inside!* And there's a world of difference in mattress comfort.

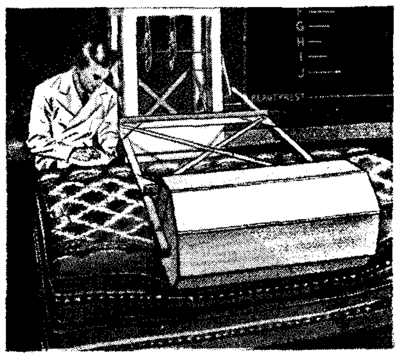
Now, the "insides" of a Beautyrest are different from any other mattress. That's why there's no sensation on earth quite like that when you sink gently down into one of these famous mattresses. It's an "out of this world" feeling of utter, unashamed *luxury comfort.*



2. Which type of "insides" is best?

← The springs in an *ordinary* innerspring are all joined together. Naturally, the whole mattress must *sag* toward the spot where your weight rests.

← But Beautyrest's 837 coils are individually pocketed. So, each acts *independently.* Every tired inch of you is gently cradled in its natural position. However you turn, you're supported evenly. This is *buoyant* support. No other mattress gives it. We know. We make *both* types.



3. How long is it guaranteed—and by whom?

The New Beautyrest is guaranteed—and we mean *guaranteed*—for 10 long years by America's largest makers of fine bedding . . . Simmons.

And that 10-year guarantee is *conservative.* United States Testing Company tested 17 different makes on Mattress Endurance Machines (Cert. Test No. 11760). Beautyrest stood up *three times longer* than any other! Yes. With care, your Beautyrest should be giving service *after* 1951!

4. Will it keep its shape through the years?

Even mattresses at half the price of Beautyrest look fine in the store. But after they've been in your home for a few years—will the edges start to sag? Will lumps and hollows begin to form?

We can tell you sincerely that the edges of *your* Beautyrest will *stay firm and* smooth and even throughout its long life. Nor does the Beautyrest develop hills and valleys—and that's why you have to turn it only 4 or 5 times a year.

5. Do the ventilators keep it "fresh"?

It is important that the mattress you get has ventilators that really *work.* Otherwise, it will get stale and musty inside.

The Beautyrest has eight *genuine* ventilators—as you can prove to yourself. Put your hand over one as you sit down on a Beautyrest. You'll feel air come puffing out. As you rise, you'll feel fresh air being drawn back in. This circulates all through, keeping the Beautyrest fresh and clean and sanitary throughout its long, long life.

THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY
PATENTS 1,677,232-1,915,459

6. Figure its cost . . . per night!

Don't judge the cost of a mattress by its price tag alone. But by its cost . . . *per . . . night . . . of . . . use!* Figured this way, the Beautyrest, at $39.50, comes down to only *a penny a night*—based on our conservative 10-year guarantee alone.

And nowhere can you get such heavenly *luxury comfort*. . . regardless of price! Think it over, and get the *most* for your mattress money. Beautyrest.

← *This label identifies the Beautyrest.*

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

fence, which was floodlighted. It was very calm. And then he heard voices. He strained his ears. No, he must be mistaken—that was impossible. There was only one guard up on the hill.

He began to crawl up. Everything would go smoothly. Lucky for him he'd never believed in all this movie stuff. The whole attempt depended on camouflage—to be invisible, a gray object on a gray surface. If there had been snow, he would have worn a white overall that they would have made out of his sheets in less than two hours. All he had to be careful about was not to be heard. And that was easy if you knew how to control your breathing. And, of course, most important of all, was the timing. In a way, it was almost like flying over enemy territory. You had to keep away from the searchlights. The whole thing was to get to the edge of the camp before dawn. And to wait till the floodlights went out before you climbed the fence. They turned them off shortly before five. But it was really still quite dark then for a few minutes.

The rest was easy enough. He just had to wait till the guard got near enough. He just had to avoid breathing too loudly. The tree up on the hill was the ideal place to wait. And then . . . The guard was not relieved before eight. That meant three hours' start.

It was as simple as that. Nothing exciting about it. Just a bit of sane reasoning, body control and timing.

Now his head was over the top of the hill. In the east the sky was beginning to pale.

AND then he saw that there were two guards. But how was that possible? They didn't have that many guards. He had checked and rechecked. So had his comrades. They didn't have that many guards. Or perhaps they had got reinforcements yesterday. He felt cold fury rising. Of course, since that idiot had tried to get out of the camp by hanging under the garbage truck, they had become wary. And now he had to suffer for it. But he must be calm. Nothing was lost yet.

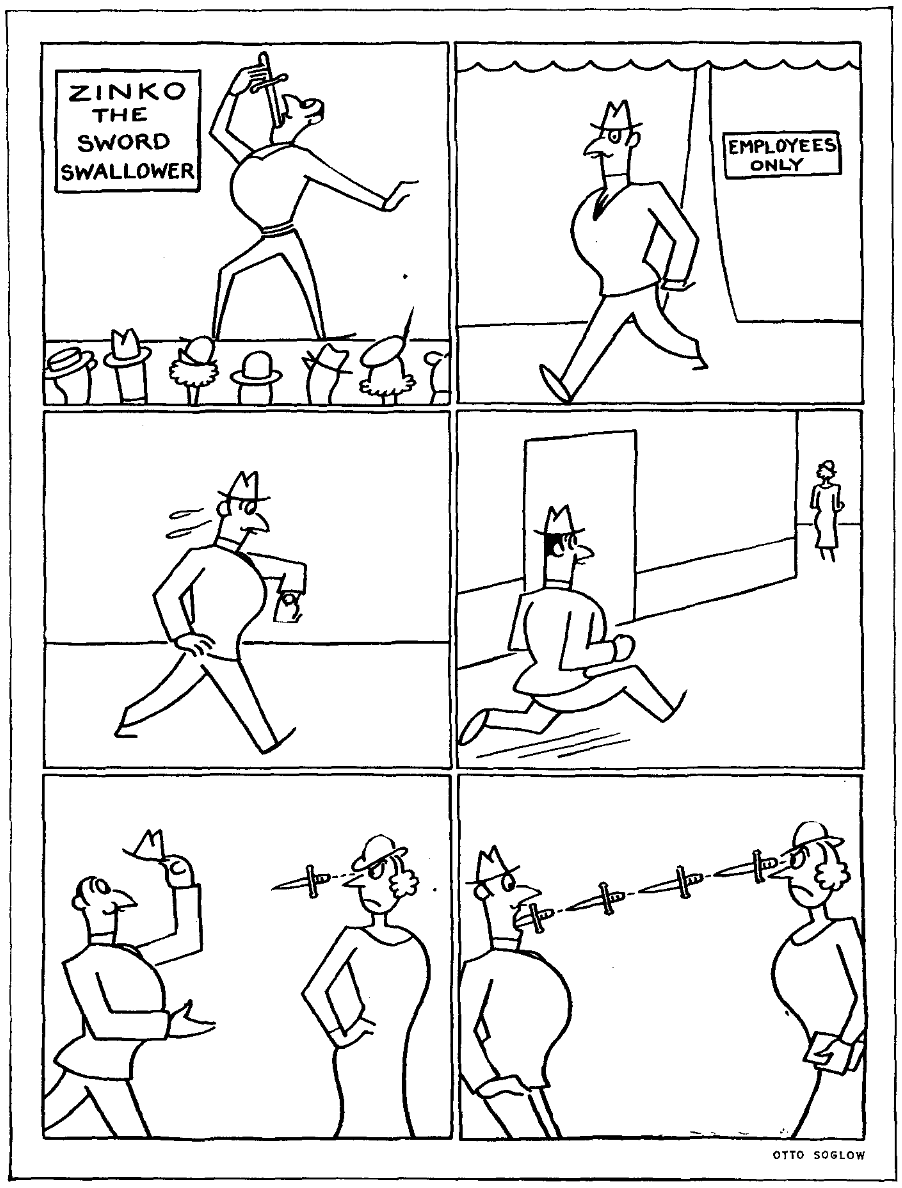
The two guards paced back and forth, hardly more than ten feet away from him. They were just outside the lighted area. He couldn't see their faces, but from the way they held themselves and moved he guessed that they weren't so young any more. Of course, they were members of the veterans guard. They all were. One of the men was rather tall and very thin. The other was tall, too, but more heavily built. Two men, then. Very well, he had to get rid of two.

IN ANY case, he had to wait until the light was turned off. There was no reason for changing his original plan. He just had to wait till one of them came pacing near enough to the tree while the other had his back turned. Then he could get rid of them one at a time. He couldn't afford to make any mistakes. They had bayonets. He clenched the blackjack tightly.

There was sweat on his forehead. But it was cold, wasn't it? Still, it was sweat. Why? Was he afraid? No, he wasn't. What was it then? Did he shrink from killing those men? But they were enemies. Either you or me. He had killed so many in his time.

Yes, he had. But it was different somehow. Fighting in the air, there was no time to think. You had to work fast. You had to look out, otherwise you got plugged. You had no time to think. And then, when you started pumping lead into the other fellow, it wasn't really as if you were killing. It was just going through certain motions, doing your part. It was just doing a job.

What happened afterward—when your bullets got him, when his plane crashed—you really didn't know much about that. You pulled the lever, you pressed the button—but here there was no lever or button. There was only your arm. And there weren't hundreds of yards, there were just inches between him and the other fellow. Here he would see what became of him. Here he would see his face as he went down. He couldn't possibly avoid it. But did he want to avoid it? Did he? He would see his face. When you flew, you almost never saw the other fellow's face . . .



The guards approached, passed each other, went some thirty paces apart, turned and approached each other again. Now they stood still and began to talk. Erich thought it was strange. He had never heard the guards speak to each other. He realized now that somehow he had never thought they could talk. That had something to do with their being enemies. An enemy—that was something abstract, something like a Spitfire or a Hurricane. When the Fuehrer said enemy, you didn't think of someone who could talk.

"They say he'll try to invade England soon," the thin one said.

"I've heard that, too," the other replied.

The knockout blow, Erich thought. I'll come too late.

"I got a letter from the wife," the heavier one began.

"What does she say?"

"Too damn' much work. You know, a farm like that . . ."

"Isn't your son helping?"

"Yes, he's only fourteen but she writes that he helps a lot. He milks the cows and . . ." He laughed softly. "Daisy has calved . . . finally."

"Congratulations."

Erich couldn't see their faces. And suddenly he felt he couldn't bear listening to their voices any longer. If they'd only stop! Talking, talking, talking! Stop it, Erich wanted to cry. And suddenly he put his fingers into his ears as though waiting for an explosion.

The watch said 4:55. Now . . . now . . . The floodlights went out. It was very dark. It was very quiet. The stars were still up there. Erich saw his father standing on the hill back of the house. Father had said, you look as though you know all the answers.

Now . . . now . . .

"Didn't you hear something?" he heard the thin fellow say.

"No . . ."

THE others were all asleep, except for Hans. He immediately came over to the bed on which Erich had stretched out.

"What happened?" he whispered.

Erich was breathing heavily, as though he had been running.

"No luck."

"No luck." He was thinking of the two men. Enemies. Yes, of course, enemies. But still . . . "Hans," he said, "did you ever milk a cow?"

"Have you gone crazy?" Hans asked, almost offended. "I'm from Berlin." And then he added, "What's come over you? You've changed. Your face has changed. Anything the matter with you?"

Your face has changed, Father had said, you look as though you know all the answers . . . you look as though you didn't want to think . . .

"If anyone saw you, you get twenty-eight days," Hans said.

"Twenty-eight days?" Erich said as though he were waking up. "In twenty-eight days you could figure out a lot of things . . ."

"What?" Hans got no answer. "Maybe you want to think out a new plan of escape?"

"Escape? Maybe I will. But I must be sure. You know, I'm not as sure as I thought I was. I . . . I must have time to think. . . ."

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2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
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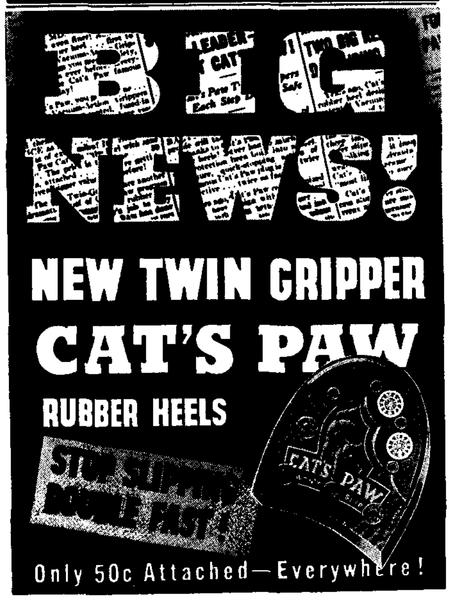


Ugly Duckling

Continued from page 13

As time passed, he advanced himself to being the boss of a concern that picks out sites for drug, grocery and other chain stores. Young Thelma was brought up in moderate-to-prosperous circumstances in a family without stage antecedents. The only connection of the Schnees with the theater was Mr. Schnee's passionate interest in all plays.

The first Schnee offspring, a son, was attractive enough and was bright without being alarmingly precocious. Thelma, on the other hand, showed a tendency toward corpulence of the body and a mental brilliance that indicated a future as a professor of metaphysics at Mount Holyoke College. Mr. Schnee had no taste for that. Besides, his small daughter was unhappy over her lack of beauty and her excess weight. An inferiority complex was rapidly developing, so her parents called in a physical instructor. He put the child through calisthenics, dancing, swimming, horseback riding and a diet that caused the pounds to melt away. Under this regime she grew so strong that she chuckled gaily, at six, when her teacher stood on her stomach. Her looks improved too, of course. She passed happily—if far too rapidly—through the grade school in Bridgeport.

Father Has His Way

A teacher at the Central High School in Bridgeport aroused Thelma's first interest in the stage. She was a runty little thing still, but she had the professional's magic touch that overcame her lack of beauty. Because lessons came so easy to her, she had plenty of time for school theatrical productions. By the time she was a senior she had decided, to her father's delight, on the career of an actress. For her work in the principal high-school show, that year, she received the award of the Drama League of America. This was a trip to England and six weeks' training under Dame May Fogarty. It included attendance at the drama festival at Malvern. But Thelma's main problem was her youth. She had graduated from high school at fourteen. Unless she wanted to become a child star it was too early to make the rounds of the Broadway producers.

So she entered Wellesley College, to her subsequent disgust. The school was all right except for one fatal flaw; it was impossible to specialize in the theater from the start of her freshman year. Meanwhile, she had been told about a course of instruction at Carnegie Tech. This led to the degree of B.A., which might be useful in case all the plans for a stage career failed and it was necessary to teach. She would receive training in all phases of the theater and would have ample opportunity to act in college and laboratory productions. For three years Thelma was ecstatically happy. She played such varied roles as Hedda Gabler, Rosalind in As You Like It and the elderly grandmother in The Royal Family. The faculty of Carnegie Tech regarded her as their particular star and she left hopefully, in 1937, for the lights of Broadway.

The contrast between being the First Lady of the Theater at Carnegie Tech and hunting for work in New York was pretty severe. Thelma was far luckier than most of the hundreds who annually try to go on the stage. She had no financial worries, but she was getting nowhere professionally. After some months of this the friendly doorman of the apartment house on East Fifty-seventh Street where she lived with her parents tipped her off to a stupendous fact. An important producer, Herman Shumlin, lived in the same house, he said.

"Go upstairs right away and ask him if I can come up to see him," she demanded.

She waited anxiously while the man did so. "He says you can't," was the answer. Shumlin wasn't quite that cruel, however. The doorman added that he would interview Thelma if she came to his office.

Shumlin saw her and promptly told her that he had no job. He allowed her to read some scenes for him, though, and was so impressed by her talent that he told her to drop in and see him from time to time. She did this at monthly intervals for two years until, last October, she was tested for Bessy Watty in The Corn is Green.

Quite a lot was happening in the meanwhile. Thelma made the rounds of the summer theaters in 1938 and 1939 and by some strange fate was repeatedly called upon to portray girls who had suffered the fate worse than death. She got pretty sick of the line, "I'm going to have a ba-bee"—particularly in view of the fact that she had to say it without benefit of matrimony. She is saying it again, in substance, in The Corn is Green, and she swears that there will have to be a minister in the first scene of the next script she reads. There were, of course, other parts. She was a fan dancer in The Night of January 16, a young girl in Payment Deferred and an old woman in some other play, the title of which is forgotten.

All this added up to experience. She was becoming known to a few producers and Herman Shumlin kept promising that he would put her on Broadway when just the right part came along. From time to time she would be interviewed by others for a job.

Her first real break came when she met Mary Morris at a theater in Cohasset, in the summer of 1938. Miss Morris had seen a lot of young actresses, but thought that Miss Schnee was exceptional. So she gave her a letter to Margaret Webster, the director.

"You'll see your name in lights one of these days," promised Miss Webster after hearing her read. "No, I've nothing for you just now."

Orchids from the Lunts

But out in Detroit, some weeks later, the Lunt-Fontanne production of The Sea Gull, which Miss Webster had staged, suddenly needed a young actress for the role of Nina. Uta Hagen, who had played the part in New York and on the road, had decided to get married. Miss Webster summoned Miss Schnee.

"I don't know whether the Lunts will like you or not," she said, "but get on tonight's train for Detroit."

The Lunts hired her at once, and she toured with them through the South and the Middle West. When The Corn is Green opened last November she received a note:

"Say to yourself before you go on: 'I am a wonderful actress,' because we all think so. LYNN and ALFRED."

The summer of 1939 was again devoted to summer stock at Deertrees, Maine, under the late Bela Blau. She was working with Dame May Whitty and Mady Christians in Viceroy Sarah and was greatly disturbed by complete silence on Blau's part. He didn't say whether she was terrific or terrible until the curtain had fallen on the second act on the opening night. Then he appeared before the audience to talk about next week's play.

"I predict," he said, "that the young girl named Thelma Schnee you are seeing tonight will soon be a star."

Infant-Veteran Partnership

The Broadway chance came, at last, that fall. She was a Polish girl in The World We Make and was accorded polite applause by the critics. The play failed, though, and the career of Thelma Schnee bogged down for almost a year. In October, 1940, Herman Shumlin said cautiously that he might, just might, have that part for her. It was a Cockney girl of more than dubious morals. It was extremely difficult. Upon it hinged, to no small degree, the success of a play in which Ethel Barrymore was to be the star. Mr. Shumlin then added hastily that he had another actress in mind who was also very good. He would try out both of them.

Thelma read the part of Bessy Watty until she was tired of it and discouraged as well. But after the fifth extended trial Shumlin made up his mind that she understood the real character of the Cockney girl and that her accent was flawless.

After that everything went smoothly. No friction developed between this infant of the theater and Miss Barrymore, the veteran. The Corn is Green settled down for a long run.

In a way, it was an ideal situation. The customers who were content with seeing Miss Barrymore had Miss Barrymore at her best. Those who wanted something additional enjoyed the opportunity of watching a very fine technical job by Miss Schnee. A lesser actress would have been content to switch her hips around, look wicked and roll her eyes. Thelma had intelligence enough to know that Bessy Watty was a complicated wench. Miss Schnee's task was complicated because she had to portray the girl honestly and yet make her liked by the audience when the final curtain fell. This she did, with the aid of Herman Shumlin's coaching.

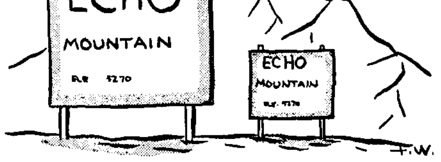
Thelma Schnee is not a star yet nor is she particularly impressed by her success. She still lives with her father and mother; she studies in the afternoon, rarely goes out after the theater, neither drinks nor smokes and is a model young woman.

Let it be stated, in the case of Miss Schnee, that Richard Maney, her press agent, said nothing whatever about her acute intelligence. The biographer found it out for himself. During the course of several conversations he learned that Thelma was principally interested in talking about the war, the economic situation, the New Deal and the latest books on modern history.

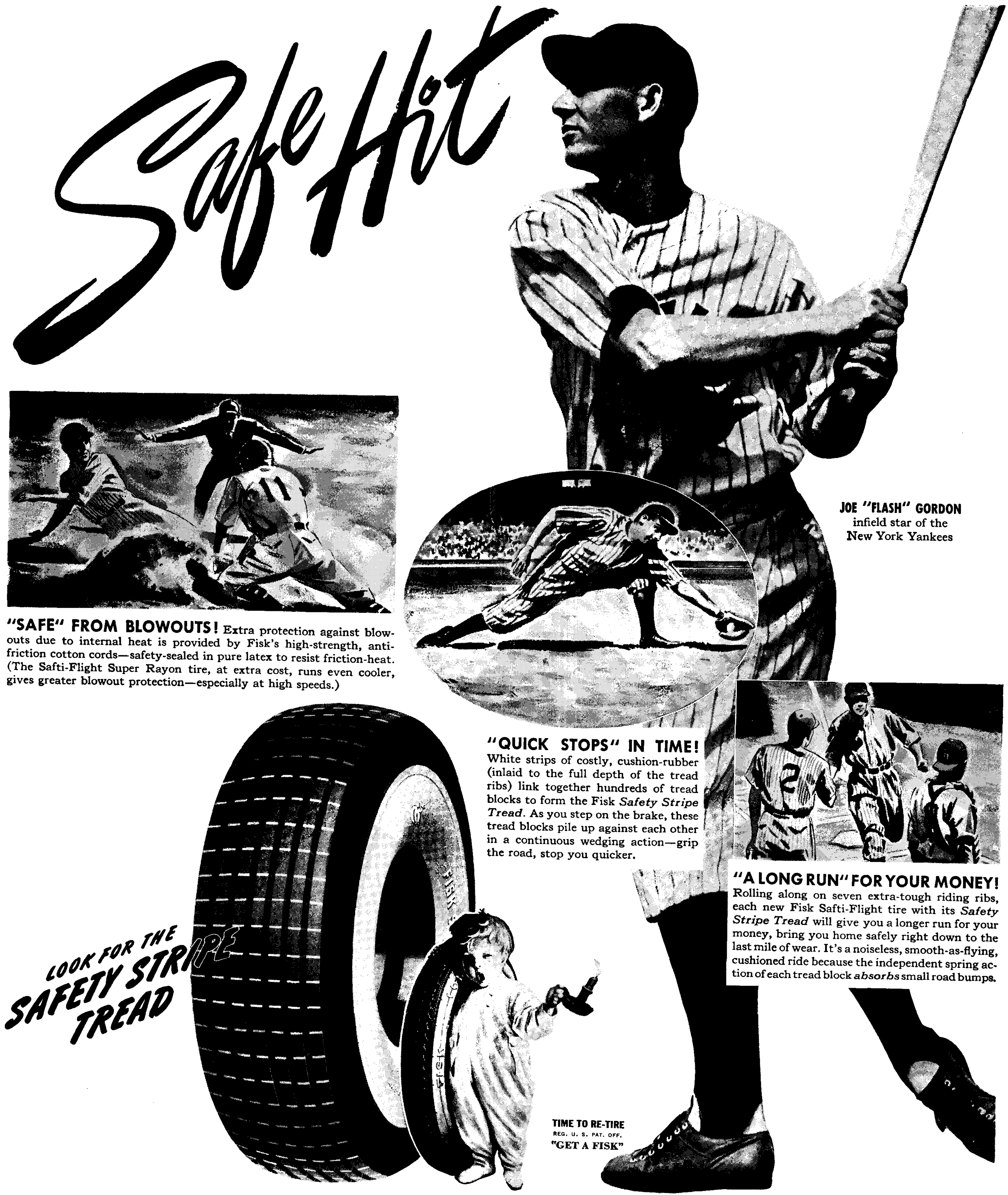
Her only weakness is a tendency to listen when Hollywood offers are made. She had never been to the coast. She has an illusion that working in pictures might be fun. She will stay with The Corn is Green for the run of the play, of course, but after that—

All of which mildly irritates Herman Shumlin.

"She has so much power," Shumlin told an associate, "that she would blow most of the Hollywood people off the screen."



Safe Hit



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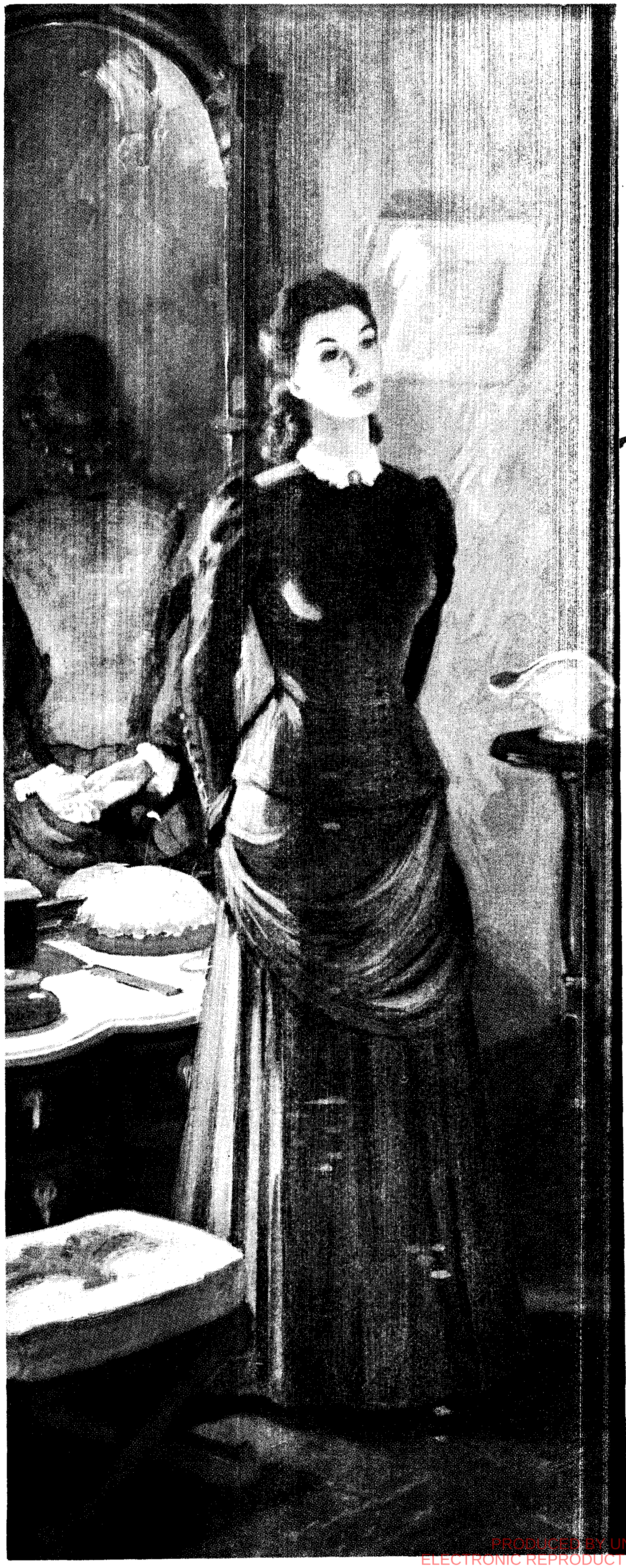
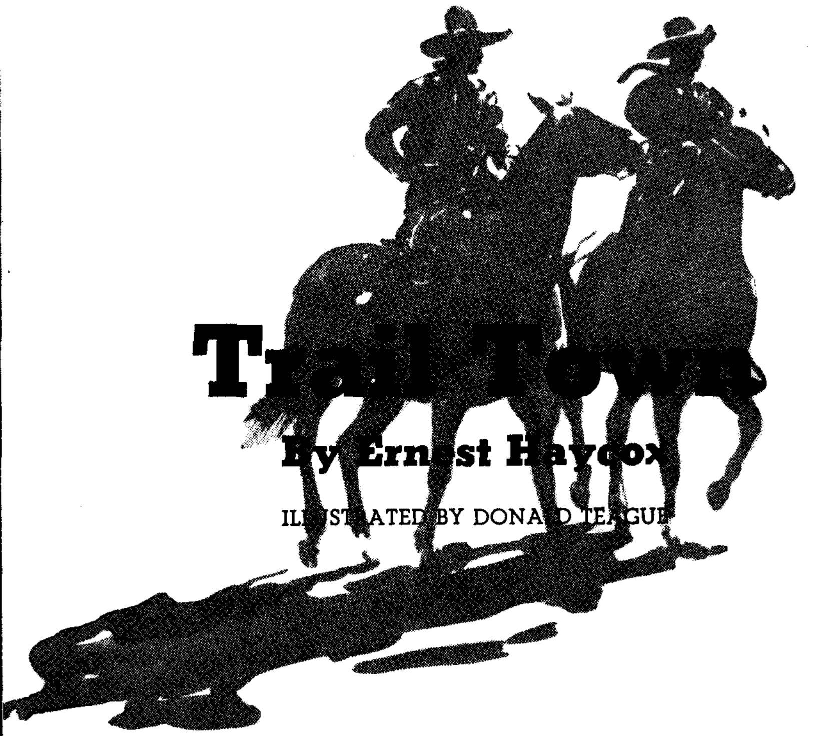


Sherry was on the alert; she was disturbed and unsure; she who so seldom was. "Dan," she murmured, "please let me alone"



Trail Town

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

LIVING in the small frontier town of River Bend, Ford Green, the county's prosecuting attorney, suspects that the girl to whom he is engaged—Sherry Gault, daughter of a prominent ranchman—is becoming interested in Dan Mitchell, the marshal. He hates Mitchell; and Mitchell cordially returns that hatred.

When Bravo Trimble, the sheriff, is shot to death by Jett Younger, an outlaw, Green starts a rumor that Mitchell, not Younger, killed Trimble. Learning of this, Mitchell, meeting Green on the street, gives him a sound drubbing. Whereupon, Green decides to import a tough fighting man—Bill Bexar, the sheriff of near-by Pawnee—swear him in as sheriff, and, with his help, "eliminate" Mitchell.

Meanwhile, three romances (of widely divergent natures) have been developing in River Bend. Irma Gatewood, the restive wife of a sedate, hard-working businessman, has been seeing far more than she should of George Hazelhurst, a gambler. Tom Leathers, Mitchell's closest friend, has become deeply interested in a girl known as "Rita," who works in The Dream, a dance hall presided over by a kindly woman: "Big Annie." And Sherry Gault has gradually awakened to the realization that Dan Mitchell is an unusually attractive man—possibly more attractive than the smooth schemer whom she has promised to marry. . . .

Accompanied by Green, Bill Bexar arrives in River Bend. Ed Balder, leader of the town's more respectable element (the less respectable is dominated by Charley Fair, a saloonkeeper) does not like him; he tells Green that the fellow should not be entrusted with the job of sheriff. . . .

A young stranger—Henry Dreiser—reaches River Bend. He says that he is looking for a girl named Lila Durrach. And, shortly after he finds the girl, Mitchell is having a long, serious talk with George Hazelhurst, in the gambler's house; he is telling Hazelhurst a story of which this is the summary:

"Lila Durrach" is the girl known as Rita. Madly in love with each other, she and Henry Dreiser had, due to a concatenation of circumstances, become separated, lost touch. Now, after searching for her frantically, Dreiser has found her. But he does not know—*he must not know*—of her life at Big Annie's. Nor (Mitchell says) *will* he know, if Hazelhurst will turn over his house to the girl, who will move into it *and work as a seamstress.*

Hazelhurst says, "The house is hers."

VIII

MITCHELL cut back through Ute to Big Annie's and left word. On the next round he reached Railroad Avenue in time to see Rita standing at the open doorway of Hazelhurst's house. She had her belongings in a valise; she had just arrived and had not yet entered. The light coming through the doorway burned yellow against her, creating for Mitchell a biting picture of complete aloneness. Mitchell came up. He paused to say: "Go on in. I will send that young man to you." Continuing down Railroad he heard her call after him:

"It is too late."

He circled to Race and moved up through a gathering tide of Texas trail hands. Light burned from Sherry Gault's window. In the courthouse light also burned through Ford Green's window, one late signal of scheming. Mitchell found Henry Dreiser on the porch of Webber's, so posted as to watch both Willow and the length of Race.

"You will find her on Railroad Avenue," said Mitchell. "That is the street facing the depot. It is the sixth house down."

Henry Dreiser's broad face lightened and without a word he wheeled and walked down Willow. Mitchell got off the buckskin and was in Webber's doorway when Leathers came across from Race and stopped him. Leathers said, "What the hell's going on?"

"Go talk to Big Annie."

"I know about all that," said Leathers. He wasn't cheerful, he wasn't himself. "When are you damned fool people going to quit trying out nutty notions on that girl? It won't work. You keep pushin' her at something she don't want to do. Pretty soon she'll do it because she figures you think it is right. Then she'll be sorry she did it."

"Look at who's talking," commented Mitchell. "You got a better idea?"

"Let her alone."

"Why?" asked Mitchell.

Leathers stared at Mitchell and was about to make answer. He never made it. He opened his mouth and suddenly showed a very strange expression, and closed his mouth and walked away.

Mitchell crossed Webber's lobby and climbed the stairs, passing his own room. He knocked on the end door. When the door opened, with Sherry standing before him, he said: "Could I see you a minute?"

Her hand was on the door's knob and for a little while he thought she intended to close the door on him. The memory of the night before came to her face and made her resent him, or fear him. He was not quite able to fathom the expression she wore—but it was there and it gave him no encouragement. After a considerable pause she said: "Come in."

CHARLEY FAIR watched the first crowd move into The Pride. He walked the length of his bar to see that all was in order, he cast an eye at the tables, and stood at the bar's end, knowing that this would be another good night. To start it right he let his affable voice boom through the house:

"Everybody up. This one is on me. I want everybody to be satisfied." Spotting familiar faces—for he was a man who remembered these trail people

(Continued on page 75)

College seniors name Elgin "first choice for graduation!"

ON CAMPUSES right across the nation, 1941 college seniors were recently asked what make of watch they preferred for graduation. In this impartial poll, Elgin was named "first choice" by a wide margin! Here are some of the outstanding colleges and universities polled:

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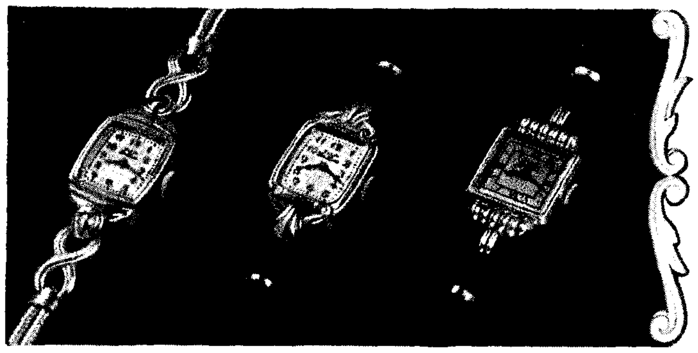

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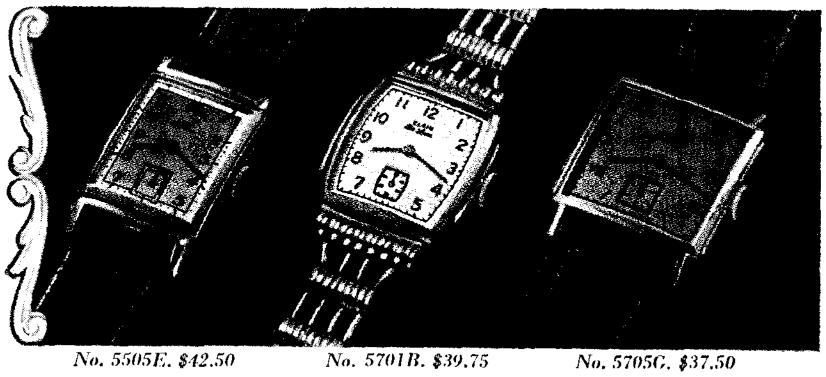

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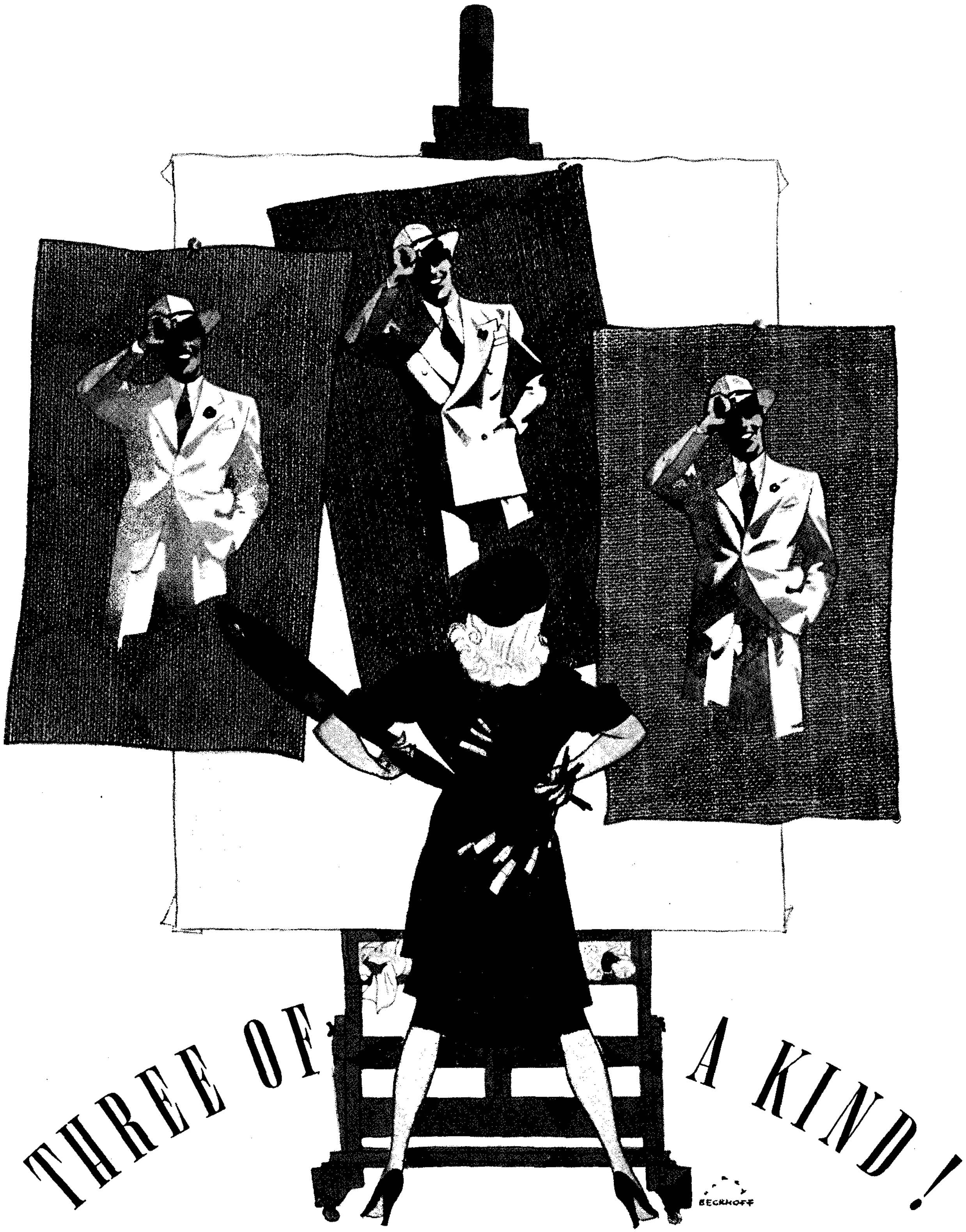

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Deathless Bombs

Continued from page 22

the flash occurs the photoelectric cell in the plane, which operates only at the peak of the light's brilliance—changing light rays into electrical energy—automatically trips the shutter of a large aerial camera in the plane.

The photoelectric cell is shielded so that no light from the ground or another airplane can set it into operation. It is sensitive only to the brilliant light of the flash so searchlight batteries on the ground won't operate it.

Captain Ted Melden, an American Airlines pilot, reports that one night he mistook the flashes for lightning and came near turning his big airliner back to Nashville until he learned by radio that the Army was conducting tests over Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, with its flash flares, more than 200 miles away.

Watching one experiment recently the writer was blinded momentarily by one of the flashes when it burst only several hundred feet away. It left the eyes smarting and for seconds afterward it was difficult to get accustomed to normal vision.

Guesswork and Prayer

Early experiments with night photography were crude. From the plane the flare was dropped attached to a parachute which, when it opened automatically, exploded the bomb. Sometimes the chute failed to "bloom" and the whole test was a failure. Only by trial and error—the hard way—did Goddard and his assistants make any progress.

No synchronization method was used then and the parachute bomb was set to produce a quick flash lasting only 1/20th of a second. The camera shutter was opened manually seconds before the bomb was timed to explode. It was mostly guesswork and results were none too good.

Next, Goddard designed a small model glider with a six-foot wing span and loaded its fuselage with the flash powder, creating a "flying torpedo." The glider was lowered on a windlass from the plane and exploded when a button was pressed, sending a charge of electricity through the wire attached to it. This was the forerunner of the synchronization method, since the same spark of current that exploded the bomb simultaneously clicked the shutter of the camera in the plane.

During one night test with the glider method over the Rochester flying field the towing-cable windlass jammed shortly after the glider had been released from its mooring under the fuselage of the plane. The glider with its deadly content tossed and rolled with the antics of a canoe in the rapids, each movement being dangerously close to the tail of the airplane. For one hour Goddard at the controls and Dr. S. M. Burka, government physicist, an assistant and cameraman on the flight, worked frantically to cut it loose. Failing in their efforts, they decided to "bail out."

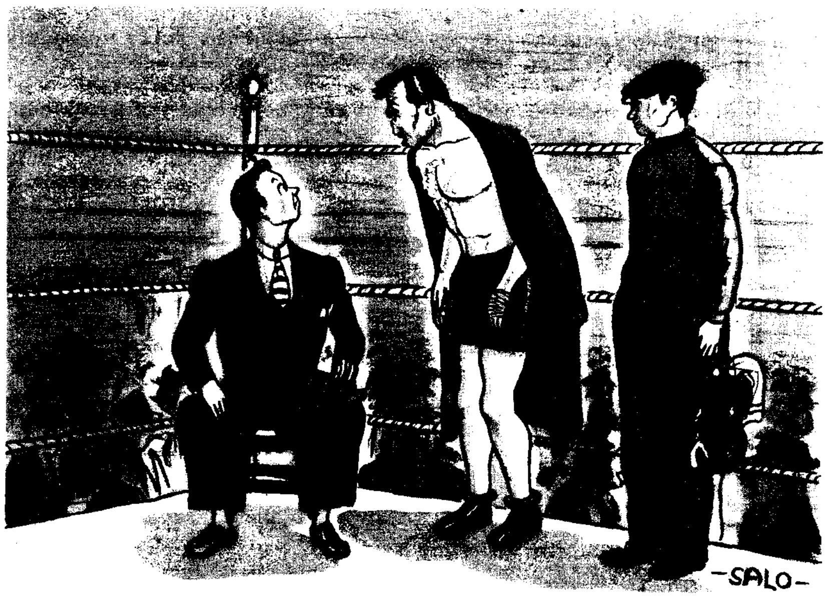
As they turned sharply away from the flying-field area toward more open country the cable fitting in the nose of the glider pulled loose and the small plane sailed down to the ground, making a nose-over landing in a cornfield. If the torpedo plane had exploded when it was close to the airplane it would have been fatal for both men.

This incident, more than any other, led to the development of a "free bomb," and the photoelectric cell and shutter-synchronizing mechanism seemed the only satisfactory solution. Goddard obtained a patent on this combination in 1929 and its general principle has been in use ever since.

Sometimes, even using the modern equipment, an occasional malfunction can happen. In the maneuvers of the Third Army held in Louisiana in the spring of 1940, one of the powerful flash bombs exploded prematurely and twisted the whole tail and rear fuselage section of a big Douglas bomber. The crippled plane finally landed safely with its crew of eight at Barksdale Field.

While experimenting with the night photographic process Goddard also introduced another very important phase of military aerial photography—the processing of pictures while in flight. The first application of this "quick work" process for military purposes took place at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, during the Regular Army games in 1926.

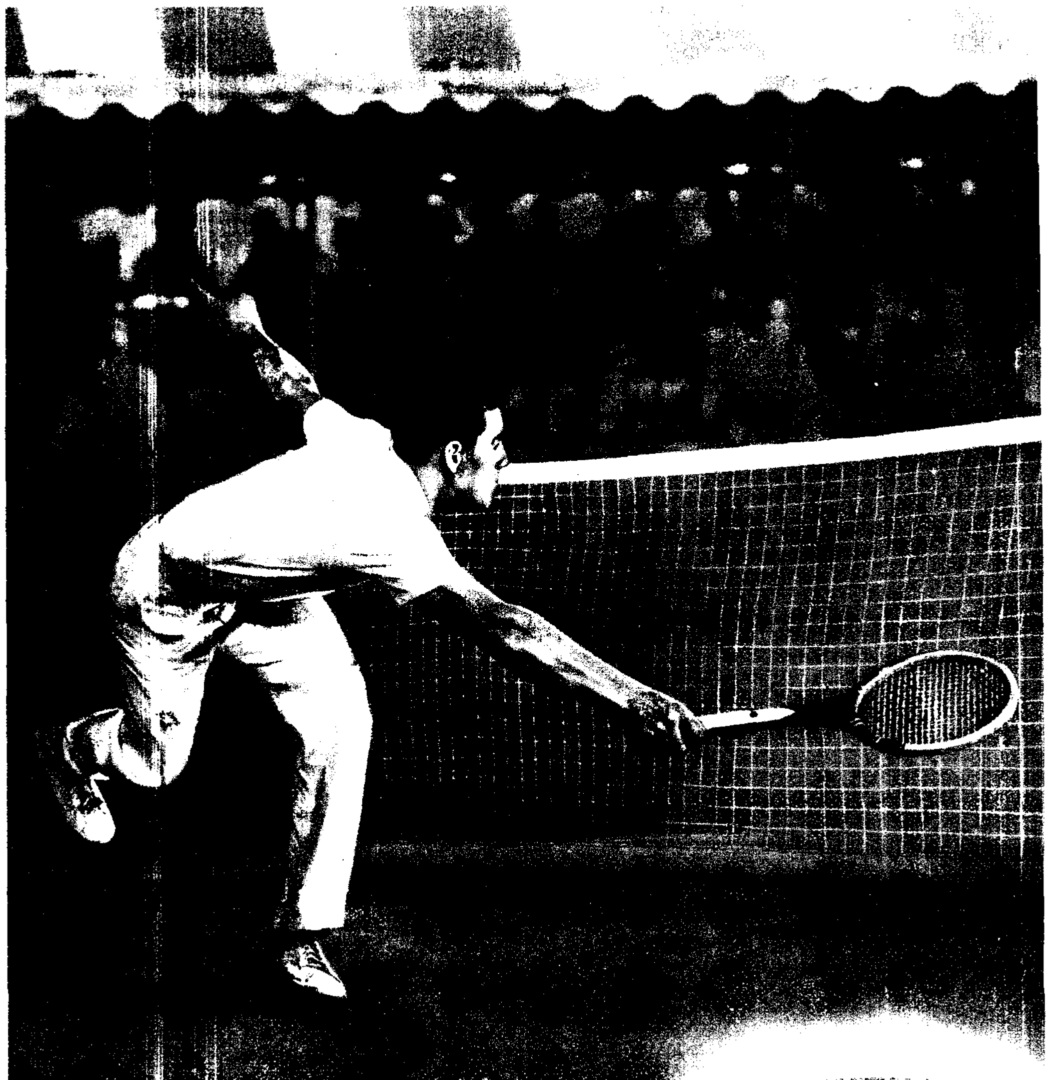
From a plane Goddard snapped a picture as he flew over the moving troops. In eight minutes the picture had been developed in the plane and was dropped to the ground in a small metal container and delivered to officers in charge of a photo-transmitting set. Immediately transmission began and the picture was wired to three Army generals in New York, Chicago and San Francisco twenty-seven minutes after it had been



"Would you mind letting me see your ticket stub? I think that's my seat"

SALO ROTH

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



NATIONAL MEN'S SINGLES TROPHY. The first two years a tennis player becomes national champion he is presented with small replicas of the handsome cup shown at the right. The *third* time he wins, he gets not only another replica, but the trophy itself, and a new one is put up for competition by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. These cups have been emblematic of national tennis championship since 1885. To win one, you have to be better than good!

CONTAINS LEAD

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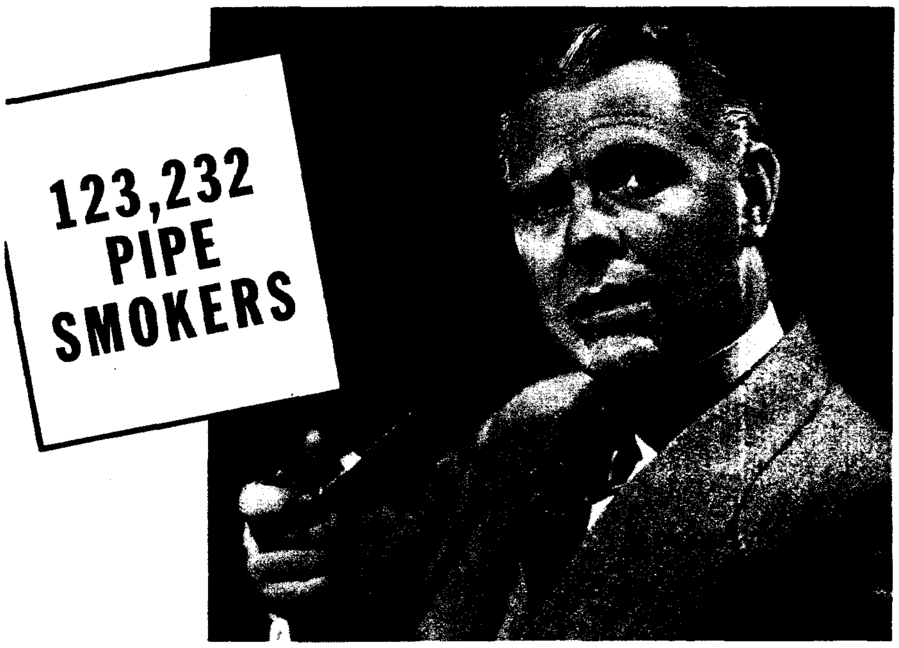

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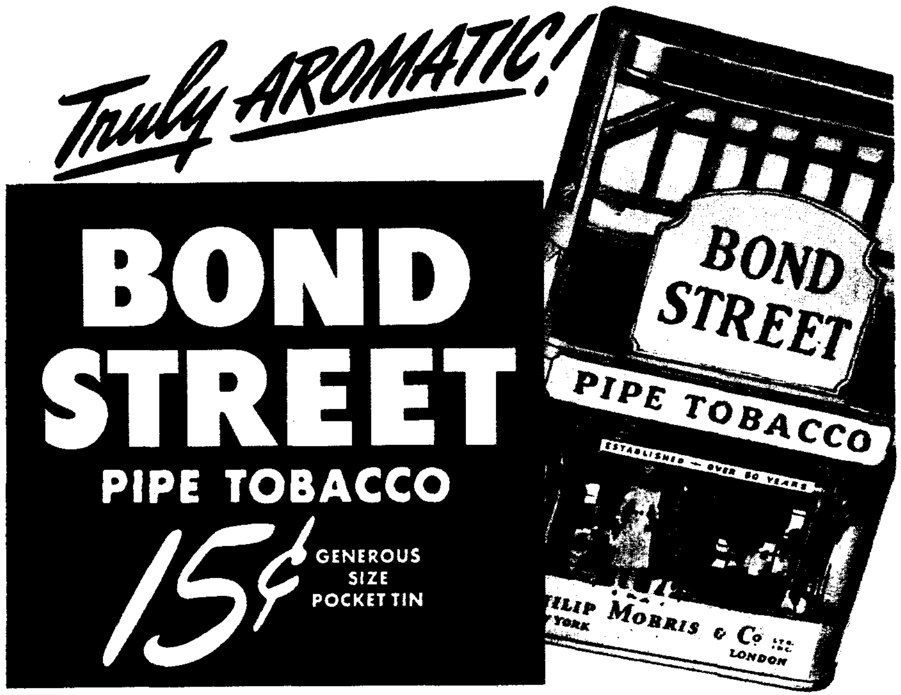


A product of PHILIP MORRIS

taken in Kansas, hundreds of miles distant. The amazed officers reported that the transmission had been almost perfect, and predicted that such feats would be invaluable to officers in command of field forces.

On another occasion Major Goddard demonstrated speed photography to President Coolidge. He made an aerial picture of New York City and on the same flight, without refueling, set out for Washington. Half an hour before the plane was over Baltimore the pictures had been developed. When the plane arrived over Washington the President was standing on the White House lawn and saw the metal container holding the picture dropped from the sky. He picked it up and beheld the photograph of New York, developed and delivered in one hour and fifty-two minutes.

Today both American and British military authorities agree that the possibilities of the rapid processing of films in flight as it is now being used by the Air Corps meets the requirements of modern blitzkrieg warfare. This quick-work method is being combined with the night photographic operations as the ultimate aim of the Army.

Such speed is almost the same as "televised transmission" which would give the military strategists instantaneous photographs of the enemy's operations. Already experiments have been carried out with facsimile transmission of an artist's map drawn of La Guardia Field, New York, and sent by radio to those on the ground miles away. The Army is working out a similar rapid transmission method for its photo-taking flying corps.

Reconnaissance planes can accomplish a great deal more under the cover of darkness than they can on daylight missions. In daytime they must fly at high altitudes in order to stay out of the accurate range of antiaircraft fire. This makes it difficult to get clear, large-scale detailed photographs of enemy movements on the ground.

At night the planes can remain at altitudes between 4,000 and 5,000 feet, which are the most desirable for night photographic operations, and at the same time be in less danger. At these altitudes the ships are too high for machine-gun fire from the ground and too low for accurate timing of the antiaircraft shells. Most of the pictures taken at night have been made from 5,000 feet, although Major Goddard has made successful photographs from as high as 12,000 feet.

Color for Accuracy

Uncle Sam is also trying out color photography, and soon natural-color photographs will be possible from almost any height. Highly successful color pictures have already been accomplished.

The color camera is more accurate than is the human eye. At low altitudes objects on the ground can be seen in their true colors. But from higher regions colors start to fade. Haze in the air obscures the earth more and more as the altitude is increased and from heights above 12,000 feet the ground resembles a blueprint.

Studying closely the transparencies of a color photograph, Army generals can see where foliage has been used to hide a gun emplacement, also the location of equipment such as airplanes, trucks, tents, supplies and troops. Color film brings out the slightest changes in the shades which occur a few hours after foliage is cut, making it comparatively easy to detect any unusual change in the earth's surface.

Trees whose leaves have been scorched by powder blasts of a concealed gun are outstandingly apparent in a color photo. Likewise painted backgrounds used as imitations to fool an observer, which look entirely normal to the eye at a distance, are obviously artificial in a color picture.

A military camera plane flying high over New York City brought back pictures that revealed the exact colors of taxicabs cruising in the shadows of the streets between the tall buildings, a detail that the cameramen themselves were unable to see. The latest type cameras incorporating new films and filters were used on the flight, producing the almost phenomenal results.

New Problems in Camouflage

As a result of such experiments military camouflage experts are being forced to discover new ideas. One stunt is to hide an object by making it appear to be something else.

It is known that the British are relying chiefly on this method. For instance, in England antiaircraft guns have been concealed from aerial observers by erecting over each gun what appears to be a typical countryside cottage, complete even to the washing hung on an adjacent clothesline. The gun barrel is projected up the chimney, and the "Hollywood set" house can be collapsed in a few seconds when the gun is ready to fire. Dummy planes, built of wood, and fake airdromes, complete in almost every detail, are also being used to puzzle the Nazi observers.

There is a counteracting problem, too, that of hiding aircraft from the ground gunners, since antiaircraft fire is more accurate than it was in the first World War.

Flat shades of green with light blue undersurfaces seem to be the desirable color for daylight airplane operations. Lampblack is used on the undersurfaces of a bomber's wings and fuselage to hide it on night raids. Searchlights have been known to sweep across an airplane so camouflaged without detecting it. Exhaust stacks are mounted on the bomber above the wing instead of below to conceal the exhaust flames from ground observers.

Daylight stereoscopic pictures are being made from altitudes up to 36,000 feet, and observers can tell the height of a building, contours of the terrain and even the length and depth of enemy earthworks. Such data are vitally important in determining the range of gun fire and the extent of damage done by shells or bombs.

Infrared photography is also included in the Army's research program. An enemy fleet at sea, concealed in haze or fog, may be detected with infrared film that has the ability to obtain an image of objects hidden to the eye. Ships fifty miles distant and invisible to the cameramen have been picked up plainly on the film.

To make possible these various camera experiments the Army has developed special cameras that have wide-angle lenses and high-speed shutters. The film for one camera comes in rolls one thousand feet long and nineteen inches wide. Special tanks have been designed to process it.

At Wright Field the Army is using a nine-lens camera that covers 400 square miles in one exposure from 25,000 feet in the air. Tests with an even larger camera are being carried out. The latter is said to be the largest in the world and can photograph thousands of square miles in a single flight.

Thus the eyes of the cameras are taking their place in our present-day world at war. Eyes that see in the dark, eyes that look through dense haze and record what is hidden, eyes that record natural colors—such are the new and miraculous eyes that aerial photographic experimentation has given to mankind.

Trail Town

Continued from page 70

from one year to another—he pushed through the room, shaking hands and dropping casual words of welcome, and pausing to drop his big hand on a man's shoulder. In this manner he reached the back of the saloon, slipped through a rear room and let himself into Bismarck. He strolled out to the end of Willow, there catching view of the homesteaders' fires a quarter mile away. In the silvered half-moonlight these fires were beautiful, but it was the number of them that engaged his attention, not the beauty. Earlier in the day, seeing all these people move down Willow from the train, Charley Fair had grasped at the edge of something that deeply disturbed him and now was giving it the benefit of his full thoughts.

These settlers had been nothing more than shadowed shapes on the land, only vagrant individuals drifting through town and vanishing. It was no longer so. Each day the train dropped more of them and each day more wagons rolled up. Wide and deep as this country was, there would be a time when the homesteader and the trail would meet head on. It always had been so in Charley Fair's experience; and his experience was broad. So he stood beyond the edge of Willow, piecing together the story as it might affect him, and at last turned back to his saloon. Going through the barroom he saw that it was filling and was pleased; and went on to his own office, closing the door behind. He sat down at his desk and lay back in a chair. He put his feet on the desk, watching the ceiling through the steady ripples of his cigar smoke. A good deal later—a full half-hour later—having canvassed the whole scheme of things and having arrived at his own answers, he simply lifted his voice:

"Jim."

Jim Card came in. Fair said, "Shut the door," and when the door was closed, Charley Fair said, "Ride up to the Aspens tonight and tell Jett to slide into town tomorrow night without being seen."

SHERRY said: "This boy knows nothing of what she's been?"

"No. He's thinking of her as she was back East, a couple years ago."

"After all that's happened do you still think she loves him?"

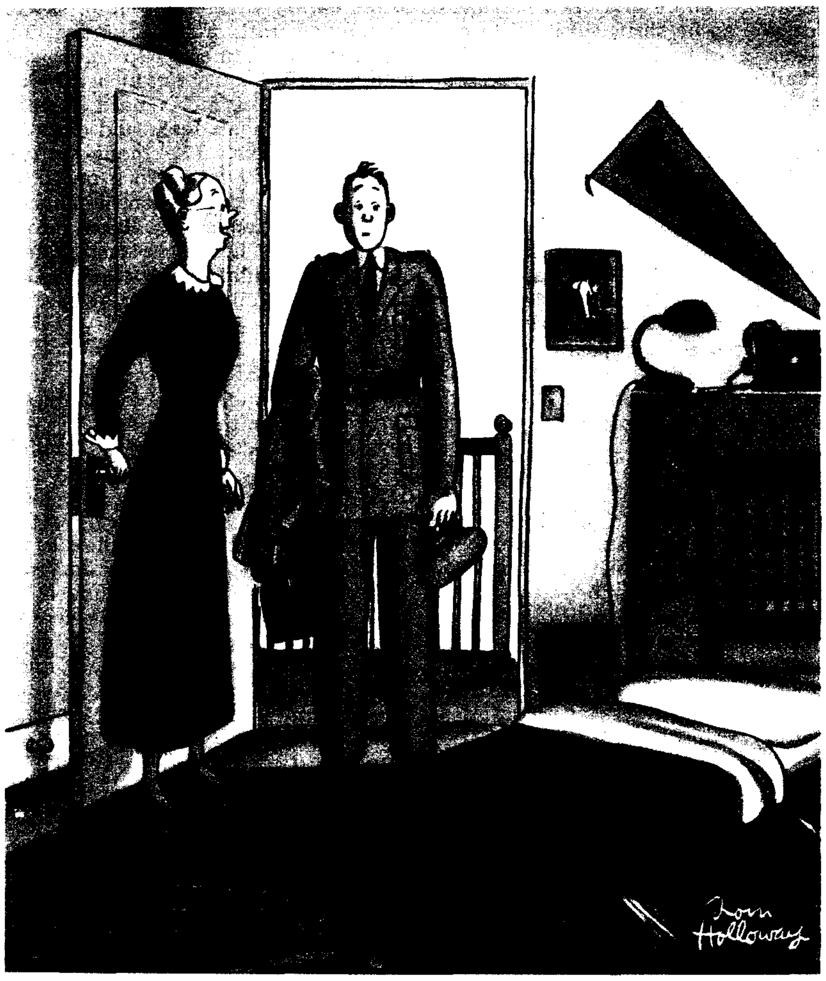
"If she did once, she still does. Those things don't change."

She gave him a strongly personal glance. "You have said that before. You are so sure of it. Even if the earth turns over, even if a man or woman goes through every kind of torment, you still think that one thing remains constant—the love of one man for one woman."

"What else is certain?"

She said, "I don't know," and continued to watch him, so close and dark and completely interested. "That belief tells more about you than anything else could. How wonderful it would be, if it were true. How simple life would be and how complete and satisfying." She turned away from him. "I'd like to think it true, but is it? Now and then I get a little glimpse of it and for a moment I think it is possible. That would be the answer to everything, wouldn't it? Nothing else would matter. But how can it be true?"

He said, "Sherry," and waited until she faced him. "If you doubt it, you're



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TOM HOLLOWAY

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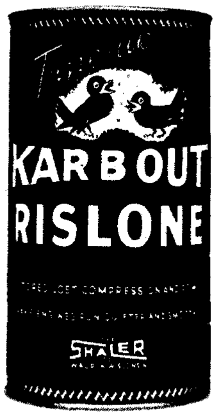

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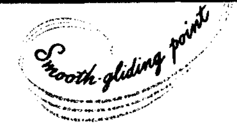

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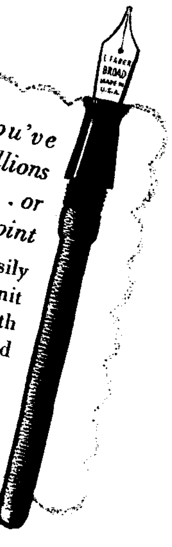

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wasting your time with Green. If he can't make you smile, and cry. If he can't—" None of this got near what he was thinking, and the lack of words made him angry. "I have seen your eyes smiling. I have seen you smile. You're a shut door. Has Green opened it? Is it comfort you want? Just to eat and sleep and drink your tea at three o'clock on somebody's porch? Listen to the wind blow in the Aspens. Listen to coyotes howl. Any of those things make you think of Ford? There's a puncher coming up the street now, full of hell, ready to squeeze the last drop out of the night, as if maybe there never was another night coming. That boy is filling his cup to the top. He's afraid of nothing. He's reaching out, because it is swell to be alive. There's no caution in him, no penny counting. He's laughing, he smells the night, he feels his blood run through his heart." Then he said, "Were you thinking of Ford last night, under the bridge?"

She took one step away from him and thrust her hands behind her. She put up her head, defending herself against the steady beat of his presence. She was on the alert, she was fighting back with a darker color in her eyes, with a quick in and out run of breathing; she was disturbed and unsure, she who so seldom was. "Dan," she murmured, "please let me alone."

"Why," he said, "perhaps I will. For there won't be many more nights like this for me. You'll not be standing much longer at that window counting the minutes while I come up Bismarck."

"Why?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I saw a motto on a sundial one time, which I never forgot. It is always later than you think—that was the motto."

SHE stood still measuring his words and troubled by them. He could make her glow with anger and he could bring the shadow of trouble across her face. Those things he had done. But he could not make her smile and open her arms to him, and so he shrugged it all away. Fatalism, new to him and strange to him, had its way tonight. Like Hazelhurst, he had played his chips and sat silently by, knowing he had lost and gritting his teeth together so that she would never see that it mattered.

She said: "You are kinder than I thought. Why should you be kind at all? If this girl loves the boy she'll tell him the truth—and he'll go away."

He said: "That is what Hazelhurst said, and Leathers. So both sides of Race Street see it the same. There's your town, Sherry—the good and the bad both looking in on this, both with the same answer. I guess I'm the one wrong."

"But don't you see? She would be cheating. If she doesn't love him, it wouldn't matter. But if she does—"

"All I see is Rita. She deserves better than she got. I wish some woman would talk to her. Maybe—"

The door rattled to quick knocking and came rapidly open. Ford Green said in a voice rancid with jealousy: "You've got no business in here, Mitchell!"

"Ford—" said Sherry.

But Ford came before Mitchell with his green eyes betraying the latent impulse to kill. Nothing could be easier read. Mitchell, now softly laughing, made his turn. "You may be right, Ford. But you are a fool, as I have told her. I would take her from you if I could. Maybe she likes it your way—soft and sure and never a chance of the wrong thing said or done. You will do well, both of you, figuring everything out safe, never taking a chance, never getting dirty and never letting the rain touch you. A very pleasant life. I wish you luck."

He was at the door, not knowing how openly his anger showed. He had entered this room in one frame of mind; and left it in another. Change had swept over him without explanation and futility came and everything was different than it had been. In his own mind he said goodby to Sherry. Strange currents were running through the town and he had lived so long by the intangible scents and sounds and rumors drifting across River Bend's housetops and up its streets that he never doubted them now. They were bringing him messages of disaster and ruin.

Sherry called: "Dan—Come here!"

He closed the door behind him, hearing the rapid break-in of Ford Green's voice, half wild with its suspicions. Sherry Gault's answer cut at him and beat him down to complete silence. In the lobby Mitchell stopped to light a cigar. Josephine and Ed Balder came late from the dining room and moved by him. Josephine's eyes met him and hated him in her formidable way, as though she had the desire to use her hands on him. This was the way she always looked at him and was not new. But Balder dropped his head, not looking at Mitchell at all; on his face was a sulky, embarrassed expression. Mitchell remained in the lobby a little while after these two had gone, thinking of Balder's evasion, and he knew then—even though it was not yet an accomplished fact—that Balder would soon go against him.

He went out and stepped to the buckskin. Race Street was a yellow glow of light and the dance-hall music was in full, steady swing and dust rolled heavy on the street, through which men moved and laughed and launched their exuberant crying. Somewhere a gun made its dull breach in the alleys beside Race. The buckskin, trained to follow that one sound like a retriever, picked up its ears and paced forward rapidly. Mitchell slanted the cigar upward between his teeth and looked above him to the darkly silvered sweep of sky and its clouded froth of stars running limitless across emptiness. Up there was a cold and still beauty untouched by dust or the sound of men's hard voices or the pulse of men's fears and ambitions and heartbreaks. The thought moved in through him, very strong because of his own black mood. Then the buckskin turned at Briar and walked into its darkness. As he left Race, Mitchell looked behind him and saw Sherry Gault posed at the yellow square of her hotel window.

HENRY DREISER turned down Railroad Avenue, counted the houses and knocked on the sixth door. It was a very small house with a light shining through a single front window; and not until he knocked a second time did he hear footsteps move slowly over the floor. Rita—or the girl he knew as Lila Durrach—opened the door and stood before him with a pale, unmoved face. Had he been an observant man he would have at once noticed this constraint, but his own happiness at finding her again shut his eyes to it. His own imagination jumped the two-year gap and for him she was the girl he had planned to marry and everything was as it had been. He said: "I had a hard time finding you. What did you run off today for?"

She said, after long thought: "Come in."

He entered the house. "I expect," he said, "you were busy."

"Yes."

He took a chair and stretched his long legs before him. He filled and lighted his pipe, a stout and broad young man with slow ways and an unruffled disposition. "I been thinking," he murmured. "I been thinking about you and me. We had everything settled—and then you went away and pretty soon I didn't hear from you any more. Why didn't you keep on writing to me, Lila?"

"I told you. Things changed."

"Yes," he said, "that's what you said this afternoon. For me, nothing's changed. How've they changed for you, Lila?"

"Two years is a long time."

"Awful long," he agreed, and looked at her thoughtfully. "Why didn't you come back home when your folks died? I was waiting there. All your friends were there."

She backed into the corner and faced him as though afraid of him, and her answer was long in coming. "Oh, things just happened."

This recurring phrase troubled him. He turned it in his mind, studying her. She was small against the single lamp glow. She was a dark girl, unreadable and beyond his understanding. Her lips were soft and she had a prettiness that stirred him, but she hadn't smiled at him and there was trouble in her eyes. "Yes," he said, "things happen. But what things, Lila? That's what I wish I knew."

"It is very hard to explain, Henry. Maybe, when people get a little bit older they don't feel the same as they did before."

"That," he said, "is what I want to get at. You don't feel the same toward me any more? That what you mean?"

She stood still, now long silent. Her lips came together and her head dropped and her shoulders trembled faintly until she tightened them. "Oh, Henry, just let's not talk about it."

"Why, I guess I've got to talk about it, Lila. Not about you—if you don't want to. But about me. I can't say hello and goodby. Not even if I tried. I sure went through a bad time when I tried to find you and couldn't. I couldn't tell you how bad a time. Now here you are. I ain't leaving this town until you either take me or send me away." He looked at her with a tremendous solemnity. "It was the not knowing that hurt worst. I don't think it would have been quite so bad even if I'd known you were dead. This other was worse—the not knowin'."

She said: "What will you do now?"

"I'll go out somewhere on the prairie, homesteading. You think that's a good idea?"

"Why ask my advice, Henry?"

"Ain't I talking clear enough?" he asked, freshly puzzled. "I would have gone from house to house and door to door. I wouldn't have left this town until I found you. You know it. You ought to know why I'm asking your advice. You're in whatever I do unless you tell me to leave."

She spoke in a strained way: "I don't like this country very well."

"What country do you like better?"

"Texas," she said. "I think I'd like it in Texas somewhere. Or Montana. Away out in the corner of Montana."

"Texas or Montana," he agreed, following her talk with a dogged patience. "Which one is it? If that is what you want we'll do it."

"But you like it here best," she added quickly.

"I always depended on your advice when we were going together," he told her. "You always had better judgment than me." He bent in the chair, placing both long arms across his knees. He looked down at the floor, the pipe smoke rolling back over his round, strong face and his short half-curly hair. "Main thing is to have you with me. That is everything. I guess you don't know how lonely I have really been. If you knew what I've been through these two years I think you'd really be sorry for me."

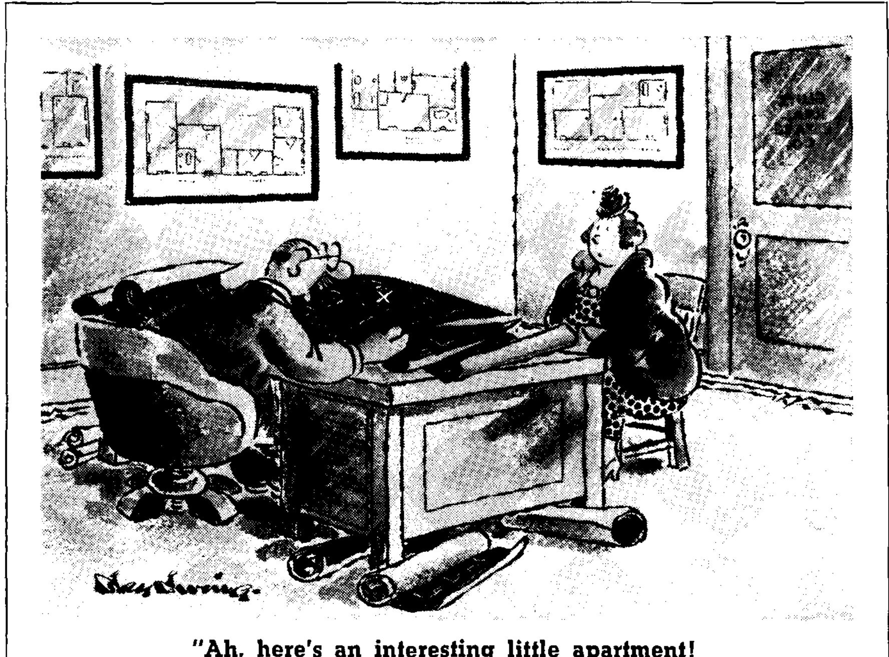
SHE watched him, holding back all that she felt. Not hearing her speak he looked up. "Not blaming you, Lila. I guess you've had your troubles, too. Matter of fact, you don't look happy. I guess you have been through a lot. You'll never need to any more. Which is to be, Texas or Montana?"

"You don't know much about me, Henry. Not much about the last two years."

He said, still clinging to his patient convictions, "You're the same girl. I'm the same man. That ought to be enough." He straightened in the chair. "Maybe you are trying to tell me you don't want me at all now. That it?"

Backed into the corner, she wanted him to go before he found out about her; and this was the easy way—to answer his question and send him off. Yet when she came to say what seemed so easy, she couldn't say it. Instead, dumb and heartbroken, she only shook her head. Henry Dreiser rose, smiling his relief. "It was the thing I been fearing all afternoon. I'd rather be shot than hear it. Well, Lila—"

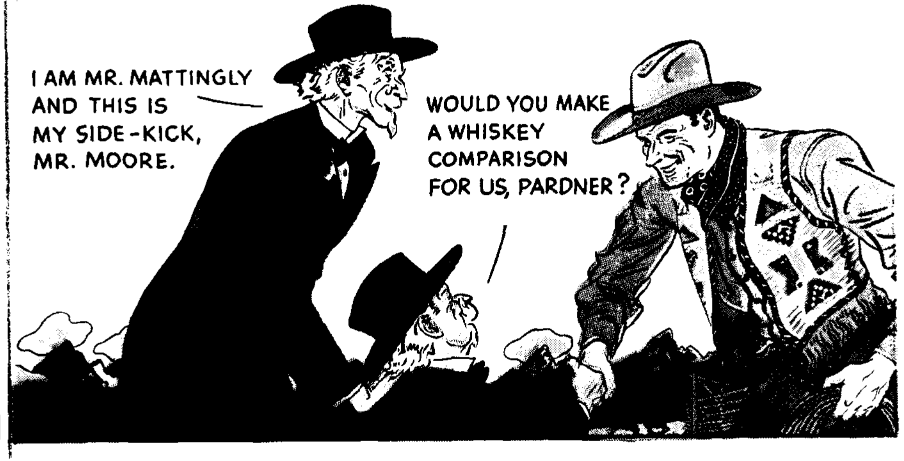
She faced him, she drew upon her strength and spoke as quietly as though there was no hurt or shame in it: "This is not my place and I'm not a seamstress. They got me this house so I could fool you, so you'd think everything was all right. I live in a house with other girls over on Bismarck Alley. I work in a dance hall, and have for six months. I met a man in Freeport after the folks died. Then he went away. I've got to



"Ah, here's an interesting little apartment! You read the tabloids, of course? . . ."

JAY IRVING

Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore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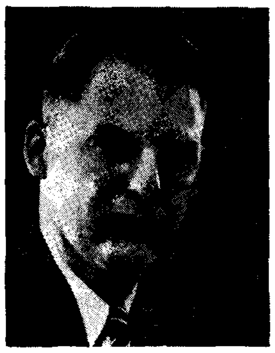

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tell you that. Now do you want me, Henry?"

He stood before her and grew sick around the mouth and she saw it and said in a still quieter voice: "I told you things had changed, didn't I? You don't know what happens to women when they're alone and haven't got any money, when everything's gone and nothing matters. But you don't want me now, do you?"

He took his pipe from his mouth. He held it cradled in his big palm. He stared at it and reversed it and shook the ashes into his hand; they were red hot but he seemed to feel nothing. He rubbed the ashes cold and put them in his pocket. He put his pipe in his pocket, turned, walking with an old man's gait, and opened the door.

She called after him: "Remember, Henry, I told you the truth."

Absent-mindedly he nodded and went through the door. On the porch he turned, asking his question in a small, colorless voice: "That man—he tricked you? He said he was going to marry you, and then he fooled you?"

She squared herself and answered him with a thorough honesty: "No, I was hungry and I had to eat."

The sick look crossed his face again and he moved up Railroad into the shadows. She listened until his steps ceased to telegraph back on the loose boards, and then left Hazelhurst's house, cut through town by way of Ute and disappeared in Big Annie's.

Standing in the shadows of Railroad, Tom Leathers saw Henry Dreiser leave, and later watched Rita go back toward Big Annie's, which told him how the meeting had gone. He sighed greatly, and he murmured, "Sure—I was right." He rolled a cigarette and lighted it and he walked across town and reached Bismarck, once more stationed in the shadows. "Damn' right. What else they figure she'd do?" He drew a great breath, as though relieved.

HALF an hour later when Mitchell threaded Bismarck, Big Annie stepped from her house to tell him the result. Big Annie was angry at Lila but it was the kind of anger near to tears and it made her voice loud and it made her swear. "Men," she said—"men are fools. They're ignorant, they're cattle. They deserve nothing. Heavens, Dan, they don't know good women when they see 'em. I hate the breed!"

Sherry, Mitchell thought, had been right and so had Hazelhurst and Leathers. He had been the wrong one. He reached Brinton's and looked along Willow and saw Henry Dreiser come forward with his head down and his hands swinging heavy beside him. He passed Mitchell, not seeing him, and he was crying openly, tears running down his cheeks and great, windy gusts coming out of his throat, so passing on toward the flare of homesteaders' fires on the desert.

Mitchell circled into Antelope and for a moment was glad to be in this quiet back eddy.

It was eleven then. At twelve, cutting through Ute Street on his last tour, he paused in the black shadows and watched Bill Bexar stroll down from Webber's House, cut back into darkness and disappear. In a little while Bexar showed up in the alley adjoining Charley Fair's saloon, found the rear door and entered it. The night crowd began to leave town and the dance-hall music quit and here and there gamblers began to walk Race Street toward The Drovers' where they liked to gather for a midnight meal and a last cigar before going to bed. Ad Morfitt appeared on Race and entered the jail office. At twelve-thirty, Bill Bexar slipped out of the saloon's rear door and took to the shadows again.

Mitchell crossed to the jail office, said good night to Ad Morfitt from the saddle and continued to Brinton's. This night he varied his routine by going straight to his room. He could not face Big Annie, he could not face Rita. Lying in bed, he thought about this girl and saw no future for her, and had his fiery hatred for the brutality of the world; and then his mind went to Bill Bexar and he lay long awake, fathoming the man's motives in visiting Charley Fair, and slowly going again through the complex web of the town until he thought he knew how things went; and fell asleep.

By seven the next morning he was on his way to the Aspens; at noon when he returned he met Tom Leathers at the head of Willow. Leathers said: "News for you, my friend."

"Good or bad?"

"What would be good news in this town?" asked Leathers. "No, it is bad. The homesteaders finally made entry six miles straight south of town. There is a bobwire fence directly across the cattle trail. A two-mile stretch of it, thrown up yesterday sometime. Know what that means?"

"Yes," said Mitchell. "Yes, I know."

"The world," said Tom Leathers, "is fallin' in."

THE news of the building of the homesteaders' fence came in on the fast heels of Hale Margrath's pony. Margrath, a rider for the big Laughlin and Donlevy cattle ranch twenty miles south of the river, shouted the news down Willow much as he would have announced the imminence of an Indian raid; for to him it was, as Leathers had said, the world falling in. What he yelled into the morning quiet of the town was:

"Bobwire all acrost the trail! Damn' scoundrels ought to be shot! Bobwire—three miles long of it! What the hell—what the hell!"

It was news in every house and building in River Bend within twenty minutes. South Peters carried it to Charley Fair and to every other saloon on the street. Having done that he headed for the Aspens to notify all the ranchers along the War Bonnet road. For cow hand and cattle owner, for saloon man and trail driver, for every man whose money came directly or indirectly from beef, this news was a great red comet flaming down from the sky. It shook the town out of the usual early drowse.

Brinton walked along Willow, in and out of the stores, repeating the information and adding his question: "What the hell we going to do about it?" Dug Neil came up from his stage barn and stopped Brinton, the two talking a little and falling silent, and talking again. Balder stepped from his store and joined them. In a little while Mrs. Balder came from Antelope and said, "What's this I hear, Ed?" As soon as Balder gave her the story, she turned about, going back to Willow. As she left she flung a last shot over her shoulder: "You're so good at watching and waiting and trusting people. Now what will you do?"

Balder said: "Dug, call in Gatewood. And Ford Green. Bring in the rest of the crowd. We've got to talk this over."

IN a little while the dozen or more men who ran Willow Street stood and squatted in Balder's back office. Brinton said: "Three miles of fence means a bunch of homesteaders put in and fenced together. It sure went up in a hell of a hurry."

"According to Hale Margrath, they took a block of land against the river."

"Can't fence out the road. They'll have to leave that open."

Pete Godefroy said: "A road ain't enough. No trail driver's going to run cattle down a fifty-foot lane of bobwire. Where'll these held herds graze? You put bobwire within ten miles of this town and you've spoiled the town for the trail."

John Poe said: "They can skirt the homestead wire and come in."

"No," said Brinton. "If there's three miles of wire today there'll be thirty miles of it next week. The whole flat will be in fence. There's the end of free graze. It will scare hell out of the trail men. You've seen the end of River Bend as a trail town. I'm telling you. It just don't mix. Never has. Wire comes—the trail goes."

"Now look," said Tom Franzen, "those homesteaders did it all together. One day it wasn't there. Next day it was. So they planned it careful. Somebody figured it out. Bill Mellen—there's your man."

"Get him in here," said Balder.

"He's out on the prairie."

"There's your man who's chokin' off the trail. And chokin' off the town. This place is dead without Texas money."

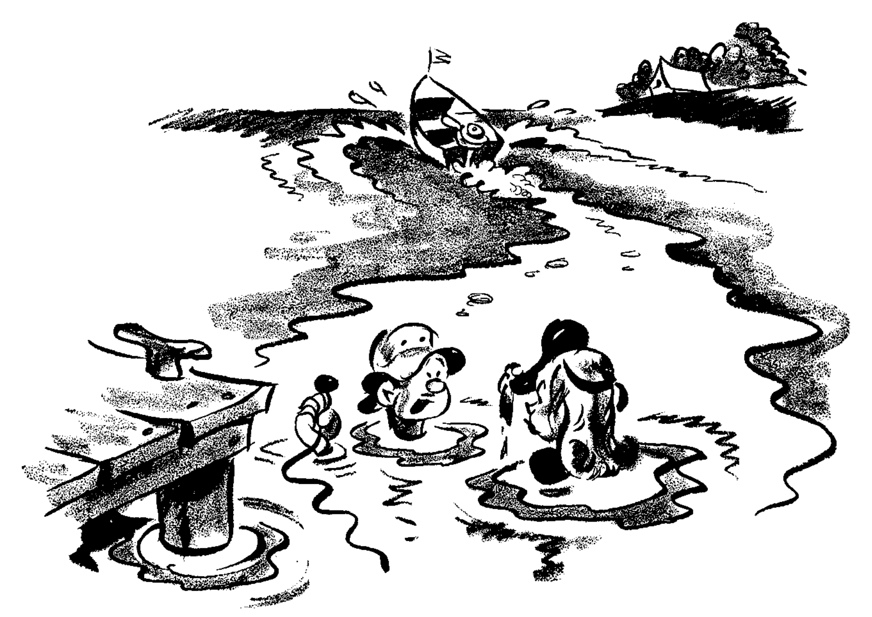
"Is it?" said Dug Neil, so far silent.

"Isn't it?" challenged Franzen.

"How many months have you got Texas money coming through here? June to October. Five months. Then there is nothing until next June. River Bend just sits around and starves seven months out of the year."

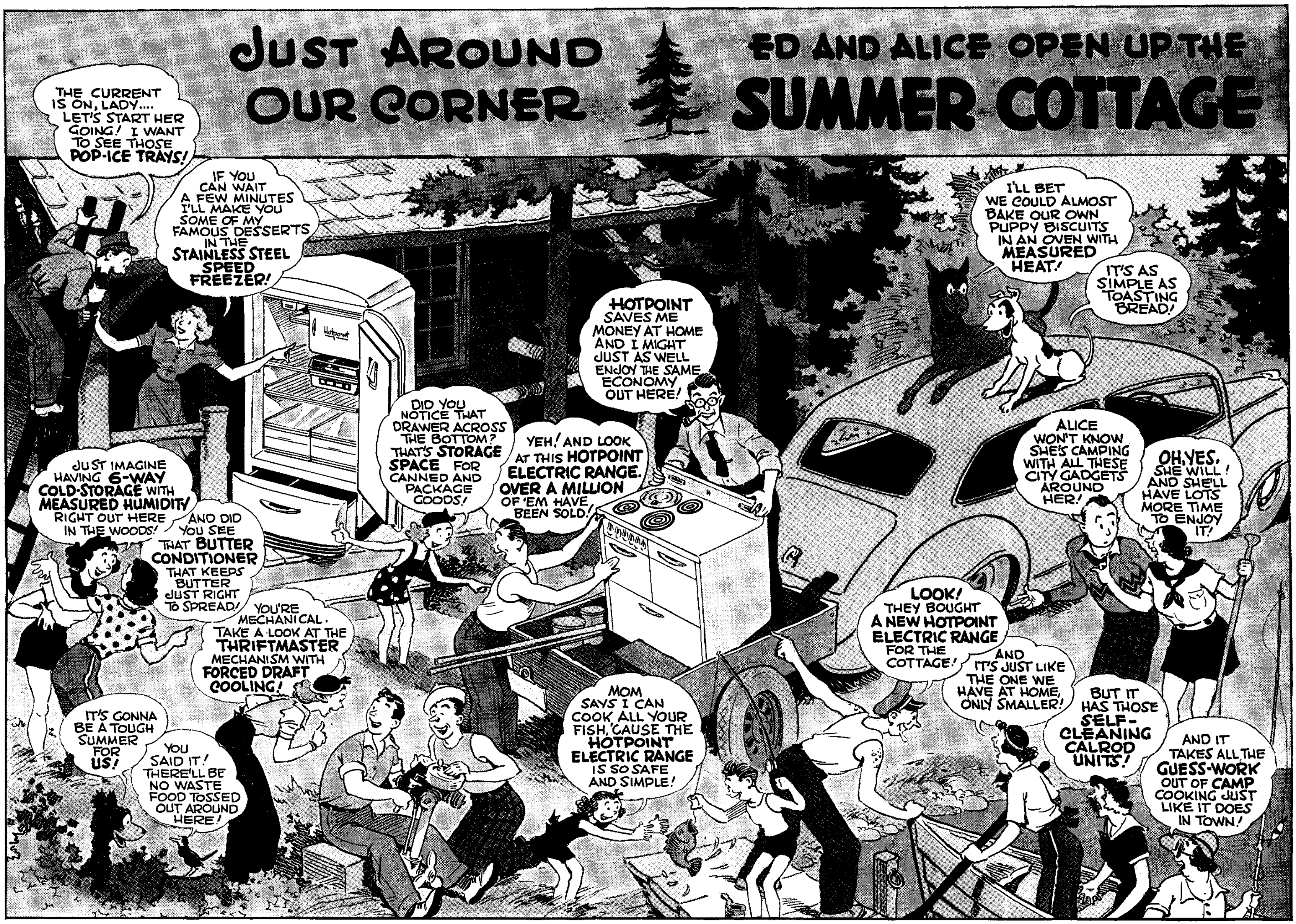
"Five flush months make up for seven lean ones," pointed out Franzen.

"Your homesteader," said Dug Neil,



"That's the first time it started on the very first twirl!"

GEORGE LICHTY


JUST AROUND OUR CORNER
ED AND ALICE OPEN UP THE SUMMER COTTAGE
THE CURRENT IS ON, LADY.... LET'S START HER GOING! I WANT TO SEE THOSE POP-ICE TRAYS!
IF YOU CAN WAIT A FEW MINUTES I'LL MAKE YOU SOME OF MY FAMOUS DESSERTS IN THE STAINLESS STEEL SPEED FREEZER!
I'LL BET WE COULD ALMOST BAKE OUR OWN PUPPY BISCUITS IN AN OVEN WITH MEASURED HEAT!
IT'S AS SIMPLE AS TOASTING BREAD!
HOTPOINT SAVES ME MONEY AT HOME AND I MIGHT JUST AS WELL ENJOY THE SAME ECONOMY OUT HERE!
DID YOU NOTICE THAT DRAWER ACROSS THE BOTTOM? THAT'S STORAGE SPACE FOR CANNED AND PACKAGE GOODS!
YEH! AND LOOK AT THIS HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE. OVER A MILLION OF 'EM HAVE BEEN SOLD!
ALICE WON'T KNOW SHE'S CAMPING WITH ALL THESE CITY GADGETS AROUND HER!
OH, YES, SHE WILL! AND SHE'LL HAVE LOTS MORE TIME TO ENJOY IT!
JUST IMAGINE HAVING 6-WAY COLD-STORAGE WITH MEASURED HUMIDITY RIGHT OUT HERE IN THE WOODS!
AND DID YOU SEE THAT BUTTER CONDITIONER THAT KEEPS BUTTER JUST RIGHT TO SPREAD!
YOU'RE MECHANICAL. TAKE A LOOK AT THE THRIFTMASTER MECHANISM WITH FORCED DRAFT COOLING!
LOOK! THEY BOUGHT A NEW HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE FOR THE COTTAGE!
AND IT'S JUST LIKE THE ONE WE HAVE AT HOME, ONLY SMALLER!
BUT IT HAS THOSE SELF-CLEANING CALROD UNITS!
AND IT TAKES ALL THE GUESS-WORK OUT OF CAMP COOKING JUST LIKE IT DOES IN TOWN!
IT'S GONNA BE A TOUGH SUMMER FOR US!
YOU SAID IT! THERE'LL BE NO WASTE FOOD TOSSED OUT AROUND HERE!
MOM SAYS I CAN COOK ALL YOUR FISH, 'CAUSE THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE IS SO SAFE AND SIMPLE!
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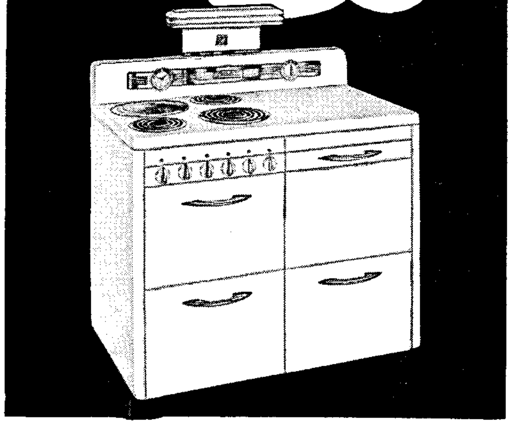

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HOTPOINT RANGE PRICES START AT
$89.95*
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Bigger Savings Than Ever Help You Pay For This NEW HOTPOINT REFRIGERATOR!

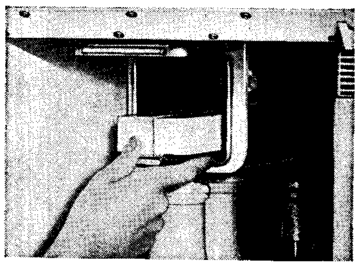
THRIFTIER, more *convenient* than ever, the new 1941 Hotpoint Refrigerator offers money-saving advancements, perfected by Hotpoint home economists and engineers who have built quality electric appliances for 35 years! Although the 1941 models feature conveniences never before offered, they *actually cost far less than refrigerators of a few years ago!*

Save On Food And Electric Bills!

The new Hotpoint Refrigerator is far thriftier than earlier models . . . saves on food and electric bills. The economical Thriftmaster mechanism has Forced Draft Cooling. Measured Humidity keeps meats fresher, *longer!* Stainless Steel Speed Freezer makes ice cubes and frozen desserts in a jiffy. Among other time and money-savers are Pop-Ice Trays, storage space for frozen foods and a Dry Storage Bin that holds two cases of canned goods.

A Winner On All Counts!

See the new models at your Hotpoint store—and you'll agree that *by every yardstick, Hotpoint is a great refrigerator buy!*



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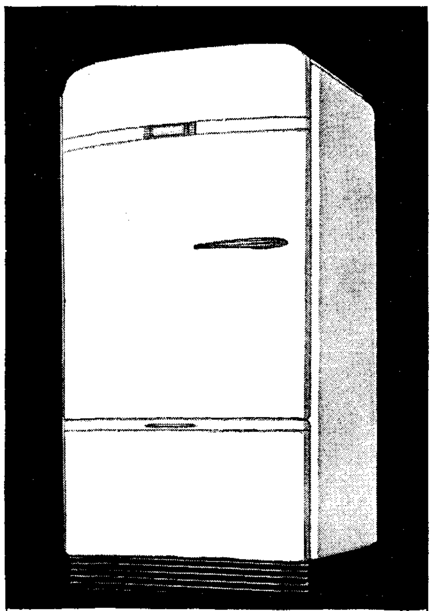

*Model shown, Doric DeLuxe 7 cu. ft. $214.95**

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"THESE LOW-COST HOMES HAVE HIGH LIVABILITY!"

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→ Start the day lighter and brighter — Flutex glass partition for the breakfast nook makes daily contributions to better living.

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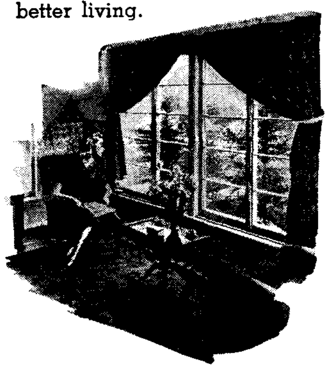

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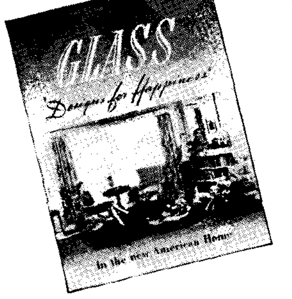

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LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD Quality Glass

"is here the year around. He comes to town once a week. He buys, he builds, and comes back to buy. He brings his women, he brings his kids."

"Not enough of 'em," said Franzen.

"No?" asked Neil. "Think again. Remember the crowd that came off yesterday's train. There'll be a bigger crowd on today's. Just recall how it has been growing the last month." He stopped, looking around at the group. "Yesterday I did something. I made a count of homesteaders. I checked Bill Mellen's records. You don't see these people. They pass through and drop out of sight on Chickman or down in the coulees. But there's five hundred families within twenty miles of River Bend now."

"How many?" said Franzen, openly surprised.

The train was meanwhile ringing its way into River Bend. The talking quit and these men slowly thought through the puzzle that was before them, each man analyzing what the change meant to him in a hard, close, deep-thoughtful way. Dug Neil got up and went through the store and in a little while he called back to them. "Come here."

The group moved to the galleried walk. Mellen came off the prairie on his gray horse and went by the group, and looked at them and grinned; he galloped on down to the depot and dismounted and was lost in the crowd. Sunlight dropped straight into the town, laying its burning brightness on the dust and the dust rose and made its rank, glittering haze in the air and through this haze the group watched the homestead crowd come from the cars and grow thick at the head of Willow.

"Looks," said Franzen, "like a land rush."

"Boys," said Balder, "come back in here." He led them to the office. He waited until they were all inside, and closed the door. "Boys, we've got to figure this out."

Franzen said: "One more year and they'll be starved out and dried out—and they'll be gone."

Dug Neil had an answer for that. "Look down the railroad line to Ephrata or to Dryad. Look at Meridian. They were trail towns once. Then bobwire came and now they're settled communities. Farms all around. You're wrong, Tom. There's your answer."

THIS group sat still again, chewing on Dug Neil's talk. None of them liked the picture he presented, for they were accustomed to old ways and they looked upon change with distrust and some fear. But they were visualizing the streets of River Bend filled with homesteaders and without saloons. They were seeing these homesteaders crowding the walk and moving into their stores.

Dug Neil, though a prophet of the new order, liked it no better than the rest. "I am sorry to see it happen."

"Like business, don't you, Dug?" asked Pete Godefroy.

"I liked it as it was," answered Dug slowly. "I liked everything as it was."

"Nothing stands still."

"No," agreed Dug Neil, "nothing does."

"Boys," said Ed Balder, coming from his long speculations, "we've got to make a switch. From now on we cater to the homesteader. We've got to treat him right and give him what he wants. It occurs to me the first thing that will happen is that those trail herds will rip down that fence before sunset comes. We'll have to prevent that."

"What with?" asked Brinton. "We've got no sheriff."

Balder looked at Ford Green. "Ford's got a man. That's what you brought him up here for, isn't it, Ford?"

"Yes," said Ford, which was his first word during the meeting.

"Well," said Balder, "go bring him here."

Green left the room. He went as far as the front door and looked both ways on the street; then he raised his head toward Webber's second floor and made a signal by nodding his head. He stood by Balder's door until Bill Bexar came out of the hotel and joined him. The two returned to Balder's rear room.

"Gentlemen," said Green, "this is Bill Bexar."

Balder looked at the other two county commissioners, Neil and Franzen. He said: "All right?" When Dug Neil nodded and Franzen jumped his chin briefly up and down, Balder gave Bexar a glance that had no particular friendliness in it. "Then you're sheriff. The pay is a hundred and twenty-five. Nothing inside this town concerns you. Your job is outside of it. Do not interfere with Mitchell at all. At the moment the homesteaders are stringing fence across the trail just south of town."

Bexar said in his drowsy, silk-smooth voice: "You want that stopped?"

"No," said Balder, "I don't want it stopped. I want you to see that the trail crowd leaves those fences alone."

BILL BEXAR studied his orders through a reflective pause. He put a hand slowly across his sweep of tawny mustache and made a few brushing gestures; his eyes ran the room from man to man, collecting information. Balder said: "What's the matter? Don't you think you can handle the trail boys?"

"Why," said Bexar, cool and unruffled, "I think there's no trouble about that. They know me pretty well." He had a smooth, feline self-absorption; he had a complete confidence. "I guess I'll take the job," he added, and turned on his heels, leaving behind him a faint feeling of scorn for the people who had hired him, and a faint feeling of unease.

Franzen said with a degree of irritation: "You know this man, Ed?"

"Ford," said Balder shortly, "picked him."

"Don't wholly approve of a killer for a sheriff," said Neil. "But I don't know who else could brace the trail crowd out there."

Ford Green got up. He said: "There is one other thing. You'll have to close up Race Street. If you don't the homesteaders will drive to War Bonnet or Dryad with their business."

Having dropped that one suggestion into the meeting he left the store. He had been forehanded enough to have a suitable man around when one was needed, and so he had won his point in the matter of Bexar, even though he was perfectly aware of the ill-concealed dislike he left behind him. But although it was a tactical triumph, Ford Green was not pleased with himself. This sudden tide of homesteaders had caught him as badly off balance as it had the other townsmen and now as he crossed the street he was really troubled by the havoc it made with his plans. Above all, he could not afford to have Race Street dry up on him by natural cause and effect. His long-nursed plans called for a violent and spectacular purge of Race Street, made under his direction—this for the sake of the fame it would give him throughout the state. If other forces prematurely killed the street, his own scheme of things collapsed.

Moving all this patiently back and forth through his mind, he climbed the courthouse stairs and found Bill Bexar waiting in the office. Green closed the door.

"The commissioners appointed you, Bill. They don't like to feel that you're looking at me for advice. You understand? Better to do these things the quiet way. It would be wise not to see me too often in the office."

Bill Bexar rested against the wall, so

perfectly balanced as to give Green the impression that, idle as Bexar was, he could spring out from the wall at the merest prompting. He considered Ford Green, and Green's words, with the shrewd eyes of a man who knew the politics of a town inside out. He nodded. "All right, friend. We will get along. What you want—what you after?"

"What?" said Ford.

Bexar made a slight motion of impatience with his hand. "I always like to know which way a man is looking when I'm working for him."

"You're working for Balder and the other two commissioners."

"Sure," said Bill Bexar, shrewd and skeptical. "We understand all that." His eyes showed a cool amusement and perhaps his lips were smiling, though they were hidden behind the waterfall of his mustache. He waited for Ford to reveal himself. "Sure, friend."

"Balder told you to leave Mitchell alone," commented Ford. "You do that, Bill. Leave him alone for now."

"But not for always?"

"He's got no friends left in River Bend. Today or tomorrow Balder will tell him to close Race Street." He looked squarely at Bexar. "I don't think he can do it. I don't think he'll live to do it."

"You ought to know," murmured Bexar.

"Race Street will kill him when he tries. Then the town's wide open and nobody to stop it—except me, through you."

"What do I do then, friend?"

"Then I tell you to step in and you close Race Street. That's why I got you up here. You close it and you leave a track of ruin all the way behind you. You close it the tough way. You play hell and riot—so that it makes a sound all across this state. You see?"

Bexar pondered this at length, then said: "And you get the name for cleanin' it up?"

"That's right, Bill. Now we understand each other."

Bexar said, "I just wanted it clear," and moved from the room. At the door he casually added, "Time for second drink," and went away.

FORD GREEN lay back in his chair, feet on his desk, and let his mind move cautiously ahead from one near and certain point to another; and in this way his thoughts went ducking and dodging from shelter to shelter until they were far ahead. Homesteaders were still moving along Willow Street and Mitchell came out of Henkle's barbershop and paused to light a cigar and afterward crossed toward the jail office, leaving the range of Green's vision. Green thought: "Everything he does is too regular. He'll get ambushed for it."

Bill Bexar came into sight on the opposite side of Race and moved along idly. He looked in at the Arcade, and paused by the Bullshead and seemed undecided; and wheeled across the dust and entered Charley Fair's Pride. Ford Green took his feet from the desk, doubt making its keen cut through him. He watched Charley Fair's saloon and was sorry that he had spoken so freely to Bexar, and then as he wondered why he had done so he realized how easily Bexar had drawn him out. Green rose now speaking aloud to himself: "Shouldn't have showed my hand to him at all." Yet he realized he had reached the time when he could no longer play a wholly secretive game; he who trusted nobody and had faith in no soul at all had had to trust Bill Bexar. He tried to shrug his fears aside but they remained.

Bexar entered The Pride which, at this early hour, was wholly empty of trade. He moved to the bar and had a drink and made his noon meal from the lunch counter. He gave the huge room a close look, spotting the doors and the back exits, and took a seat at a table and lighted a cigar, his hands afterward seeking a deck of cards for a game of solitaire. He was deeply engrossed in this game when Charley Fair stepped from the back office.

"Hear you're sheriff now."

Bexar continued his private deal, idly saying: "Expected you'd hear that as soon as anybody."

"I hear most things as soon as anybody."

"Sooner perhaps," suggested Bexar. "This side of a town usually does."

"A drink?"

"I've had mine."

Charley Fair looked to the barkeep, who was the only other man in the place. "Jim," he said, "you can go get your meal now. I'll watch things."

JIM CARD left The Pride. Charley Fair moved back of the bar. He put his solid arms on it and watched Bill Bexar, twenty feet away. "Came to see me, didn't you?"

"Usually make it a practice to see the men that run a town," said Bexar.

"Well, friend, what can I do for you?"

Bexar gave Charley Fair a knowing and self-possessed glance. "I'm not the one wantin' anything, friend. You are. What do you want?"

Charley Fair thought about this and presently said: "I had you figured right. I want a wide-open town."

"You ain't going to get it," said Bexar. "Bobwire's going up and your trail is closed. Your street's going to be wiped out."

Charley Fair had a dry answer: "I heard all that as soon as you did. But I still want an open town."

"Talk to Mitchell," suggested Bill Bexar.

"I'm talking to you. That's what you came here for."

"Maybe it was," agreed Bexar. He laid up an ace and built on it. Steps clacked along the walk in front of The Pride. A fast rig moved down Race and dust thickened in the bars of sunlight striking through the open doorways. "I like to see where the weight is in a town. A man always finds it if he looks."

Charley Fair drummed the bar with his knuckles. "Right here. Here's the weight."

"I was thinking of this man Green," offered Bexar. His voice threw out its light, indifferent suggestions for Charley Fair to dispose of; his hands methodically stripped the deck.

"What's he got behind him?" said Charley Fair. "He's a smart man but he's alone. He can't count on Balder and he can't count on Mitchell. No, friend. No weight there."

"He's got me," said Bexar.

Charley Fair said: "I'd like to see those fences torn down out yonder."

"I had orders to see they stayed up."

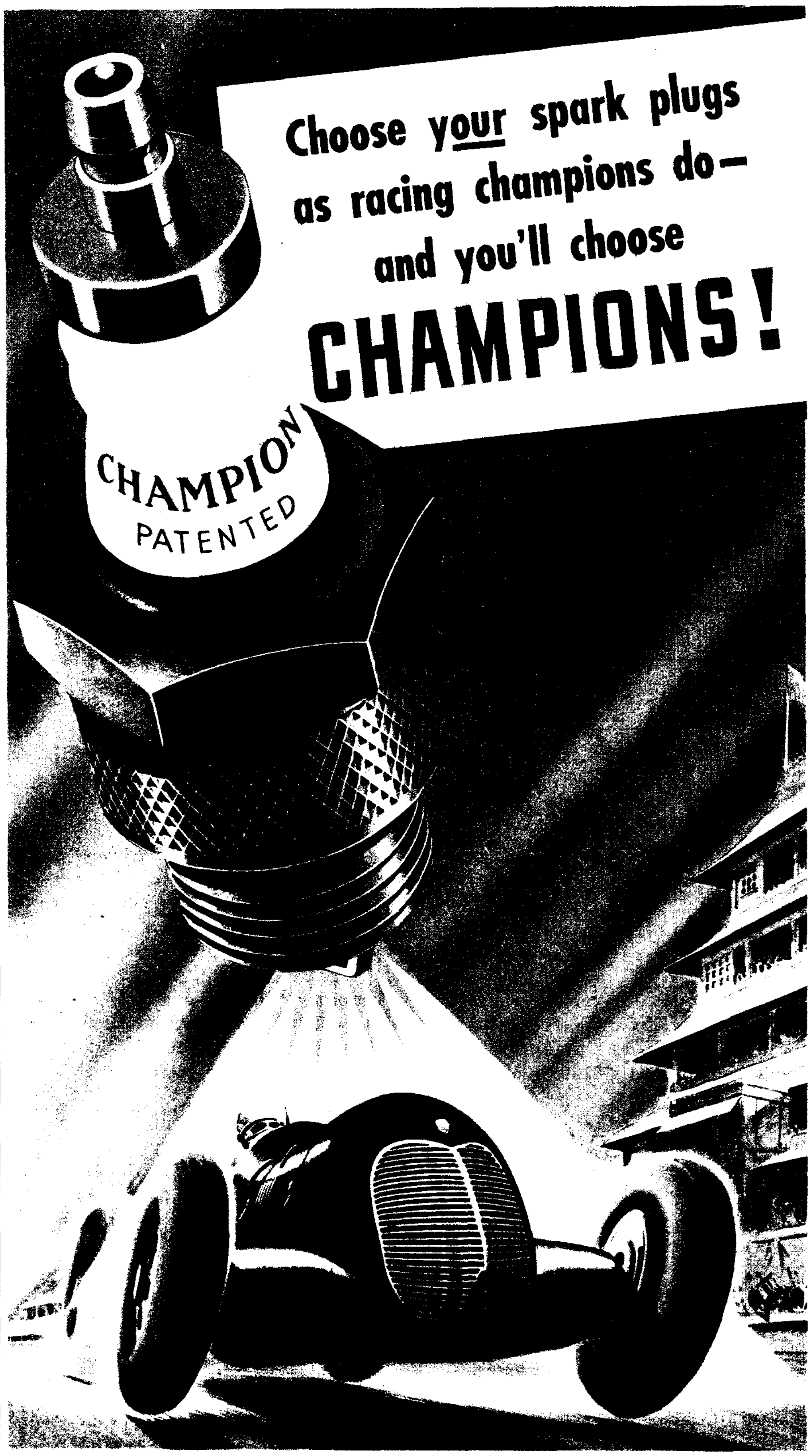
"If the homesteaders fence me out, I'm through here," said Charley Fair. "But those folks can always be scared. I've seen it done before. I want the fences down and I want the town open."

Bexar put aside the cards. He leaned back in the chair and now gave Charley Fair his undivided attention. "We've done enough talkin', friend. I always play my own hand. Always like to be on the right side of a proposition. How bad you want an open town?"

Charley Fair said: "Must be a couple thousand dollars gold in that safe this morning."

Bexar got up from the table. He said, "Let it stay there until I call for it," and by those words sold out Balder and Green and all of Willow Street. He moved out of Charley Fair's, pacing beneath the street galleries—soft and almost feminine, blue-eyed and with a golden mustache covering his mouth.

(*To be continued next week*)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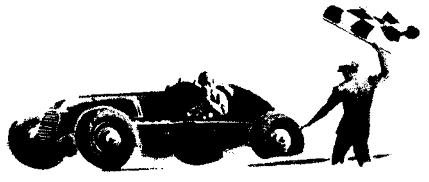

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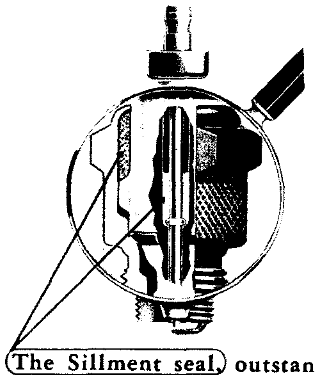

The Sillment seal, outstanding among Champion's many patented features, eliminates troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Leaky spark plugs overheat, causing pre-ignition and rough, unresponsive engine operation, and spell the difference between poor and top-notch performance. So, it will pay you to install Champions —the spark plugs champions use.

You're always ahead with Champion! SPARK PLUGS

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You don't have to heat water that way any more! In fact, today you don't even have to think about hot water—except to open the faucet when you want it! And here's why:

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Today the famous Ruud Gas Water Heater not only costs *less* to buy, but gives you far *more* than ever before! Today it offers you a "Lifetime" tank of rust proof MONEL—and costs less *with* a MONEL tank than it did 10 years ago *without* one! This MONEL tank can't rust or "dirty" hot water...

2 RUUD COSTS LESS TO USE!

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3 MONEL TANK GUARANTEED AGAINST RUST FAILURE!

And *this* guarantee holds water — *hot water!* Read it... no leaks or loopholes! Absolute protection against repairs or replacements due to rust or corrosion *for 20 years!* And that's just a *start...*

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BUILDERS! *Write for details of new "400" Model—specially built for small, low-cost homes.*

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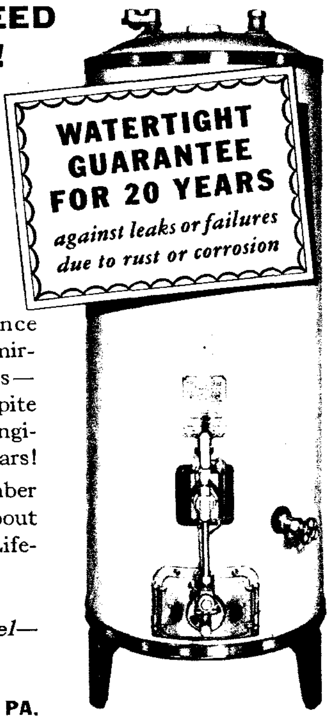
WATERTIGHT GUARANTEE FOR 20 YEARS
against leaks or failures due to rust or corrosion

The Convoy Arrived Safely

Continued from page 14

on this trip and your premium will only be one per cent. You are as safe on a convoyed ship as you are in London; safer because you don't run the risk of being hit by a taxicab in the black-out.

However, the crew does get extra war-risk pay for the trip. The ordinary pay of the Chinese seamen is about thirty dollars a month. In convoy the pay is raised to about fifty dollars a month, which will buy a lot of rice in Canton. The officers receive an additional thirty-five dollars a month over their regular pay.

We didn't have a very gala sailing. There was no music, no champagne, no bon voyage messages, no presents. We were at lunch and we heard a rumbling and Berensen said, "There goes the anchor."

"I guess we're off," I said.

Eighteen Days of Peril

We expect that the trip will take about eighteen days. Beginning tonight, we black out. Our ports are painted black, and heavy canvas hangs over all our doorways. We can't smoke on deck. We have been told to keep a life preserver handy and it has been suggested that we sleep in our clothes.

Canada is beginning to be only a thin brown line in the distance. In a few minutes that will go and we won't see land until we see England. It'll be good to see England again. Meanwhile, we have at least eighteen days to kill. I have eighteen detective novels with me. I have put myself on a strict ration—one a day. It ought to be a good eighteen days. We have plenty of food, plenty to drink, all the sea air we can use and congenial company.

Now we're slowing down and I'll have to give this to the pilot. Yes, it ought to be a good trip. But I wish those five hundred tons of explosives were five hundred tons of potatoes.

(The foregoing portion of this article was mailed from Halifax, N. S., the balance was cabled from London after the convoy's arrival.)

AT FIRST it was just a faint gray smudge over the horizon. In mid-Atlantic a smudge on the horizon means a ship and a ship might or might not be a friendly one. The mate watched, his glasses glued to his eyes. The smudge grew darker and then, faintly, because it was blowing a gale and the horizon kept rising and falling, we could see the ship.

"How far from America do you think you are?" the mate said unexpectedly.

"I don't know. About two thousand miles, I guess."

When you are in a convoy no one knows your exact position but the captain.

"Well," the mate laughed, "you're nearer than that. Take the glasses and look at that destroyer if you want to see a piece of America seven miles away."

The glasses brought the destroyer close. It had four funnels. Only the ex-American destroyers have four funnels. It rode low in the water, sometimes disappearing entirely as the high waves swept over, lashing it with thousands of tons of water. It was an ex-American destroyer all right, come out to help escort us safely to port. Other smoke smudges appeared and they too materialized into ships. They came toward us fast. This rendezvous had been arranged before we left Canada several days before. The word had gone to the Admiralty: "Have escort at this position at noon on such a day." And here they were.

We were a slow-moving convoy. The speedy destroyers seemed to dance around us, welcoming us to the English side of the Atlantic. We felt safe now. Each of them had an "Asdec"—submarine detector—on its bridge, and depth charges aft ready to be dropped. Each had fast-firing four-inch guns and anti-aircraft guns and these were manned by the most accurate gunners in the world. We would need them, we felt. We were nearing the most dangerous spot in the world. Until now we had to worry only about submarines and raiders. From now on we'd have to be on the lookout for the long-range German bombers as well.

From now on it would be up to the little destroyers. Two of them were ex-American, the others were British. With them was a rescue ship. If a ship in the convoy is hit no other ships may stop to pick up survivors. A ship that stops is a mark for either submarine or plane. That is the job of the rescue ship. There are doctors and operating rooms and hospital attendants and drugs aboard the rescue ship and it is comforting to know that she's with us.

For three days, with our escort, we plowed eastward through calm seas, with a warm sun giving us the greetings of the North Atlantic. Each day airplanes from the Royal Canadian Air Force flew over us, swooped down as if to reassure us that everything was all right and then disappeared into the distance on watch for German raiders. The weather was the kind that you want to wrap up and take home with you.

"This is the kind of weather we signed on for," the mate said, laughing.

But our good weather went somewhere else. Fog crept out of the Newfoundland bays to be our companion for two days. Fog is annoying at any time. In a convoy it is more than annoying. We were sailing in several rows, fairly close together. The ship behind us never dropped back more than two hundred yards. The ships to either side of us were about two hundred yards off. During the two days of the fog our captain never left the bridge.

One Bump Meant Disaster

All night long at fifteen-minute intervals our foghorn sounded. Then it would be answered by the ships to either side in full-throated roars. Ships farther back would take up the wail and the sound, muffled by the thick blanket of the fog, sounded like the doleful bleat of a sheep that has been lost. The captain stayed on the bridge. There was a strange tension among the crew and among the four passengers we carry. It wouldn't do for us to be bumped by any of these unseen companions of ours—even a slow, easy bump might prove fatal. We were flying a red flag. That was to tell the other ships to stay away. A red flag means "explosives aboard."

The normal speed of our freighter is fourteen knots. We crawled along at four knots in the fog. I spent some time in the engine room. The chief and his assistants were unhappy.

"I wish," the chief said grimly, "they'd let us break away and go in on our own. We're a good fast ship and we're well-armed and aye, we're a lucky ship too."

Experience has taught the Admiralty, however, that ships that sail alone usually find a comfortable resting place on the bottom of the Atlantic. A lone ship is easy prey for a raider, a sub or a dive bomber. The convoy system is still by far the safest way to maintain the life line to Britain.

After we crossed the Gulf Stream the North Atlantic gave us one of its worst gales. This ocean is no respecter of the season. What if it is spring? We had eight hours of driving snow and then hail storms pounded on the steel decks with the sharp sound of machine-gun bullets.

On the fifth morning we were given a surprise. Far to the southeast smoke fringed the horizon raggedly. We were almost stopped. Were these the raiders? We stood on the deck, watching, and then saw that this was not one ship but two—no, three, four—it was in fact another convoy come to join us; to add her strength to ours the better to protect us both. In all there were 25 ships. They steamed solemnly toward us and took up their places in the rear. Then we sailed on—more than fifty of us, the largest convoy ever to attempt the crossing. I climbed the narrow steel ladder to the crow's-nest. As far as the eye could see there were ships. Never before in the history of shipping did so many merchantmen form in orderly procession like this.

A Cargo Beyond Appraisal

I thought of the precious cargo the ships held. In Canada the shipping agent told me that our cargo was worth about $2,000,000. This would probably be the average worth of each of the cargoes. That meant that our convoy (leaving out the actual cost of the ships themselves) was worth more than one hundred million dollars. But, of course, this cargo cannot be valued in dollars and cents. In terms of lives that it will save (if we arrive safely), in terms of blows against Germany that it will strike and blows from Germany that it will ward off, its value is beyond any consideration of dollars and cents.

I climbed down the slippery wet ladder and breathed a thankful sigh when my feet touched the deck. I don't like heights. I get dizzy looking down if I'm standing on a curb. I walked aft to join the gunners.

Four of them, heavily bundled in knitted Balaclavas, fleece-lined coats and warm boots, sat behind the big four-inch gun, our defense against submarines. The ammunition was spread out in a half circle behind them; forty large thirty-five pound shells. At one side was a steel box loaded with cordite. The rain couldn't hide the gleaming cleanliness of the gun.

"We've had nothing else to do since we left port except keep it clean," one of the gunners laughed. They are very proud of their gun. It has a range of seven miles and one hit will account for any submarine.

"Never mind that old hunk of steel," one of the antiaircraft gunners said to me. "Take a look at our baby."

The Bofors, best of all weapons against airplanes, is fixed just twenty feet back of the four-inch gun. It fires a one-pound shell and a clip of eight are put into the breech. These can be fired automatically or separately. If the loader knows his job the gun is capable of firing one hundred and twenty shots a minute.

"I can hit a gull at nine thousand feet," the gunner said proudly.

"How about dive bombers?"

"We'll probably have a chance to see. Jerry isn't going to pass up a convoy of this size without having a go at it."

That is true enough but, of course, the Germans have to locate us first. Every precaution is made to keep our location secret. To begin with, no one but the captain knows what port we're headed for. He didn't know when we left Canada. Sealed orders which he opened one day out told him what course to take, what position to maintain and what port to head for.

Since we left port not one wireless message had left any one of our ships. We are not allowed to use our radio. The wireless operator receives one hour a day on a specified wave length. Sometimes he gives us a snatch of news. Nothing important—it's always war news. I asked him to try and get the baseball standings, with special attention to the Giants and the Dodgers, but he told me very solemnly that he wasn't allowed to receive any American stations.

"Otherwise, old boy, I'd be only too happy," he added seriously.

Life aboard a freighter in convoy is not quite like it was in the days of gaiety and fast luxury ships. We four passengers spent most of our time in the tiny mess room. Our lives revolve around the two tables in the small room. We sit here and play Patience and Solitaire by the hour. We read detective stories. We argue mildly about Munich and Lindbergh; Spain and Greece; sherry and cocktails and every other day we have a boat drill.

Lifeboat drill is not the perfunctory affair it is in peacetime. We put on our life belts and carry our iron rations with us. The chief steward gave us each a flask of rum, several bars of chocolate and a tin of cigarettes. Thoughtfully, he found a tin of American cigarettes for me. The crew wears life jackets which you slip into as you slip into a coat. We four passengers have the antiquated cork life belts. But now that those beautiful-looking destroyers are with us no one is worried.

"Never jump overboard with one of them on," the chief steward advised. "If you do the front of the belt will come up and hit you right in the bloody chin. It'll knock you out sure."

"Will these things float?" I asked him.

"Will they float?" he exploded. "That they will. They'll keep you up eight or nine days. I've seen bodies picked up out of the sea that had been there a couple of weeks, but, blimey, the life belt floated 'em all right."

"What about the bodies? Were they alive?" I asked him.

The chief steward looked hurt. "Well, now, they can't keep you alive, but they can keep you afloat, and that's the main thing."

A Submarine Dies

Then we arrived at the danger zone. The sun shimmered on the soft green hills of Malin Head, which is on the coast of County Donegal, and the most northern point in Ireland. Our unbroken line of ships plowed steadily on. A flurry of destroyers, which had been with us for the days past, fluttered apparently aimlessly about us, but we knew that each moved according to plan and that we were protected against any surprise attack by submarines. The sea was calm and a few white clouds hung listlessly in a pale blue sky. After days of terrific battering by storms we had finally found good weather. The weather, in fact, was too good. Submarines are hard to spot in calm weather when there are no heavy waves to wash over them and reveal their fat steel hulls. Dive bombers like clear weather such as this.

Two miles to the left a destroyer which had been loafing along quietly suddenly seemed to come to life. She wheeled quickly and dashed to port. Her four funnels told us that she was one of the ex-American destroyers. Then a huge cascading fountain of water sprang up, perhaps thirty yards astern of her. Five seconds later there was an explosion which made even our large freighter tremble. The destroyer had spotted a submarine and had dropped a depth bomb. Another destroyer, also an ex-American, dashed over to help

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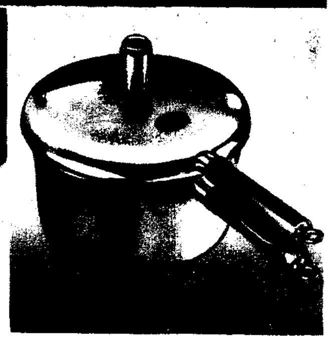

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its mate. We were being escorted by a Lockheed-Hudson of the Coastal Command. Two of them, less than fifty feet high, were circling the destroyers, trying to spot the sub's exact position.

Now two more fountains shot up and the sun glistened on the white spray that seemed to dance in the clear, soft air. Then came the explosions. Our ship shuddered.

The destroyers, like small terriers, dashed this way and that; the two Hudsons roared happily and then finally the destroyers resumed their patrol and the airplanes went back to their task of circling the convoy. A destroyer blinked a signal lamp.

The mate came off the bridge to tell us that the destroyer said he thought he'd gotten the sub; a lot of oil had appeared and they could no longer locate her with the "Asdic."

Some of our ships, headed for another port, had left us. It had been a long trip. But convoys don't steam in a straight line. We had gone far north and we had zigzagged and changed course every few hours.

We had been well escorted from start to finish. Gradually we had emerged from that part of the North Atlantic patrolled by the German raiders and finally we had steamed into the submarine-infested waters beyond. More than nine tenths of the ships which are sunk were sunk in the eastern Atlantic. We needed a different kind of protection now—we needed fast destroyers to act as the ears of the convoy to spot and destroy the submarines. We needed airplanes to act as the eyes of the convoy and to fight off Nazi dive bombers. Going through the North Channel and through the Irish Sea, we knew that fighter airdromes ashore were waiting for a signal that we had been attacked by dive bombers. From the time we sighted land we were never more than fifteen minutes flying time away from Spitfires and Hurricanes. The Admiralty and the Air Ministry had worked in beautiful co-operation to protect us.

One Answer to Mr. Hitler

Two months ago Hitler in a speech swore to begin an era of merciless submarine warfare. He boasted that when spring came he would have 600 new submarines in action and that it would be impossible for convoys to reach England in safety. People in America believed him. A month ago I saw people in New York shake their heads dolefully and say, mournfully, "That's the end. If England's supplies are cut off, England won't live."

Churchill is not so gullible. A few days after Hitler's boast Churchill answered him and laughed at his grandiloquent ranting. An old navy man, Churchill knew how long it would take to build 600 submarines. But people I met in New York and Chicago and Detroit and Los Angeles shook their heads. Who was right? I came to England by convoy to find out. The answer is that I am writing this in the messroom of a freighter that has just crossed from Canada and which now lies in an English port. I know that more than fifty of us left and I know that by late this afternoon every single one of those ships had arrived in British harbors. We would have been unable to do that had 600 German submarines been lurking beneath the surface of the Atlantic.

Mines, of course, are a constant source of danger to convoys. There are three kinds of mines: the ordinary, loosely floating mines of the last war; the magnetic mine, which is invariably anchored, and the moored contact mine. The Nazis anchor the mines because a mine floating haphazardly with wind and current would be a menace to German submarines. Seldom is the cable or chain from the anchor to the mine more than forty fathoms (two hundred and forty feet). Convoys don't worry about mines if they know they have more than forty fathoms of water under them. But sometimes—

Four days ago I was on deck with the chief engineer. Two sharp clangs of a bell rang out. The lookout in the crow's-nest had seen something.

The sea was choppy. I could see nothing to starboard. Looking aft, I saw the gunners huddling behind their guns. I borrowed the chief's glasses—it's only in moving pictures that war correspondents carry their own glasses—but I could see nothing. Then a destroyer—one of the ex-American destroyers again—whirled sharply from its position. It came back between us and the ship to starboard. Then between us, only sixty yards away, I saw what seemed to be a large black buoy. It wasn't a buoy. It was a mine.

No Shells to Waste

From the bridge of the destroyer came quick flashes of light. Once ships used only flags to signal each other, now when they talk they send dots and dashes via a signal lamp which, strangely enough, is visible even on a sunswept day at horizon distance. Ships in back of us obligingly eased away from the destroyer and this lonely mine, which apparently had broken away from its moorings. The destroyer rolled uneasily in the restless sea about two hundred yards from the mine.

When all the ships had passed there was a rattle of machine gun fire from the destroyer. That was all.

A large shell will explode a mine. Destroyers don't waste large shells on a runaway mine. Instead, they riddle it with machine gun fire. Bullets penetrate the shell and then the water seeps through and drowns the mine. It just sinks to the bottom of the sea.

We were lucky enough to reach the English coast on a dark night. We passed the grim, forbidding island of Rathlin only a mile off Ireland. The weary ships crawled gratefully through the Channel.

We were careful because these home waters are heavily mined by both England and Germany. It wouldn't do for our ship to hit even a small mine; we had explosives aboard.

Suddenly far to the right searchlights poked long white fingers into the night. We were off Belfast and an air raid was on. The still night air carried the faint drone of the German planes and then, softened by the distance, came the dull, hardly heard boom of the guns. The sound of airplane motors grew. Then they were approaching, but the night hid us and they passed over us unconscious of the prize that they missed.

The sea was a jungle but the mines that hid beneath the waters and the submarines that might be lurking were more dangerous than any beasts.

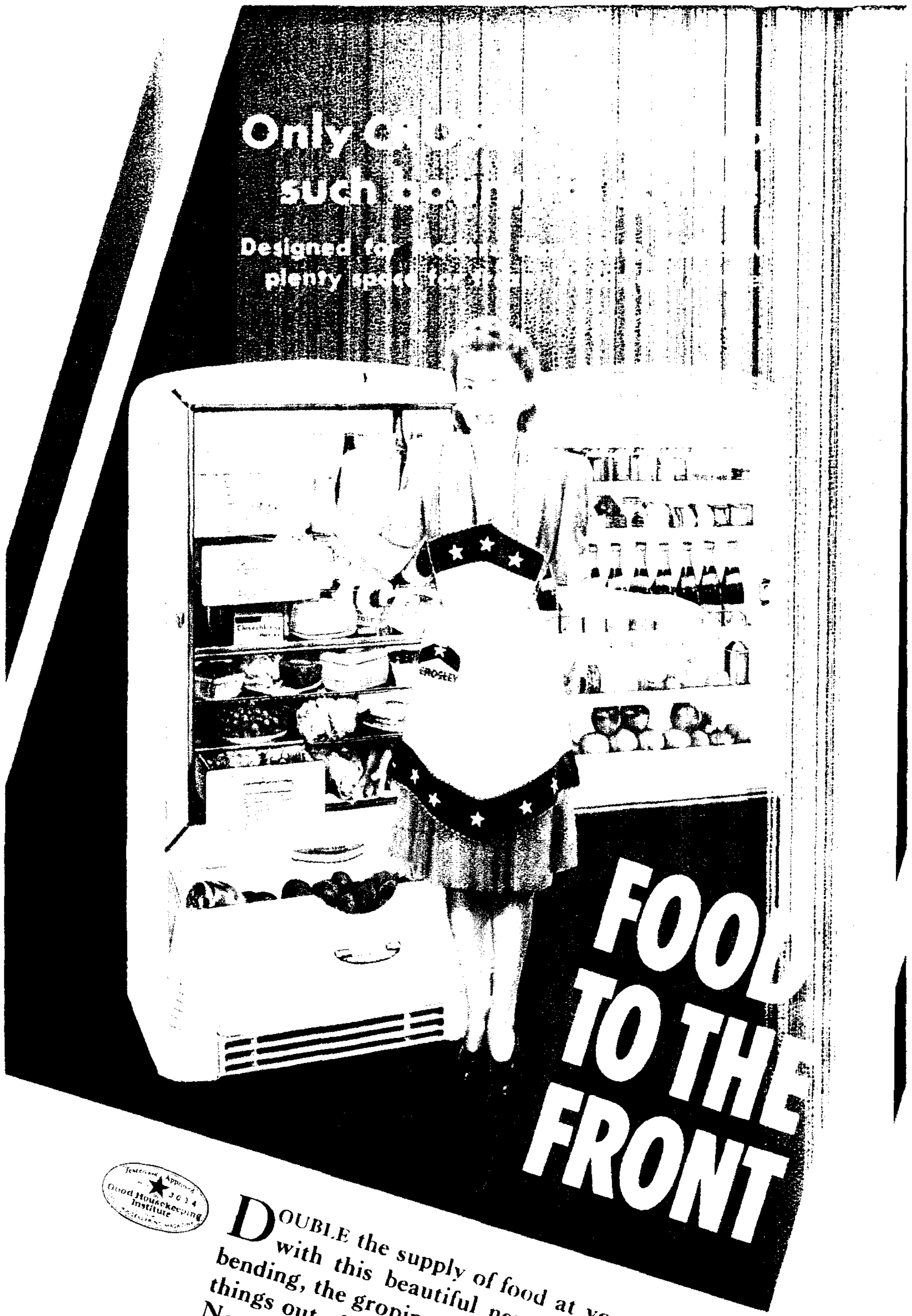
The night was long and then a soft dawn came. It showed that we were all present. Proudly the ships steamed toward the harbor for which they had been aiming the past long day. A red-faced pilot climbed aboard with a cheery "Good trip?"

The Chinese crews were busy with winches and hoists and they were removing hatches. We'd be ready to unload as soon as we reached our dock. We crawled slowly but proudly up the harbor. Not one of our ships had lost as much as a bit of paint. Then we pulled into our dock.

The Chinese bosun grinned and he said happily, "Good joss."

"He means," the mate laughed, "that the gods were good to us."

The bosun was right. The gods had been good to us.



DOUBLE the supply of food at your fingertips with this beautiful new Crosley! End the bending, the groping and the nuisance of moving things out of the way to reach items at the back. No other refrigerator offers this great feature—no other is so easy, so much *fun* to use!

That's only *one* of the many reasons why your next refrigerator should be a Crosley. Think of the extra space the Super Shelvador offers! In the 6-cubic-foot models, for instance, there's *over an extra foot of more usable space* in the door, bringing the total capacity to *more than 7 cubic feet!* Yet, model for model, they sell for less than many "Sixes" of other makes.

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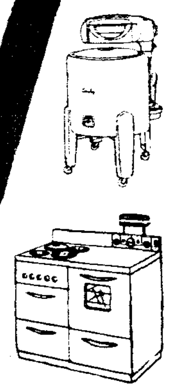


A Complete Line of the New Crosley Home Appliances now on display at your Crosley dealer's. Crosley ranges (for gas, electricity or tank fuel), electric washers and ironers.

Flight Into Peril

Continued from page 21

happen to this plane. Once you are in a plane you are part of it, and you give it confidence always.

So we fastened our safety belts again to keep from being battered against the seat in front or flung to the floor, and the DC-2 bucked the wind. Hail beat against the wings and the fuselage with a noise like a threshing machine, and lightning made a dull glow in the clouds. You steadied yourself with both hands hard on the chair arms, and braced yourself with your feet. Ice formed on the wings and the propellers, and the plane climbed until it reached the top of the clouds. If it were impossible to reach the top of the clouds at or below 16,000 feet, the pilot would turn back. There is no de-icing equipment on the planes.

After an hour we flew out of the storm, though the cloud was like thick cream all around us. The pilot came back into the cabin and remarked to the American officer that his air-speed indicators had frozen during the storm. The American officer grinned and shook hands with him. The pilot said it was nothing: he opened his window an inch and gauged the speed of the plane by the velocity of the wind. He had practiced this often.

The Japs Must Be Considered

Then the plane started circling to descend, though the ground was hidden. The visibility at Chungking was 250 meters. For blind landings the CNAC pilots use the Telefunken, a German radio for direction finding. They can tune in on any broadcasting station or long-wave station and take a bearing. The direction-finding loop can be turned in any direction and this direction read in degrees on a graduated dial in the cockpit.

All the passengers knew, however, was that suddenly, through rifts in cloud, you would see a patch of river, or a jagged slice of brown mountains. The pilot nosed the plane down, circling slowly. Suddenly, from being lost in cloud, we were so low that we could see washing hanging in the courtyards, crumbled, bombed walls, the always thousands of dark hurrying Chinese, climbing the hill paths or walking through the broken streets. Chungking looks like a loose cluster of farmhouses, spread in a circle over the hills, with the gray-green, brown Yangtze flowing through the center. We flew just over the roofs of the houses and up the river, to turn and come in on the Chungking airfield. The airfield is 1,900 feet long and 100 feet wide on a narrow island in the middle of the Yangtze, with mountains 3,500 feet high all around it. It is under sixty feet of water for at least two months a year, and at the best of seasons looks like a mud flat in the Mississippi.

In the afternoon, we drank tea and waited in a thatched hut on the Chungking airfield for weather reports. We were due to leave for Kunming, but the weather was too good. Everybody was very irritated by the sun and the clear sky. With this fine weather, the Japs might fly from their Indo-China bases and give Kunming a late-afternoon bombing. Still, we had to get to Lashio on the Burma border that night. That is slightly less than New York to Chicago, and Roy Leonard, the pilot, decided to start and take it easy, planning to reach Kunming at dark. The Japs did not bother to bomb there at night, since it was so easy to bomb in the daytime.

The fields grew up and down the sides of the mountains. They were never the same shape, and below us they looked like the strange petals of a flower. The rice paddies shone in the sun and the fields were purple and gray and green and yellow. We flew low and looked at everything. We might as well enjoy the scenery since the weather was so appallingly good. And flying low like this, we could not be seen over the rims of the mountains. "I go where I'm looking," Roy said. He was inventing a new route, to fit the weather conditions and the fact that 27 Jap bombers had to be given time to start for home, before we neared Kunming.

In America, transport planes fly on a radio beam. On the Clippers two officers do nothing but navigation, working at a table in a large cabin. Roy did his navigation in the cockpit with his sextant, maps, navigating tables, plotter and Air Almanac balanced on his lap.

Then Roy said, "You know there practically isn't a place you can land, on this whole trip." There was nothing but the terraced fields, broken with stone walls, and the mountains, and the narrow, deep gorges of river beds. Behind us were the mountains too. You could not see them when you passed over them in the dark, or through cloud, but they were there.

To the north were stone mountains, rising up flat against the sky and with snow on their peaks. And southward were more mountains, purple and beautiful and going on forever. They were big mountains, too, averaging 12,000 feet in height. It was certainly not a country to have to come down in.

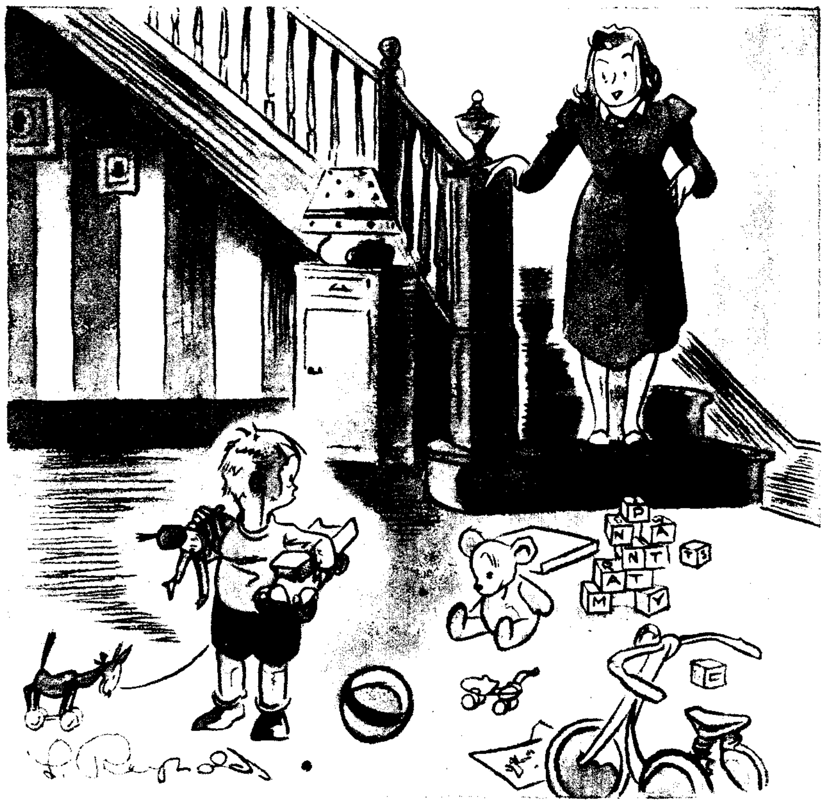
Oriental Boom Town

We stopped at Kunming for gasoline and passengers. It was dusk and the Japanese had not been there today at all and would not come now. An American radio engineer who taught in the Chinese aviation school at Kunming said he thought the Japs were student pilots, getting a little experience bombing an open town. He said they did pretty efficient bombing too, but, of course, there was no opposition.

Then the last gasoline tin was rolled away empty and we took off again. We were going to fly the highest mountains on the trip, in the dark as usual, in average-to-bad weather. No one took the weather seriously until one startled Chinese passenger bounced out of his seat into the aisle. We were flying at 14,000 feet and altitude jitters began to set in. You felt flushed and at the same time cold and you got cramps in your legs and you stretched and shifted position and wondered what was the matter with you. The DC-2 behaved as if it were a runaway roller coaster. The Chinese, who had been very gay when we left Kunming, quieted down. When you could see at all, you saw great, round rings of fire on the mountains, where the peasants were burning brush so the rains could run down the cleared slopes to irrigate their fields. It was very weird and handsome: a vast blackness suddenly breaking into lines and circles of red light. Then the plane would drop and tip and we hung on to our chairs. I did not even see the Lashio field until we landed on it.

Shan men with long black dusty hair coiled and pinned up on the tops of their heads, wearing skirtlike loincloths, took our luggage into the airline office. The office was a bamboo hut lit by a kerosene lamp. A few sweating officials of mixed race and color checked our passports. It was ten o'clock at night. We had been in the air over twelve hours and covered a distance greater than from Los Angeles to St. Louis.

We slept soundly on beds with boards instead of springs. We took hot baths in huge tin washtubs. We ate as well as could be expected. Then we set out to see the sights. Lashio is an Oriental boom town; the railroad from Rangoon ends, and the Burma Road into China



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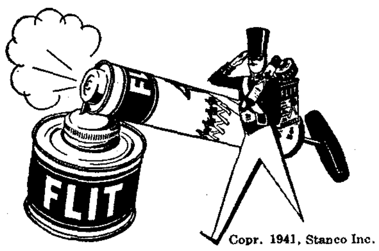

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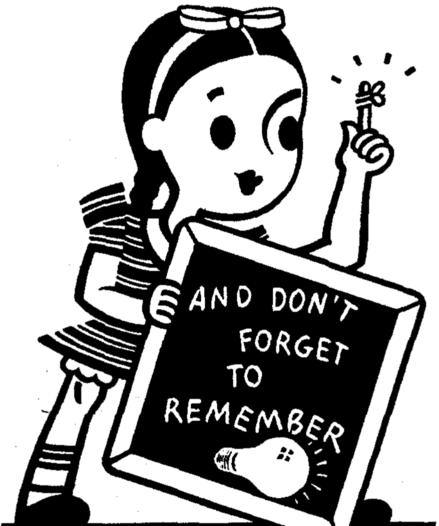

AND DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER

Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

begins here. But the sights are limited: a lively, dirty country fair, some barracks, a few wooden European-style houses, native women washing themselves thoroughly but modestly at the public water taps, a collection of semiprecious stones in an Indian jewelry store. (The Hindu shopkeeper said he did not keep very good stones because it was too dangerous. "We have as much crime in Burma as in Chicago," he said proudly. "Oh, terrible people.")

We went back to the airfield, which is half the size of a standard airfield in America. A neatly painted board, set up outside the bamboo office, stated that New York was 12,923 miles away; San Francisco 10,240 miles away. I thought of La Guardia Field as I watched Burmese men and women and oxen widening this field, leveling off the red clay to make room for a squadron of Australian pursuit planes which will soon be stationed here.

We sat in the sun and waited for a weather report. The report came. The weather was fine and another twenty-seven Japanese planes were now bombing Kunming. We settled ourselves until the all-clear signal came through. We would arrive back in Kunming just after the Japs left and we would take off at dawn before they could come back. It takes one week in a passenger car, if all goes well, to drive over the Burma Road from Lashio to Kunming. But we could fly over those mountains with a tail wind in two hours and ten minutes. There was plenty of time: the Burmese shouted to their oxen, and the sun was very hot.

Close-up of Destruction

We were back over Kunming now, and from the air all this destruction looked very puny. From the air you would not know how these smashed houses looked or sounded, as they collapsed. From the air you would not hear anyone buried underneath them; you would not see the people who had lived in them and now had nowhere to go. It is very simple to see a bombing from above.

Now the plane was down and we were going to the hotel. There were no lights in the bombed part of the city. We took rickshas. The coolies moaned steadily, saying "huh-huh, huh-huh," using their voices instead of taxi horns. You could smell the dust from the broken mud-brick houses, and the smoke from the houses that were still burning, and the crowd grew thicker. The coolies moved slowly now because paving stones had been loosened and flung over the street, and there were telephone and light wires coiling into the road. A crowd waited at the door of a big, modern movie house. They were showing Kentucky, in technicolor. The Chinese stood in a dark, silent mass, waiting for the electricity to be repaired so that the movie machines would work. Behind a handsome old city gate, with a carved roof and carved, painted figures under the eaves, stretched one of the longest streets in Kunming, a street of small shops and homes, where people lived in mud-brick and timber houses, packed four and five to a small room. Every house on this street had been hit.

If you tripped in any of the holes made by bomb fragments, or got pinned against any of the fallen timbers, there was danger of being crushed. The narrow street was packed solid with Chinese: men wearing black or faded blue cotton clothes, a few women hobbling along on bound five-inch feet, peasant women in black pants and coats with their hair in braids down their backs, children caught in the undertow. They all walked slowly, in silence. Gas mains had been hit, and sewers, and underfoot the street sloshed in water from the broken pipes. The miserable houses, suddenly cracked open, let out all their long store of dirt and smell. You could hear the moving people, and you could hear hammers and the sound of shovels digging into hard mud or rock. All along the sides of the street, by candlelight and the light of kerosene lanterns, the people were digging their way back into their bombed and ruined homes.

There are half a million people in Kunming. When the air-raid warning starts, they rush out of town without even locking up behind them. There are no bomb shelters in the city and no protection of any kind in these flimsy buildings. They take to the hills and watch the Japanese bombers working over their empty city. Only the people who are too tired or ill or disgusted to make the long daily trek stay behind and get killed. So now, in the dark, the people had just returned from the safety of the open country, to see what twenty-seven Japanese bombers, dumping loads of bombs weighing from 100 to 500 pounds, had done to their homes.

We were staying at the Hotel de L'Europe, which had not yet been bombed. It was like a third-rate hotel on the Riviera, or a fourth- or fifth-rate hotel. We were drinking bottled water, which was a luxury and also a sensible thing to do, and I remarked to Roy that it had been quite a day, quite two days, in fact. But, of course, it was nothing remarkable to him. He has been flying in China for six years. He was the private pilot of the Young Marshal and flew the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang out of Sian after the famous kidnaping. He then became their personal pilot. But he does not talk about what he has seen and where he has been. If he talks at all, it is to tell you stories as jokes.

He told me, over the bottled water, about the time when he was giving instruction in bombardment to the Chinese air force at Hankow. An air-raid warning sounded and they all took their planes and flew them away from the Hankow field for safety. He was flying the Generalissimo's own Boeing ten-seater transport, which he was supposed to guard at all times. Presently the lights went on again on the Hankow airfield and Roy and the bomber pilots were flying around signaling one another with their landing lights, so they would know their relative positions when they started to land. At this point, a Chinese pursuit plane flew up on his tail and began to fire on him with a machine gun. Roy admitted that he was surprised. He put the Boeing through aerial acrobatics, which is not usual with a transport plane, pulling back on one throttle and then on the other, cartwheeling it from side to side, and climbing. The Chinese pilot put one bullet through the fuselage of the Boeing, but found the Boeing a poor target. So he turned and dived on one of the Chinese bombers, and brought it down in flames, killing the bomber pilot and the entire crew.

"What did you do?" I said.

"Boy, I flew around for an hour, and thought the matter over. I wanted to make sure that fool was out of the way before I came in."

"What did they do to him?"

"They put him in jail so the Chinese bomber pilots wouldn't cut his throat. They kept him there a right long time too, until they were satisfied he didn't do it on purpose."

"And then what?"

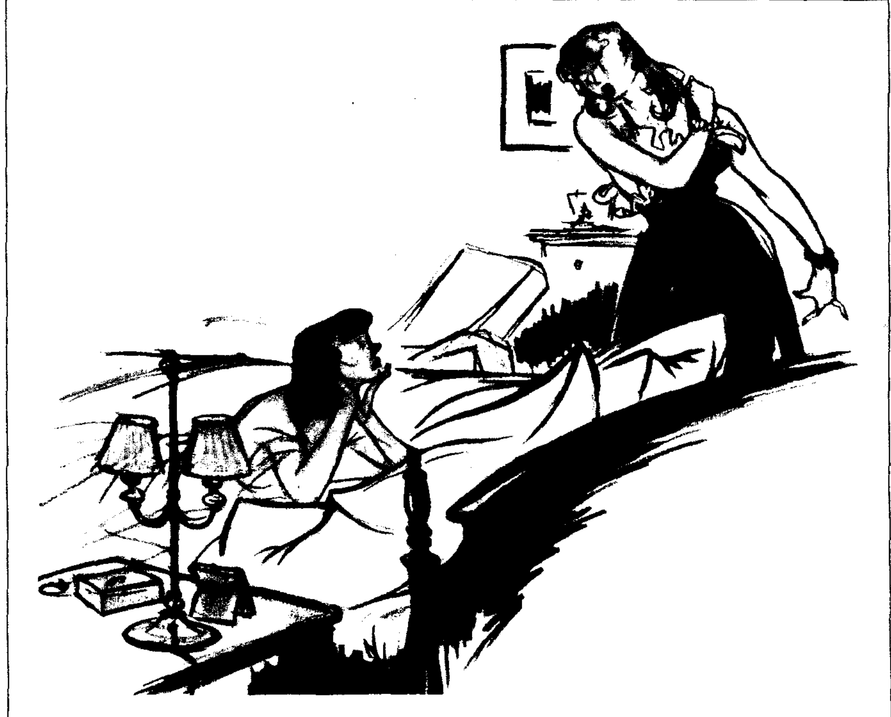
"Then they let him go."

Nothing ever does happen in China, as he tells it. And he is here, telling the stories, to prove it.

Excuse It, Please

Royal Leonard is thirty-five. There are seven other American pilots who fly this line, and they are all around the same age, a little younger or a little older. They come from Texas and Ohio, California, Kansas, Maryland, Alabama and Indiana, and you would know they were Americans anywhere in the world. There was a ninth pilot, W. C. "Foxy" Kent of Louisiana. He would have been thirty-seven the day after he was killed.

Kent was flying the regular passenger service between Kunming and Lashio when he got warning of a Japanese raid over Kunming. (This was the same run we made in the afternoon; the CNAC planes fly it twice a week.) He landed on an emergency field near Kunming, to wait for the Japs to leave that area. Five Japanese planes had been bombing this emergency field. There was no radio there to warn Kent, and the Jap planes, having dumped their loads, were already above the clouds, reforming to take off for their lines. The fifth Jap plane, climbing after the others, spotted the CNAC plane as it started to land. It was a Douglas DC-2, clearly marked as a mail and transport plane, in Chinese and English, with enormous black letters on the silver wings and fuselage. The fifth Jap plane circled the other four and the entire formation winged over and dove down through the cloud



"I was at a disadvantage right off. He has no chairs; only love seats"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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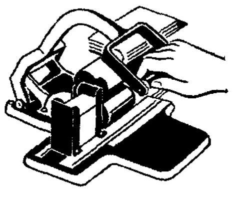

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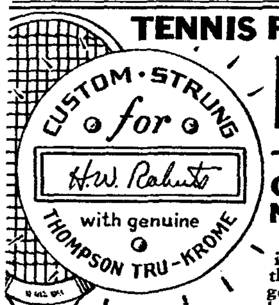

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onto the CNAC plane, just as it rolled to a stop.

Kent was killed at once, shot through the chest by a projectile from a 20-millimeter Japanese cannon. He fell forward over the wheel. The copilot and radio operator climbed past him into the cabin and tried to make the passengers leave the plane. They were terrified and refused to move, believing that the plane itself offered protection. The two members of the crew, the stewardess and one passenger jumped from the plane. The Chinese copilot and radio operator dropped to the ground and rolled out of the edge of the fire.

They saw the stewardess running from the plane. Her white nurse's uniform showed up clearly against the dusty brown of the field. A Jap plane saw her too, and dove on her. She went down, halfway between the DC-2 and the fringe of bushes at the side of the field, and lay there. She was shot through the legs. The Jap plane winged over and came back to give her two more bursts. They apparently did not want any survivors. The girl died eight hours later of her wounds, before they could get her to a hospital. She was twenty-five years old, and small and very pretty, and this was to be her last trip before she gave up work and went to live with her young husband, an engineer in Chungking. The passenger who had also run from the plane was hit once and managed to crawl to safety. The copilot and radio operator, either left as dead or too well hidden by now, escaped.

All eleven passengers who stayed in the cabin were hit by machine-gun bullets and died before they could be moved from the plane. The Japanese officially stated that they thought the CNAC Douglas was a military plane. How could they be expected to see the markings or notice the woman, in their hurry? The CNAC gave up carrying stewardesses for four months. Otherwise the service went on uninterrupted.

Of twelve pilots, six have been lost in the last year. The mountains accounted for four of them.

In for the Duration

A Chinese friend, explaining the CNAC pilots, said, "Those men are all in love with flying." That would have to be true. They love to fly and here they do a flying that is never the same; all decisions are their own; they are free men in the air. They earn $1,000 a month, but many people might feel that $1,000 a trip was not enough to pay for such risks. They may also have grown into China. China is full of foreigners who were never able to leave, once a love of the country started working in them. And then this whole outfit has been tied together by common difficulties and hardships and danger. As long as the job goes on, they stick with it and with one another. It is as if they had signed up, together, for the duration of a war.

Most of them live near the Kai-tak field, in a modern concrete apartment house that reminds you of southern California. In between the 85 flying hours a month, they go to the movies, to parties in the European community, one of them builds boats, another is an expert amateur photographer; there are good bars in town though you cannot drink much and do this sort of flying. They take life easy between trips. Three of them are married, but one of the wives has already returned to America, and the other two will be leaving soon.

We left Kunming at six-thirty in the morning and flew through cloud that was like volcanic white soup. All the passengers who were not sick slept. It was generally agreed that this was excellent flying weather. In Chungking we were to pick up a representative of President Roosevelt and his staff, three high Chinese government officials, a U. S. military attaché. It was valuable cargo. We would wait at the Chungking field until the weather was bad enough to fly on to Hong Kong; or we would time ourselves to cross the Japanese lines after dark. In three days, this plane had flown twice the distance of Chicago to San Francisco. It seemed an extraordinary trip. It is a trip that has been carried off twice a week since 1938. It is a routine part of a schedule that includes Hong Kong-Rangoon in one day. Since the start of the Sino-Japanese war, flying a total distance of 12,090 air miles every week, CNAC has had only 37 casualties. And they have lost passengers in only two accidents: the Japanese made those accidents.

China's Real Life Line

To the people who run it and fly it, CNAC is a company, organized according to Chinese law, that flies mail and passengers and freight in and out of China. To everyone else, it is the third of China's great life lines. The Burma Road is 1,407 miles of narrow dirt surface spiraling over high mountains from Lashio to Chungking. Barring accidents, it takes trucks two weeks to bring in heavy freight. The Chinese section of the road from Russia is 2,700 miles long, and trucks must carry their own gasoline, as well as their load of airplane parts, arms and munitions. The trip from Urumchi to Chungking cannot take less than six weeks. CNAC keeps the capital of free China within three hours' reach of the outside world. CNAC is China's life line for brains, money and mail: no government can function without these.

An average of ten million Chinese dollars, printed in England or America, is flown every night to Chungking. Medical supplies for the Red Cross are flown in, and wolfram ore is flown out, to be shipped to America, in part payment of the China loan. All diplomatic documents travel on these planes: the reports of foreign ambassadors, the instructions of the Chinese government to its representatives abroad, the mass of written paper that is necessary to the supplying and financing of a country at war. When Madame Chiang Kai-shek or any ministers of the government come to Hong Kong, CNAC flies them. When officials of foreign governments are sent on missions to Chungking, they go by CNAC. The shortest road into China is kept open by eight American pilots and five American planes.

Despite bad weather and mountains, no emergency landing fields, no airway beacons, inadequate weather reports and no de-icing equipment, despite Japanese bombers and pursuit ships, they go on. Without any heroics, they do the most dangerous commercial flying in the world. The red-haired Virginian who runs the show said, "The only way to make these planes absolutely safe is to keep them on the ground. The same applies to the R.A.F."

During the whole inglorious epoch of appeasement, of sunken gunboats, closed highways, insulting Japanese sentries, attacks on foreign officials, the CNAC—asking neither favors nor protection from anyone—continued to fly its planes on schedule. Three hundred and fifty people, office staffs, ground crews, mechanics, radio operators, pilots, are doing a vital job for China, for the sound, stubborn reason that they said they would do it, and no one is going to stop them. The Chinese know what CNAC is worth. They can respect Americans if only because American pilots fly five silver planes when flying ought to be impossible.

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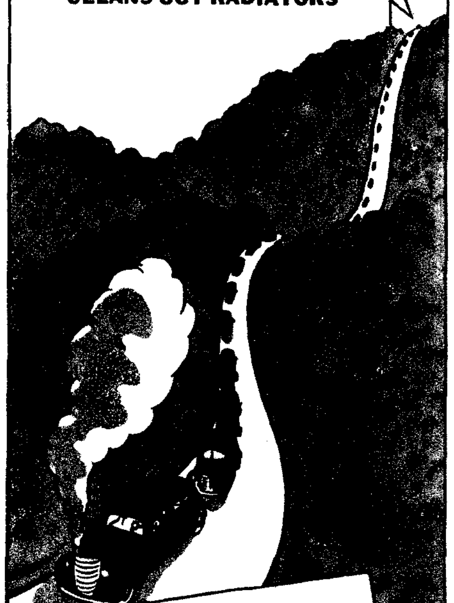

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Margaret Clarke, Secretary
Pin Money Club, Department 147
Collier's, The National Weekly
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* * *

But on the Contrary

Continued from page 16

every day and that's all he does. I've checked up on him."

"Maybe something's worrying him," suggested Mr. O'Hara.

"Not *him*!" cried Mr. Terry indignantly. "I never saw anybody so happy and satisfied in my life."

"That's just it," said Mr. O'Hara. "He's *too* happy. We got to get him unhappy."

Mr. Terry looked at Mr. O'Hara sourly. "I suppose just plain killing him wouldn't make him unhappy?" he suggested hopefully.

"It wouldn't help our outfield problem any," Mr. O'Hara reminded him. Mr. Terry nodded his head sadly in agreement.

They sat and thought about their problem for a few minutes.

"Yeah, that's it," said Mr. Poodles O'Hara at length. "Whatever he's doing, we got to get him doing something else. If he's happy, we got to get him unhappy. We got to get him hipped on some dame and then she'll throw him over and he'll be brokenhearted and start hitting again. It'll get him good and sore."

"I suppose you keep girls around handy for things like that," said Mr. Terry sourly.

"I got *exactly* the person," cried Poodles. "A very beautiful girl who is also an actress. She'll get a kick out of it."

"Now, wait," began Mr. Terry cautiously. "I'm not so sure about this actress stuff . . ."

Mr. O'Hara snorted indignantly. "Actress or no actress!" he cried in a hurt voice. "I'll have you know this young lady is my niece and a finer girl never breathed!"

MR. O'HARA experienced some difficulty in selling the idea to Miss Gladys Overman and was forced to pull out the organ stops before he won her over. "Do you want your old uncle to lose his job?" he asked, with a tear in his voice.

"No," admitted Gladys.

"Do you want the Giants to lose the pennant?" he inquired in the tone of one who is reporting the death of an only child.

"No," said Gladys faintly.

"You're an actress and you're out of work and this is an acting job, isn't it?" pursued Mr. O'Hara.

"Yes."

"Well, then . . ." said Mr. O'Hara.

Getting Ducky Brandon was easy enough because Mr. O'Hara had discovered Ducky in the sticks, had nursed him up by way of Martinsburg, W.Va., Nashville, Tenn., and Jersey City, and was Ducky's best friend on the Giants. So when Poodles asked Ducky out to dinner, Ducky trotted right along. They had scarcely got themselves seated in the restaurant when Mr. O'Hara spotted somebody he knew across the room.

"Well, I'll swear if that isn't my niece Gladys sitting over there all alone. What do you say we go over and keep her company?"

So they got up and Ducky trotted after Mr. O'Hara some more and they met Miss Gladys Overman and sat down to keep her company. Unfortunately, Mr. O'Hara had to leave early to see a man from Memphis who was trying to sell him a third baseman, but he urged Ducky to stay on and finish his coffee.

Gladys and Mr. Brandon got along very well. She set out to put Mr. Brandon at his ease but soon found that this was a waste of effort because Mr. Brandon was always at his ease. Ducky was his own sweet self, smiling gently and being not the slightest overawed by the presence of a Broadway actress. Indeed, there was a slight hitch when Ducky said rather proudly that he never went to acting shows and hence could not possibly ever have heard of Miss Overman, but Gladys took this in the proper spirit and even allowed herself a faint smile.

"Well, I've heard of you, anyhow," she cried magnanimously.

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Brandon modestly.

IT WAS three days later when Miss Overman made her first report to Uncle Poodles. She seemed a bit distraught. "Uncle Poodles," she said, "things are not going so well."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. O'Hara nervously.

"Well, you told me to get him riled up, so last night we had a date for dinner at seven o'clock and I had it arranged so I'd keep him waiting till eight o'clock . . ."

"Yes?" cried Mr. O'Hara agitatedly.

"And he *didn't* show up till nine o'clock," finished Miss Overman.

Mr. O'Hara looked at her as if she had just brought him news of a wreck at sea. "You mean to say that stupid ballplayer . . ." he began indignantly.

Miss Overman anticipated him hastily. "But he sent me flowers while I was waiting," she reported nervously. "He sent me orchids."

"Orchids!" shouted Mr. O'Hara. "You're crazy. He's a coal miner. He never heard of orchids."

"He sent me orchids," insisted Gladys, "and a little note that said, 'Dear Gladys, I have been unavoidably detained but will see you within the hour.' "

At this news Mr. O'Hara's eyes bugged out to a point where they were just about to take off from his skull.

"*Unavoidably detained!*" he repeated in sheer horror. "*Within the hour!*" At this point Mr. O'Hara began to splutter: "Why, the big goon. . . . Where'd *he* get words like that!"

"Out of a book," said Gladys. "A book called How to Put Your Personality Across. He carries it around with him."

"Is it a picture book?" asked Mr. O'Hara.

"A reading book," replied Gladys.

"He *can't* read!" howled Mr. O'Hara, now quite beside himself with rage. "He never learned to read."

"I don't know about that," said Gladys, "but he can write. He sent me that note."

"There you go," cried Mr. O'Hara disgustedly: "Just like all the other dumb dames. Why didn't you bawl him out for keeping you waiting around there for two hours!"

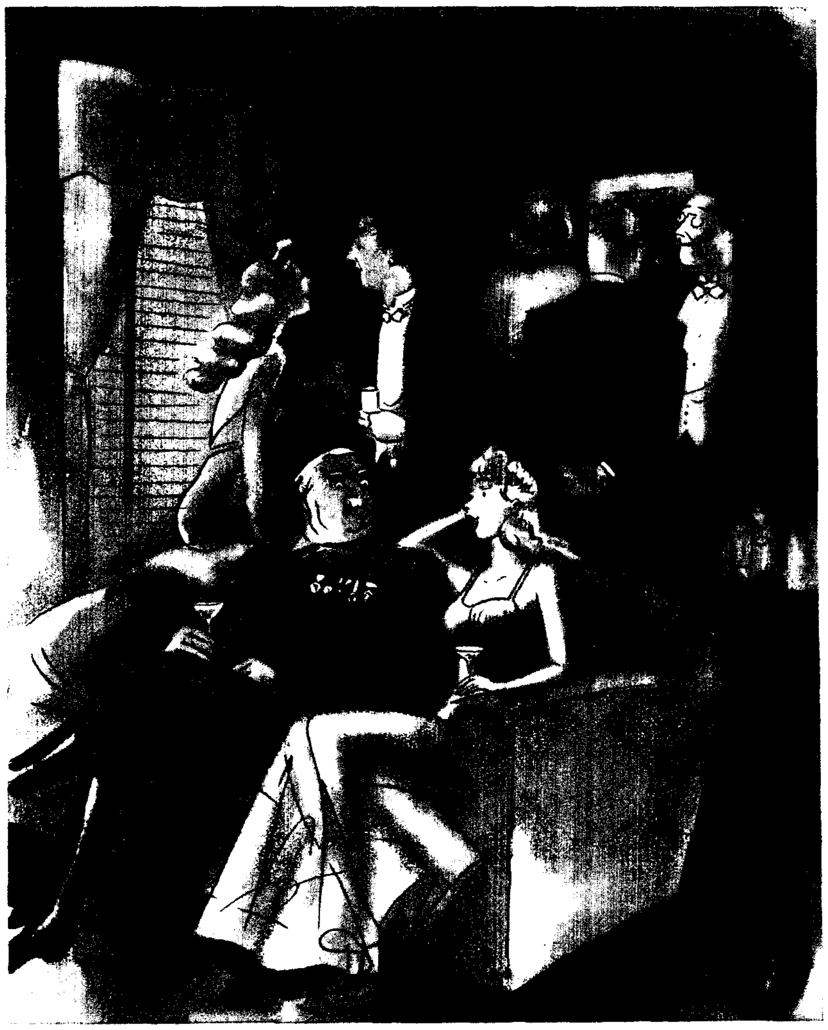
"Bawl out a fellow who sends you orchids?" asked Gladys in genuine amazement.

THE next report from Miss Overman to Uncle Poodles was even less cheerful. In fact Miss Overman was in tears.

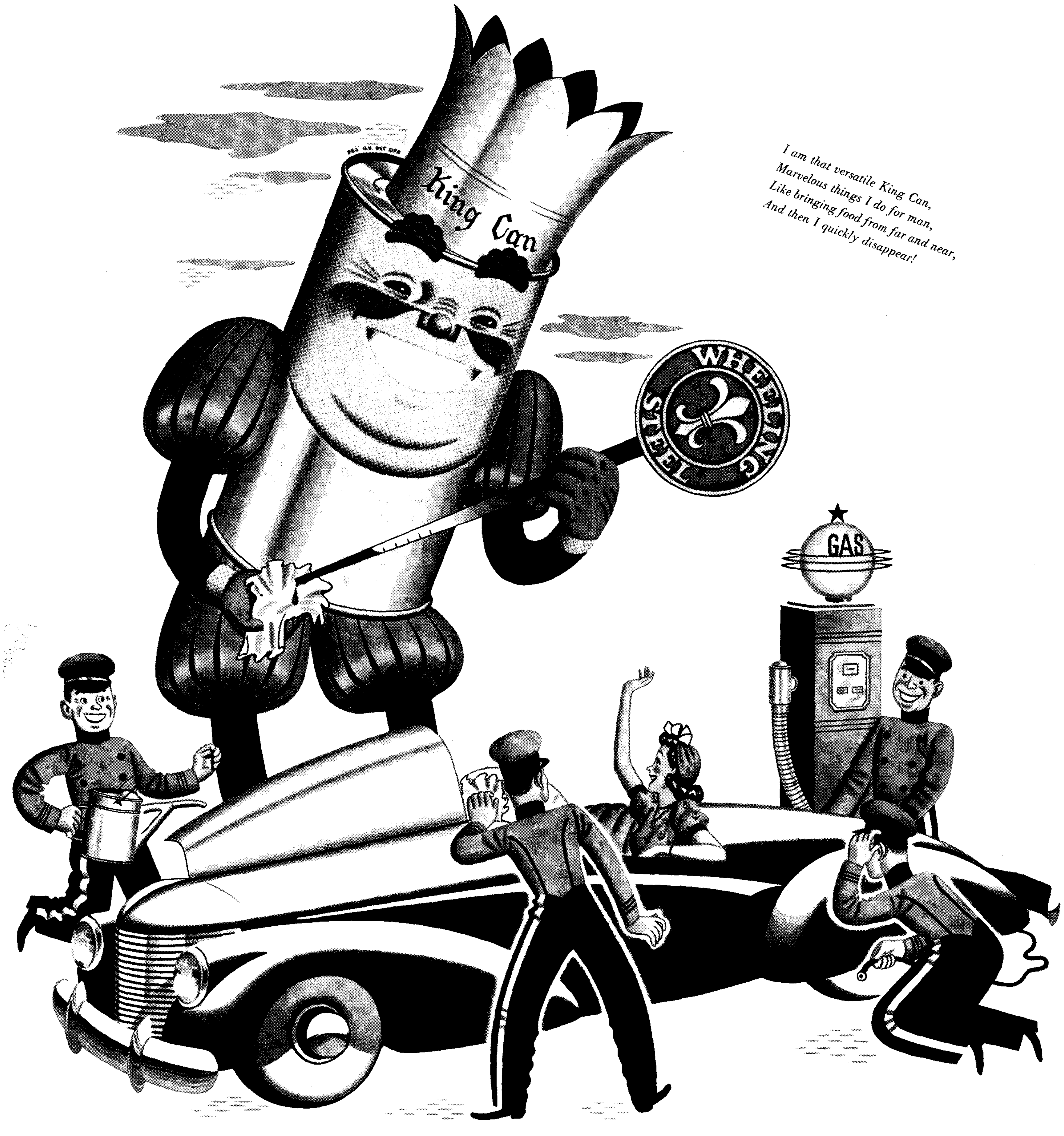
"What's he done to you now?" shouted Uncle Poodles.

"Nothing," sobbed Gladys. "That's the trouble. He hardly looks at me."

This halted Mr. O'Hara completely. He stood right where he was and looked



"General, I'm going to have all my friends write fan letters to the government for you!" JOHN M. PRICE



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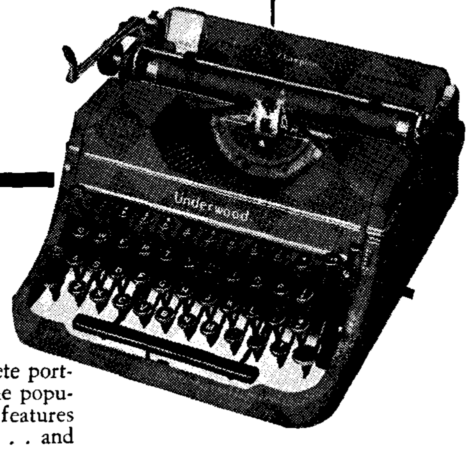

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at Gladys. He rubbed his jaw reflectively. "Listen, sweetheart," he said in a fatherly voice. "You've got this thing all wrong. You aren't the one that's supposed to be unhappy."

Gladys just kept on weeping.

"We hire you to do an acting job," went on Mr. O'Hara logically. "*You're* supposed to make this fellow unhappy."

"Boo-hoo!" went Gladys.

This semed to whip Mr. O'Hara up into a rage. "I'll go and talk to that young man!" he shouted. "He can't treat one of my kith and kin like that!"

"Oh, Uncle Poodles, you mustn't!" cried Gladys in horror. "If he knew we arranged all this in advance, he'd never speak to me again."

"What if he doesn't?" cried Poodles. "You're through with him. Go on and tell him so."

"I did tell him," said Gladys, wiping her eyes. "I told him just what you said I should tell him and he only laughed and went away and pretty soon a boy came in with some more orchids."

This was almost more than Mr. O'Hara could bear. He put his hands to his head in pain. "Oh, oh, oh!" he bellowed. "Orchids again."

This seemed to unnerve Gladys and she began to weep once more. "He just knows I like orchids," she protested.

"Tell him you don't want any more of his orchids," shouted Poodles. "And tell him you're through with him."

"I can't tell him. He never comes near me."

"Phone him!"

"Oh, Uncle Poodles; you don't understand. I'm crazy about him. I love him."

At this Uncle Poodles jumped two feet in the air and let loose a bellow that was literally terrifying. "Love him!" he howled. "Don't be crazy all your life. Who ever heard of anybody loving a baseball player!"

MR. O'HARA was stuck in a grievous dilemma. His career as a scout was wrapped up with the destinies of Mr. Ducky Brandon, the greatest find he had ever brought to the big leagues. Mr. Brandon had not only gone from bad to worse as a hitter but now he was ruining the life of Mr. O'Hara's niece. Every time Mr. Brandon struck out, he seemed to be more pleased with himself. He smiled, he hummed a dainty little lilt, he purred with what was obviously inner satisfaction. It was plain that if Mr. Brandon were ever taken out of the line-up, he would not regard it as a tragedy. What he would probably do was retire from baseball.

Knowing when he was licked, Mr. O'Hara went to Mr. Terry and confessed. The thing was off, it hadn't worked.

"I give up," announced Mr. O'Hara miserably.

"*You* give up," said Mr. Terry bitterly. "That's very nice of you. The Brooklyn series starts Saturday and we're in a spot. All I have to do is make an announcement over the public-address system saying that *you've* given up and I suppose that will make everybody very happy."

Mr. O'Hara looked at him in pain. "I wish I'd kept out of it in the first place," he said mournfully. "I don't help Ducky and I get Gladys all balled up."

"Don't worry about Gladys," said Mr. Terry sourly.

"Why not?" demanded Mr. O'Hara flaring up.

"Women get over things like that," said Mr. Terry, "but I've known ballplayers to die of greed from losing that World Series dough. If that Brandon of yours doesn't start hitting soon, you'd better begin looking up boats for Manila. You're going to be in danger."

Mr. O'Hara had to drag himself up for the opening of the Brooklyn series on Saturday. He had no stomach for the adventure, no desire to be present while this tragedy unfolded. He dallied in making his preparations, he took the local in the subway instead of saving five minutes by the express, he came in the press gate with no animation and stood at the top of the runway behind the lower stands, reluctant to take his seat.

The Giants were just getting through their fielding practice and Mr. O'Hara watched moodily while Ducky Brandon ran in from right field. Even from a distance it could be seen that Mr. Brandon was in one of his happiest moods. He smiled broadly, he waved to people in the stands.

"That Brandon sure is a funny feller," said the usher behind Section 19. "Always grinnin' and feelin' good."

"Yeah," muttered Mr. O'Hara sourly. "A card."

"Happiest disposition I ever saw in a player," added the usher.

"Just a little dandy disposition," agreed Mr. O'Hara, giving the usher a long and malevolent look, and then went down and sat in his seat.

BROOKLYN went out in order in the first half, despite much ringing of cow bells and raucous howls from the usual mob that had loyally followed the team across the Bridge. The first two Giant hitters went out on easy flies and then Mr. Brandon came up.

As the usher had hinted, Ducky was bubbling over. He literally pranced to the plate, bowing to the astonished umpire with high good humor, looking at the pitcher as if he wanted to wave a greeting, turning to the opposing catcher for light chitchat and gossip. The Brooklyn contingent met this spectacle with a roar, large blasts of derision coming from thousands of insultingly pursed lips. Mr. Brandon waved gaily to the Brooklyn contingent. Mr. O'Hara crouched low in his seat and moaned.

Wyatt wound up and threw his hard one. Mr. Brandon stepped into it with the confidence of one who takes batting practice with a cripple. The ball took off on a line for center field. Dixie Walker turned and began to run. The ball went over his head like something shot out of a mortar. It landed in the runway by the clubhouse steps, a wallop of four hundred and thirty-five feet. By the time Walker got done chasing it, Ducky was on third base.

Mr. O'Hara did not take part in the cheering but looked around him apprehensively. Ducky Brandon hadn't seemed real for weeks and this didn't seem real.

"Hit it with both eyes closed," Poodles finally decided.

Next time up Ducky larruped the second pitch entirely over the right-field stands for a home run. Mr. O'Hara watched Ducky closely as he trotted over the plate, a smile as big as a platter covering his whole mug. Mr. O'Hara shook his head in bewilderment. It was plain that Mr. Brandon might be many things but he certainly was not unhappy.

On his third trip to the plate, Ducky almost drove Dolf Camilli into the right-field bleachers with a murderous clout down the first-base line which caromed off Mr. Camilli's knee. This one was held to a double by fast fielding but time was taken out to rub Mr. Camilli back to life.

When Ducky came up for his fourth smack, the Brooklyn club huddled in the middle of the diamond and it could be seen that they were going to give Mr. Brandon an intentional walk. Higbe was now in the box and the first pitch he threw to Mr. Brandon was high and on the outside, so far from the plate that Ducky could only reach it by leaping up—which he did. That one went past Pete Reiser in right field so fast that he only had time to wave at it. By the time he had chased it back to the Brooklyn bull pen and made several frantic grabs for it, Ducky was around the bases and home.

Up till this point the Giant dugout had taken the Brandon hitting resurgence with reticence. They couldn't believe it, they felt it wouldn't last, they crossed their fingers and waited to see. This last one convinced them. They came out of the dugout on the run and met Mr. Brandon as he arrived at the plate. They fell on him. They pummeled him. They howled with joy.

The only quiet man in the park was Mr. O'Hara, who stood and watched the scene at home plate caustically and with an evident sourness of eye. "There's something damned funny about *this*," he said finally, and worked his way toward an exit ominously.

BY THE time Mr. O'Hara could fight his way to the clubhouse, the game was over and the team was headed for the showers, shouting and shoving about in sheer exultation. He looked around for Ducky and didn't see him.

"Where's Brandon?" he demanded.

"Up in the boss' office," they told him.

Mr. O'Hara went up to Terry's office and found it guarded by the clubhouse attendant.

"It's a private conference," said the clubhouse man. "You can't get in."

"Stand back or take a clip on the eye!" howled Mr. O'Hara menacingly.

"There's a dame in there," protested the clubhouse man, frightened. "They said to keep everybody out."

"Do you take a slap on the teeth or do you get away from that door?" asked Mr. O'Hara in a quietly purposeful way.

The clubhouse man decided to get away from that door. Mr. O'Hara went in. He opened the door and stood in the doorway and looked around him. What he saw was a cozy scene. Mr. Terry sat with his feet on his desk with a big cigar in his mouth. He was beaming broadly. On the lounge by the side of his desk sat Mr. Brandon and Miss Overman.

"Poodles," cried Mr. Terry warmly. "Come on in. You're just the man we wanted to see."

"How are you, Mr. O'Hara," beamed Mr. Brandon.

Mr. O'Hara looked from one to the other, silently menacing.

"What the heck's all this, anyway?" he said at last sourly.

"Just a big amalgamation," explained Mr. Terry. "These two are going to get hooked up. They've just been telling me about it."

"Hooked up?" said Mr. O'Hara coldly.

"Married, Uncle Poodles," explained Gladys. "We're going to get married."

Mr. O'Hara looked at them again, one at a time. "How'd that lunk ever get up the nerve to ask you?" he asked.

"Oh, he didn't ask me," cried Gladys. "I asked *him*."

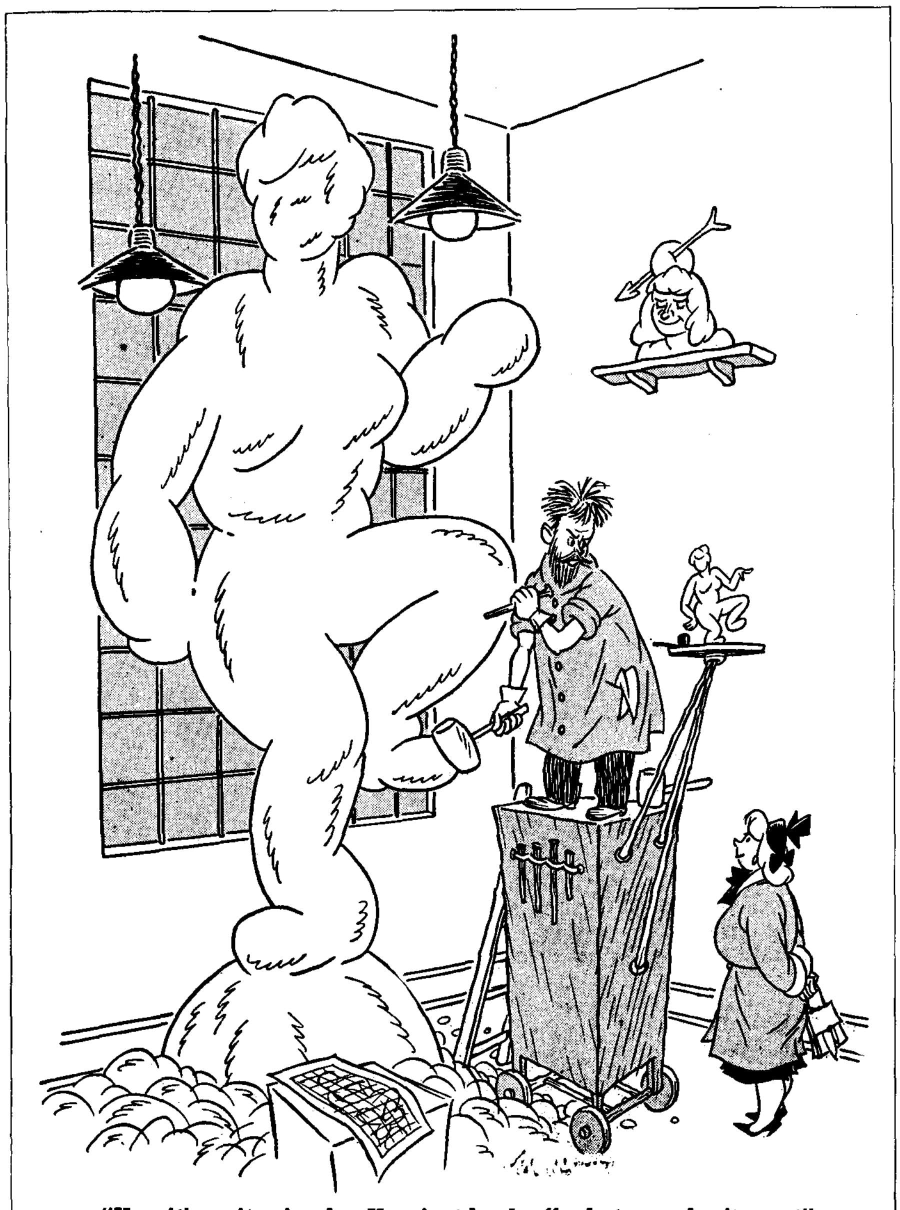
"You what?" yelled Mr. O'Hara.

"Well, not exactly asked him," explained Gladys, "but I sent him over a present to pay him for those orchids he sent me. . . . And then it sort of happened."

"Cigars," volunteered Ducky proudly. "Fifteen-centers. It was sort of just the psychology of it."

"The what?" asked Mr. Terry, sitting up.

"Psychology," explained Ducky. "Puttin' Your Personality Across. You gotta



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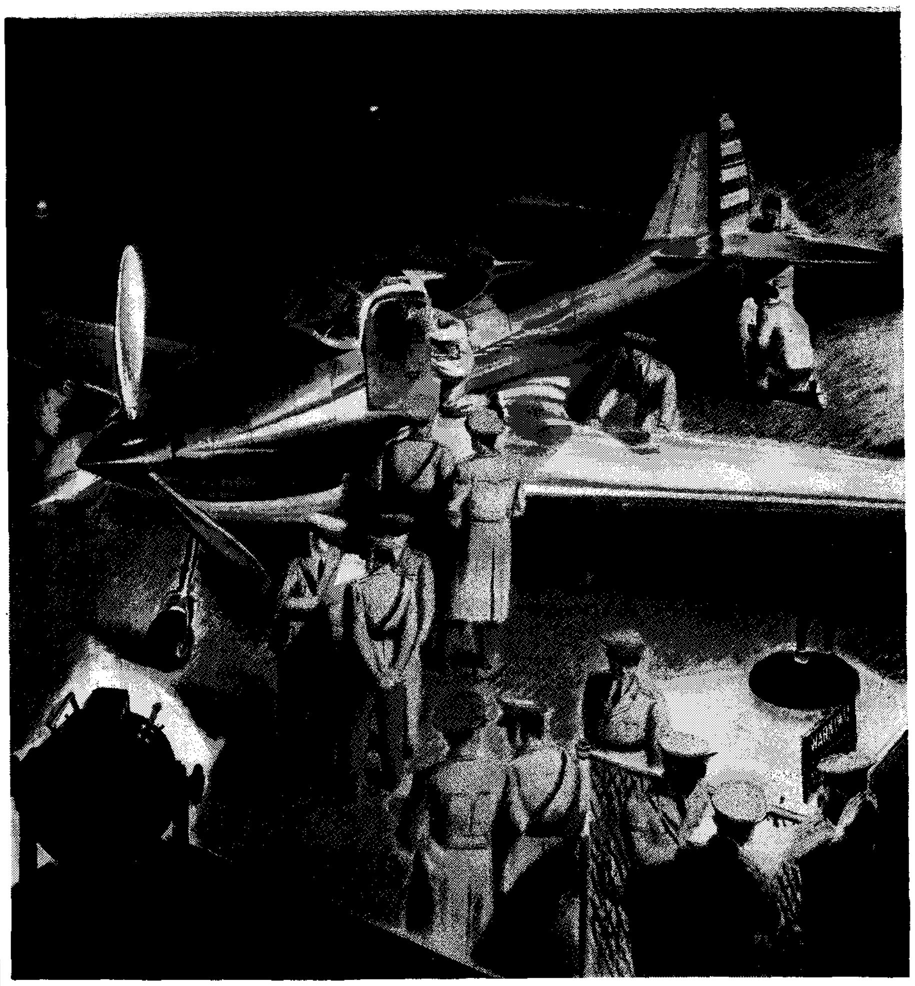

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Mr. Terry looked at Mr. O'Hara and then back at Ducky.

"You do just the opposite of what people expect you to do, is that it?" asked Mr. Terry.

"That's it!" cried Ducky, beaming.

"And if you're happy you have to make out you're unhappy?" persisted Mr. Terry.

"That's it!" cried Ducky, pleased that others could catch on so quickly to this intricate business.

"So you made believe you didn't like Miss Overman and all the time . . ." began Mr. Terry.

"I sure did!" said Ducky. "And I darned near carried it too far, too. If Gladys hadn't sent over them cigars, I don't know what I'd 'a' done. I kept makin' out I didn't like her because if I showed I liked her, she wouldn't 'a' liked me. That's the way psychology is."

He looked around at all of them, beamingly. Suddenly he thought of something and began making motions at Gladys. She finally understood and began fumbling in her handbag.

"Have a cigar, Mr. Terry," she cried, handing him one.

He began to demur, pointing at the cigar he already held in his hand.

"Fifteen-center," said Mr. Brandon magnanimously, hinting what a connoisseur would do in a case of that sort.

MR. TERRY threw away his fifty-center, bit the end off the gift and settled back in contentment. The pennant was the same as nailed on the Polo Grounds flagpole. He lighted the cigar carefully, took a long drag, sighed as if nectar were being poured down his gullet. What mattered if he perished now; a man had to do something for his ideals.

Mr. O'Hara was not so well pleased. He smoked not, neither did he smile. "What I'd like to know," he said acidly, looking at Mr. Brandon, "is how you could be so pleased with yourself all those days when you were striking out three times in a game?"

Mr. Brandon's eyes widened in protest. "Oh, gee, I wasn't pleased," he said seriously. "I was just makin' out I was happy because I was unhappy."

Mr. O'Hara looked at Mr. Brandon. He then looked at Mr. Terry. Mr. Terry kept his feet on the desk and puffed happily at his cigar.

"What made you unhappy?" Mr. O'Hara demanded.

"I was lonesome," said Ducky. "I didn't have anybody to talk to."

At this, Mr. Terry took his feet off the desk, rather worried. "But you were always off by yourself," he commented. "Why didn't you tell somebody you were lonesome?"

"Oh, I couldn't 'a' done that!" protested Ducky, shocked. "If I'd 'a' said anything . . . you know . . . then they *wouldn't*."

MR. O'HARA was now paying no further attention to Mr. Brandon. He was looking hard at his niece, Miss Gladys Overman. "You picked out *something pretty sweet*," he said sardonically. "This half-wit'll find out he's too happy with you and go off and leave you."

"Oh, no, he won't, Uncle Poodles," said Gladys promptly. "I've made a deal with him."

"A deal!" cried Uncle Poodles.

"He isn't going to give me an engagement ring," explained Gladys, "but he's going to give me that book."

"What book?"

"How to Put Your Personality Across," said Gladys.

This news seemed to change Mr. O'Hara into a dervish. He began to whirl. He began to sputter. It seemed that internal combustion was about to sprout inside Mr. O'Hara and rend him.

"He'll *steal* the book!" he cried finally. "He'll do something!"

Mr. Brandon carefully took his arm from around the waist of Miss Overman and stood up. He braced himself and pushed out his chest and took a long breath. "Mr. O'Hara," he said ponderously and solemnly. "No sech of a lie. I hate books. I hate literachoor. That book dog-near ruined my whole life."

Mr. Brandon sat down again and put his arm around Gladys and leaned his head slightly against her shoulder. Mr. O'Hara looked around as if to say something. What he saw was Mr. Terry puffing away on his fifteen-center and acting like a man who has just heard that oil has been struck on his property. On the divan an even prettier sight was to be seen, for there, wrapped together in loving embrace were Gladys, Ducky and psychology. Mr. O'Hara simply kept his mouth shut.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

more gasoline and air go in and the more horsepower comes out. Pressure can be measured in any number of ways —pounds per square foot, ounces per square inch, or in a relative way by the height in inches of a column of mercury that would have the required pressure. Meteorologists have standardized on measuring atmospheric pressure in equivalent inches of mercury. Since the horsepower of an engine is intimately tied up with atmospheric pressure, the logical thing to do is measure manifold pressure in the same units.

So when pilots say—as they do—"we were pulling 40 inches of mercury," they're just talking shorthand for horsepower.

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On one such occasion recently, the pilots learned they were to have a brand-new hostess aboard. This was a good time to initiate her, thought they. So when they got up good and high, they buzzed her.

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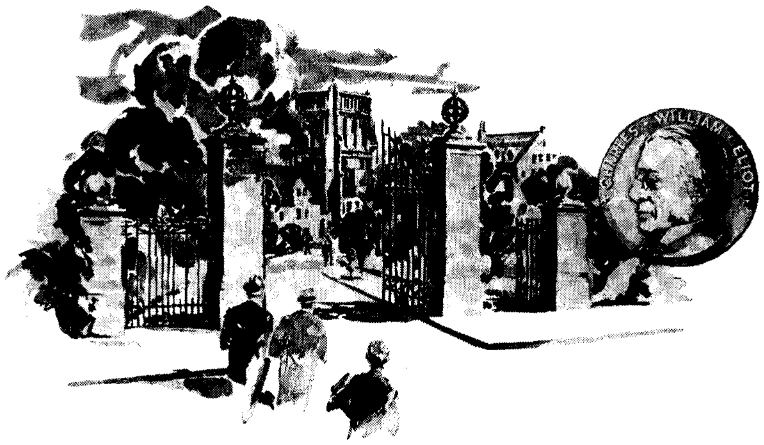
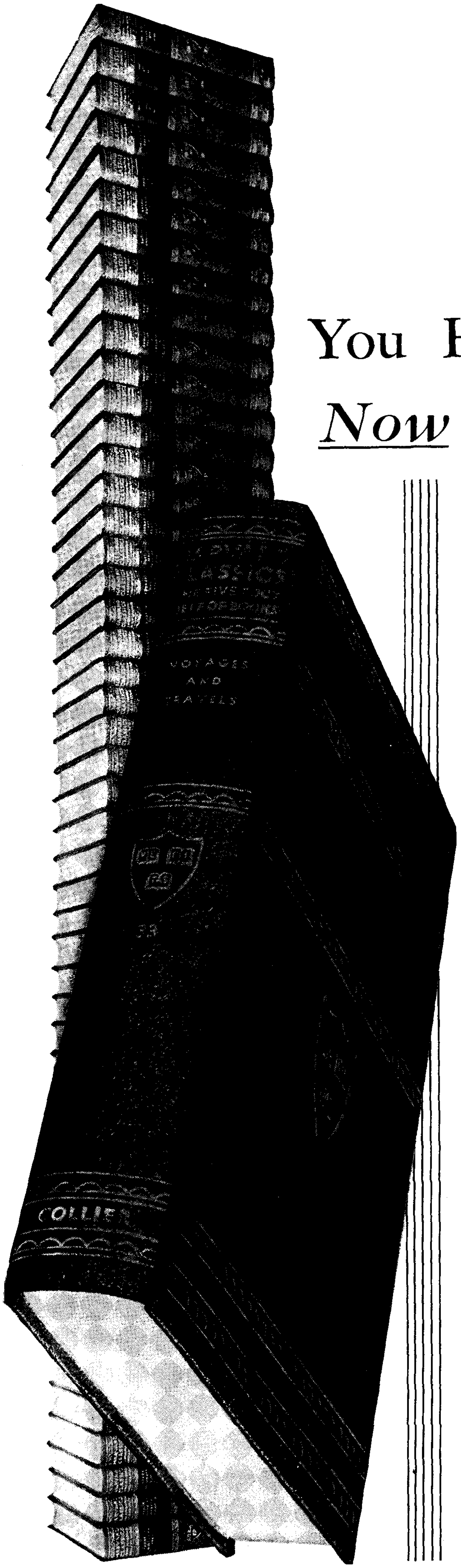
Presently, a long arm reached out from the baggage cage bordering the aisle to the pilots' controls and tapped her on the shoulder. The two bad boys had turned the ship over to the automatic pilot and hidden themselves in the cage.

It is reported she was very glad to see them. F. R. N.





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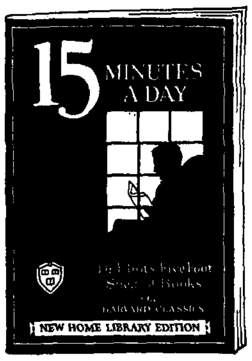

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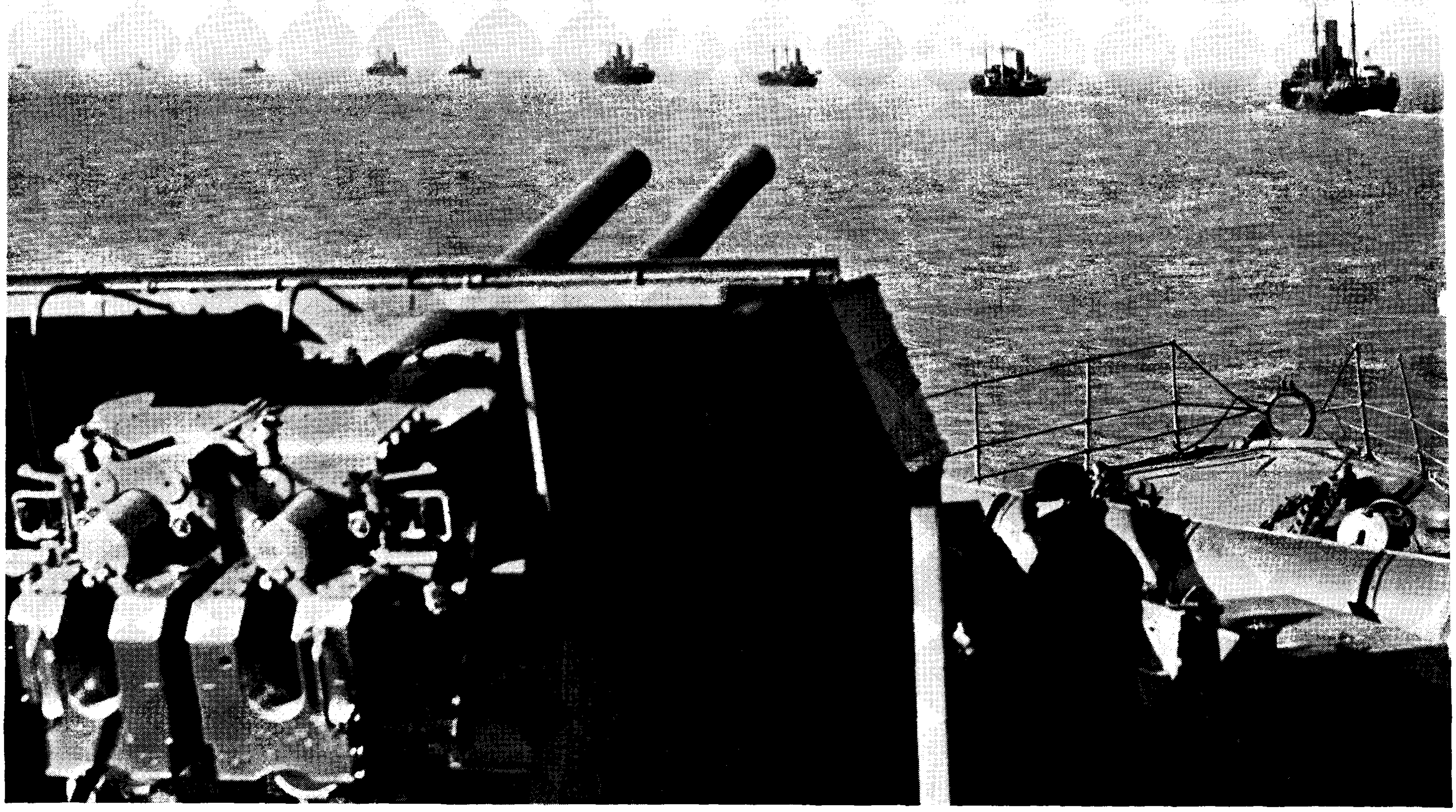


BRITISH COMBINE

British merchant ships protected by the alert guns of their escort. Despite the convoy system, Britain's tonnage losses are enormous

Lindbergh vs. Willkie

COLLIER'S in the last few weeks has had the honor of publishing articles by Charles A. Lindbergh and Wendell L. Willkie on opposite sides of the most important question now tormenting Americans.

Mr. Lindbergh took the so-called isolationist view of the European war and the United States' relation to it. Mr. Willkie took the interventionist, all-aid-to-Britain view. Our opinion of the two articles is that historians of later years will consult them as these times' most succinct, concrete and eloquent statements of these clashing interpretations of this war and what it means to us all.

Collier's belief, as we stated in editor's notes attached to both articles, is that Mr. Willkie is right and Mr. Lindbergh is wrong.

Lindbergh believes in American defense first and last, and fears that further extension of the aid-Britain policy will draw us into the war and eventually send another A.E.F. streaming across seas to fight, die and probably lose the war anyway. Willkie believes in helping Britain to the limit of our abilities with ships, planes and convoys, if necessary, and that British air and sea superiority can eventually beat Hitler without the need for huge expeditionary forces for large-scale invasions of Europe.

The great majority of our readers, we infer, from a multitude of letters, are of two minds concerning the war: (1) They favor all possible aid to Britain without stripping our own defenses; but (2) they do not want the United States to go officially into the war, or to draw down a Hitler declaration of war against itself. We believe that is the majority American opinion at this time.

Up to this writing, we've been able to do just that. We've helped England; we've stayed out of the war officially. But can that comparatively happy state of affairs go on indefinitely? What if we find that it can't? What do we do then—quit helping England, or get into the war?

Yugoslavia was faced with a like choice. It chose to line up with the enemies of Hitler, the enemies of totalitarianism, though Yugoslavia was rubbed out as a nation twelve days later. The proceedings included a German air bombing of Belgrade, which is said to have killed 10,000 persons, after Belgrade was declared an open city. Why the Yugoslavs made this choice was explained afterward by their minister to the United States, Constantin Fotitch, in a letter to the New York Times:

> Some nations, small and large, have never divided their liberty with others, even with incomparably stronger oppressors. They identified liberty with life. They preferred to fight for it even against impossible odds rather than accept an agreement under compulsion. Throughout history these were the same nations. For example, the Poles and Yugoslavs have always lived either in complete liberty or in slavery, while the Hungarians and Rumanians were satisfied with fictional liberty within the Turkish and Germanic empires.

The time may be coming when we shall have to decide whether we want to be satisfied with what Mr. Fotitch calls fictional liberty, within a world-wide Axis orbit, or whether complete liberty is valuable enough to us to fight for it.

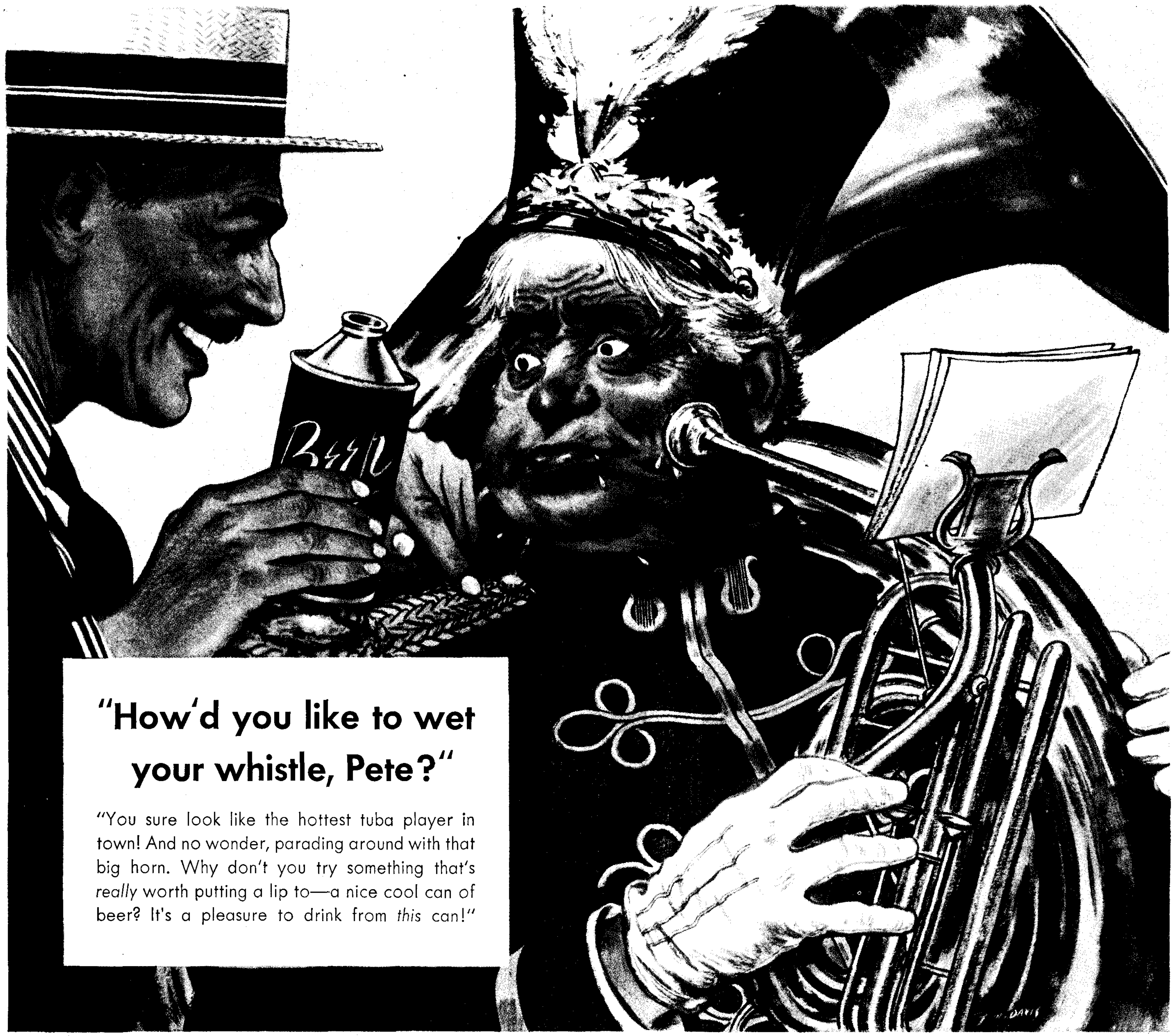
We hope that time may never come. But there isn't as much ground for optimism as there was two months ago. Since then, the Allies have fought the terrific Battle of the Balkans, the Axis has paraded back along most of the North African coast, taken last winter by General Wavell's Anzacs, and a real Axis threat to Britain's Mediterranean control has built up.

Suppose the Axis does just that. It won't necessarily have won the war. Mr. Willkie says positively that England can lose the Mediterranean and still win the war—IF American ships and planes, tanks and guns, get to England copiously enough and fast enough.

But a British loss of the Mediterranean would transfer the main battleground of the war to the Atlantic, where Mr. Churchill has long said it would eventually be anyway. It would release a lot of Axis planes and submarines to prey on Atlantic shipping, in addition to the swarms of them already sinking enormous tonnages per week. And it would ease Hitler's path to Dakar on the western bulge of Africa, nearest Eastern Hemisphere port to South America.

What would we choose to do then?

We cannot believe that the spirit of human freedom would crawl off to some hole, curl up and die quietly, simply because Hitler said it must.



"How'd you like to wet your whistle, Pete?"

"You sure look like the hottest tuba player in town! And no wonder, parading around with that big horn. Why don't you try something that's *really* worth putting a lip to—a nice cool can of beer? It's a pleasure to drink from *this* can!"

"You're telling me? I know a good mouthpiece when I see one—and boy, those Cap-Sealed cans have it. You can drink right out of the can, from a clean, cap-protected surface. And that's not all, either . . ."

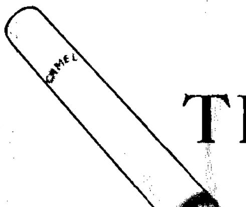
"Note this, Sousa! No special opener needed with *that* top. Any opener will do. No bother about deposits or returns, and the beer chills *fast!* I'll join the chorus for Cap-Sealed cans any time!" (*Two sizes: 12 oz. and qt.*)

USE ANY OPENER
OR BEER

CONTINENTAL Ⓒ CAN COMPANY

ASK FOR BEER OR ALE IN "EASY TO OPEN" CAP-SEALED CANS

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!



"You bet I smoke Camels; they burn slower and smoke **Extra Mild**"

—*Right,* Ben Hogan!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you

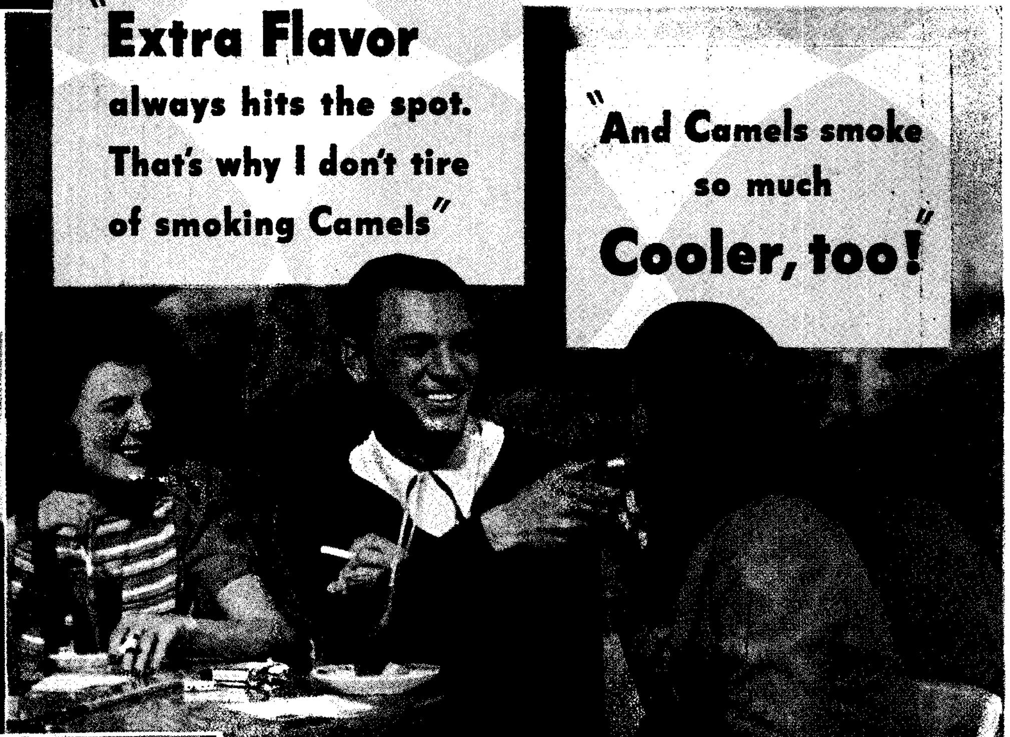
28%
Less Nicotine

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

135 **POUNDS**—but they say he has the greatest swing in golf. And to champion Ben Hogan, Camel's extra mildness is mighty important. Important to any smoker . . . because this extra mildness is in the smoke itself. After all, it's the *smoke* you smoke.

And Camels give you less nicotine in the smoke than any of the other 4 largest-selling brands tested . . . 28% *less* than the average of the other brands. Even if you are only an occasional smoker, you'll find Camel's extra mildness—extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke—can add to your smoking enjoyment. Switch to Camels *now!*

"Taking Camels [illegible]
it's swell to get that [illegible]
SMOKING PER PACK.
That's ECONOMY!"



"**Extra Flavor** always hits the spot. That's why I don't tire of smoking Camels"

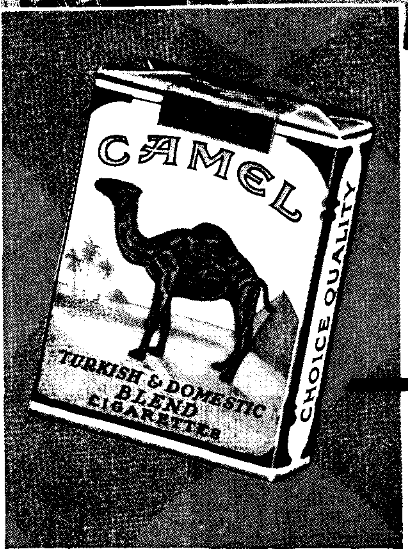
"And Camels smoke so much **Cooler, too!**"

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 *EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!*

For even greater economy and convenience, get Camels by the carton at attractive carton prices.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



"**THAT CAMEL FLAVOR** is something very special," says Ben Hogan (*above*). Yes, too-fast burning in a cigarette dulls flavor and fragrance. The costlier tobaccos in Camels burn slower, give you a cooler, more flavorful smoke . . . and *less nicotine* (see above).

—Camel

the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos